

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE PRESIDENT

BY EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

I

EARLY in December the sixty-eighth Congress will assemble at Washington. It will be in session during the months when the country is making up its mind for whom it wishes to vote, in the following November, for President of the United States; months when the major political parties are making up their minds whom they shall nominate. The outstanding political figure at this moment is, by virtue of his office and by virtue of some other things, Calvin Coolidge. Will he be as outstanding a political figure next spring? During the difficult days of transition, following the death of President Harding, President Coolidge has commanded respect and has encouraged his friends to believe their judgment of his qualities is sound. The real test is to come after Congress assembles. This will be a test of his capacity for national leadership; not political-party leadership, but leadership of the nation. What is his equipment for the test?

I recall a day in the spring of 1920, and a ride through a beautiful hill-country with a former Senator of the United States. He was an admiring friend of Governor Coolidge. The conversation was of Coolidge and of the efforts by his friends to nominate him

for the Presidency. 'The Presidency,' said the former Senator, 'is a high office. It is not something to be given to a friend as a gift or an honor. Many men aspire to it. Few are equipped for it. Is Calvin Coolidge equipped?'

The background of Calvin Coolidge — christened John Calvin Coolidge — is New England. He is a concentrated example of a familiar type. His thrift in words is not unique in his part of the country; but he has carried it further in life, and wider afield, than most of those who by custom and inclination practise it. He was born in Plymouth, Vermont, on July 4, 1872. Some have seen an 'omen' in the date. We do not know how the many obscure persons who have been born on the national holiday interpret this. Others have seen an omen in the fact that at the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency Calvin Coolidge was forty-eight years old; one year for each state in the Union. Another 'omen'! Yet many men reach forty-eight, and go on to forty-nine without a pause of the stars in their courses and without even a flag raised in celebration of the event.

The omens that mark the course of Calvin Coolidge are of other sorts. The atmosphere of his birthplace has

something to do with it. On July 15, 1920, after his nomination but before his election to the Vice-Presidency, he made a speech to a few thousand of his neighbors, at Plymouth, Vermont. Among the things he said was this:—

'Vermont is my birthright. Here, one gets close to nature, in the mountains, in the brooks, the waters of which hurry to the sea; in the lakes, shining like silver in their green setting; fields tilled, not by machinery but by the brain and hand of man. My folks are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man.'

This little speech has not been celebrated. Few read it, few know of it. Yet in that paragraph you have some key to the man who made it. It is necessary to remember this Vermont background. Calvin Coolidge loves the silent hills. He is kin to them. Once on a trip through Vermont I took some little photographs of his home town. There were pictures of the little school which stands on the site of the one he first attended, of the cottage in which he was born, of his father's house, of his grandmother's house, of the local cheese-factory, and so forth. And there was one that showed just a view up the valley, on the road between Plymouth and Ludlow, a manufacturing town twelve miles from Plymouth. I showed prints of them to Governor Coolidge, believing they might interest him. They did; he looked at them, one by one, until he came to the one of the view up the valley. It was a scene of characteristic New England beauty—hills rising to right and left, tree-clad and eloquent of the religion of nature. Governor Coolidge looked long at it. It was the hour of dusk; and the shadows crept into the fine old executive chamber in the Massachusetts State House and laid a screen of mystery on all that was there. The corners

of the room faded into the uncertainty of passing things; the pictures on the wall crept back into the distance whence they had come at the hand of almost forgotten painters. There was no Governor sitting at the great desk in the centre of the room; just a plain man of the hills, swept back to them by the current of memories. And I went from the room, silently, leaving him sitting in the gathering twilight, his eyes seeing far through a little photograph, far into the green hills of his homeland, far into the history of strong young America. 'They belong to themselves . . . and fear no man.'

Vermont is Calvin Coolidge's birthright; but 'Vermont' stands for more than a state of the Union. It stands for vigor, for thrift, for courage physical and moral, for a mighty pioneer past maintained in a sturdy present. Maybe he idealizes his home state. Who of us does not idealize the thing he loves? And what would become of us if we did not? And what great work of civilization, what achievements of humanity's progress, could Time chronicle on the wide pages of experience, if ideals did not snatch some magnificent image from the facts of life, and so set a new and greater goal for the race? We think the national ideal in Mr. Coolidge's mind is needed. 'My folks are happy and contented. They live within their income, and fear no man.'

II

It is not easy to place Mr. Coolidge. He, too, has been idealized. 'A second Lincoln.' Strong praise. There is no second Lincoln: there will be none. Lincoln was Lincoln—not a type. Coolidge is Coolidge. His career in public life, spanning already nearly a quarter of a century, has been marked by industry and achievement. He has filled many offices. He has filled them

well. He has always been ready for the task at hand. 'Do the day's work' has been called his motto. They are his own words. A man who has always been ready, who has grasped opportunity, who has not pursued office but who has filled many offices, who has never been defeated in a political contest — he commands more than interest. He is now at the top; he occupies a great position — one of power and responsibility. It is here that he will make his permanent reputation, or from here he will fall into oblivion. The test is ahead. A friend called on him in the first days of his occupancy of this office. The usual greetings were passed. The first sentiment expressed by President Coolidge was that he needed advice. That is a good sign. It may presage good results, if he seeks, obtains, and applies advice that is good. I recall a conversation with a leader in the Republican party, some years ago, concerning another public man elevated to high office. 'He will take advice,' I said. 'Yes,' said the oracle, 'but — whose?' Advice may help or hinder, may strengthen or destroy. What will be the advice that President Coolidge receives — and uses?

The country is now idealizing President Coolidge. This is good for the country; probably it will not hurt Mr. Coolidge. He is not likely to succumb to flattery, not likely to idealize himself. It is good for the country, because it indicates a capacity in the national character without which this nation could not have grown in moral strength as we like to believe it has. As a people we see in leaders what we want to see in them. We dream, and we fit our favorites into our dreams. We see things, in our mind's eye, a little better than they are. So we try to sustain them on the level to which we have idealized them. We idealize our past heroes. We have

erected in memory a gigantic figure of George Washington, the Father of his Country. We have forgotten, we will not recall, the attacks made upon him in his life. We retain the golden image of him, the colossal statue of him, created by his good works and kept brilliant and bold by the quality which is in our people. It is good for the country that we do so. Lincoln has grown so, as he should. The perspective of Time aids truth. The best of men is the truth of men. Civilization is an accumulation. Generation after generation adds to the treasures of massed human memory. Individuals contribute, memory makes sacred, these accumulations. Civilization goes forward by idealizing men and epochs, by retaining for everlasting inspiration the great things of life and thrusting aside the unworthy and futile things.

We idealize memories of the past. We idealize the new star. The heavens are filled with stars, one as mysterious and as splendid as the others to the layman. But discovery of some new star awakens the wonder anew. Betelgeuse, red rising in Orion, dims for a time the glory of Mars. We idealize the new star in political life; partly because of the unceasing reaching out for better things, the hope that springs unconquered in the heart of humanity, the unquenchable thirst for progress; partly because we are dissatisfied with things as they are and greet change with new hope. So now the country is in the stage of idealizing Calvin Coolidge. This we do, not only as we idealize each newcomer in authority, but as witnesses before a mysterious and curiously new manifestation. Coolidge is 'different.' He piques curiosity. He is so different that we hope the difference may be demonstrated as superiority.

Some men rise to high place, pass through their time of authority, and

step aside, never challenging greatness, never risking disaster. There are even ways traversible in high places as well as in the valleys. There are lofty plateaus in public life, and upon them walk men who control vast things. Raised by circumstance above the valleys, they yet scale no peaks. He who seeks the greater heights, he whom idealization has pictured there, can have no middle course. He must stand erect, looking clear-eyed into the sun, or must fall, blinded, and be torn. The idealization of Coolidge is pushing him toward the peaks. He has yet to stand there.

To native-born and -bred New Englanders Calvin Coolidge is less mysterious than he is to the rest of the country. New Englanders will understand the experience of a Springfield man, a member of the Republican city-committee of that place, who during the term of Coolidge as Governor heard his name called as he started down across Boston Common from the State House one summer twilight. He turned and saw the Governor coming behind him. He waited for him. This was the conversation: —

'Going down town?'

'Yes, Governor.'

'I'll walk along with you.'

That was all. They fell into step, and together walked to the Adams House where both were staying. No word was spoken on the walk across the Common and through to the hotel. Arrived there the Governor said: 'Well, good-night.' And the Springfield man said, 'Good-night.' The incident shows the love of human companionship: the perfect companionship that does not rest on the ornamental foundation of words. Had he been uncompanionable the Governor would not have called on his friend to wait and walk with him. Companionship gained, conversation was not necessary.

This thrift of words is common in hill countries, not alone of New England. The man whose constant companion is wide spaces loses, or never has, the need of speech for the sake of sound. Colonel John Coolidge, the President's father, is as chary of speech as is his son. I sat one day talking with him in his home in Plymouth. I asked about Calvin as a boy. Was he a hard worker on the farm? Did he do a good day's work in those days? The father was silent for so long I thought he had not heard. Then the corner of his mouth twitched a bit, at some memory of years gone, and his eyes narrowed to a twinkle. All he said was this: —

'Always seemed to me Cal could get more sap out of a maple tree than any other of the boys round here.'

On the day when Calvin Coolidge was officially notified, at Northampton, of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, — July 27, 1920, a day of much honor for the Coolidge family, a day when the mind of the father must have overflowed with pride for the son, — I saw Colonel Coolidge standing silent and alone at a little distance from the crowd. The formal ceremonies were ended. Groups of persons were talking and visiting. But Colonel John stood alone. I approached him.

'Colonel Coolidge, this is a wonderful day for you. We all expect great things from your son.'

The father said: 'I hope you'll never be disappointed.'

The Coolidge kind does not slop over.

Mrs. Coolidge was radiant, laughing with friends, echoing the splendor of a perfect summer day. 'This has been a hard day for all of you,' I said. 'I suppose you will rest a day or two now.'

'No,' said the Governor's wife, 'Calvin says it is about like any other day. We are going right back to Bos-

ton.' And they did. The Governor was at his desk early the next morning. He was doing the day's work.

III

There are countless stories about Calvin Coolidge. Few men in public life in our time have given material for so many. Some of them are inventions of the tellers. Stories of his thrift are plentiful; no story that indicates lack of decent generosity is true. His is the thrift of his forbears. It is at the foundation of our land.

Other stories emphasize his 'coldness.' He is not cold; he merely is not emotionally demonstrative. His own mother died when he was a boy, thirteen years old. Her picture is on his desk in Washington, as it was on his desk at the Massachusetts State House. His stepmother, who loved him greatly, died in 1920. It is right to set down this fact: that Calvin Coolidge wrote to his stepmother personal letters not less than once a week, always. It is right to add this fact: since his stepmother's death he has written, not less often, personal letters to his father. It is right to add this: the two Coolidge boys, by their father's teaching and example, write not less than once a week to their grandfather. During the period of his stepmother's painful illness, and not long before her death, a newspaper man visited the family in Plymouth. He returned to his home near Boston, arriving in the late evening. He found that the Governor had twice during the evening tried to reach him by telephone; he found by a message from his office that the Governor had several times during the afternoon tried to reach him there. What had happened? He called the Governor, at his rooms in the Adams House. He heard his voice on the wire.

'You wanted to reach me, Governor?'

'How's my mother?'

That was the reason—that was the only reason—the Governor of Massachusetts had tried all the afternoon and all the evening to reach by telephone the newspaper man who had been at Plymouth. A cold man? Not he.

Most of the stories about Calvin Coolidge emphasize his silence. Yet he will talk—when he wants to. A Boston newspaper writer tells of his first effort to induce him to talk. He had no more than a casual acquaintance with Governor Coolidge then. He had mapped out in his mind an article dealing with the national political situation in a general way, and he wanted to test it by consulting with someone who was well informed. Governor Coolidge obviously qualified, so he obtained an appointment with him. He entered the Governor's office and was greeted pleasantly but not effusively. There was no air about the Governor of 'I'm glad you came; anything I can do for you I will; make yourself right at home.' Nothing of the sort. The Governor looked at him and said: 'What can I do for you?' Then he looked away.

The young man began to set forth the plan of his article. He tried to catch the Governor's eye. He wanted guidance, wanted to see how his ideas were being received. The Governor appeared to have forgotten he was in the room. He was not ostentatiously inattentive. He was just detached. It is hard to talk to a man who does not, apparently, either see or hear you. You get no help. When you can hold a man's eye you are quick to sense it if you go on a wrong track. You are as quick to note a fortunate effect. You key your own ideas and you shape your interview accordingly. There is no such opportunity with Coolidge. The interviewer has to fight his own way. He

must go entirely on the merits of his case. He must exhibit himself.

This young newspaper man talked, with increasing difficulty, for some time, maybe forty minutes. He had not the slightest knowledge if the Governor approved or disapproved his ideas, or even whether the Governor had listened to him. At last he was talked out. He felt rather foolish, like a man who has suddenly discovered himself to be walking about in his shirtsleeves at a cold and formal reception. He desperately forced the situation, by asking the Governor, point blank:—

‘Well, Governor, what do you think of it? Have I the right idea of the situation?’

The Governor looked again at the young man, and said this:—

‘I suppose there’s a good deal going on at Washington we don’t know anything about. Come in any time and see me.’

That was all. Why was the Governor so brief? Because the young man was not well known to him, and there was no reason why he should undertake a fruitless discussion; because what the young man had mapped out was of no great value, and it made no difference whether it was or was not printed. In short, there was nothing for the Governor to say; so he said—nothing.

This incident has value by which to gauge the man. As President, he will be faced by many kinds of men, many of whom want something. They will try to feel their way with him. They will try to read him. They will fail. The most difficult task in human contact is to read a man who appears to have forgotten your presence. Mr. Coolidge greets his visitor with a direct, straight look. It is likely to give the visitor an idea that he sees much more than the visitor is willing to have him see. One is likely to have a sudden fear

lest he has unwittingly done the wrong thing, or has blunderingly betrayed a secret thought; and he is likely to examine his own mind, rapidly, to be sure he had no secret he was trying to conceal. Then the Coolidge gaze wanders. It does not return for some time; sometimes not until the close of the interview, when he looks at his caller with an expression that carries the thought that he has dug deep into the personality of his caller. Sometimes in the middle of the presentation of a case to him he will dart a sharp look at the caller—who thereupon wonders what is the matter. Men who go to talk with Coolidge will take precaution to be quite sure of their ground before they start. They will, after a first experience.

The degree of success of most men in life rests upon their determination and ability to capitalize their strength. The wise man passes through a process of conscious and premeditated elimination. He overcomes weaknesses. He avoids developing that in him which promises no value. He concentrates his time and strength on what is best in him. He finds that which he can do best, and devotes himself to that line. He gives to each position he holds the best he has. He finds in each position a new school, or a new grade in school. He builds himself. Calvin Coolidge has been going through that process. Through more than twenty years of active public service he has schooled himself. To be silent, to listen, are not by themselves of value. The inarticulate and the moron may be silent and futile. The dull may listen. The sponge absorbs. The capacity to withhold unnecessary speech, the capacity to listen, may be of great value, to self and to society, if to them is joined an ability to sift what is heard, to balance facts, assort opinions, organize thought, and produce a product. We do not

know what self-purpose has controlled the career of Calvin Coolidge. We do not know to what extent, if at all, he has deliberately calculated the effect of silence and listening. We do see the results. We believe that he early discovered that by joining creative and constructive mental processes to his willingness to listen and his ability to remain silent, he could achieve.

IV

Calvin Coolidge's education was not surrounded by any remarkable incidents or circumstances. He attended the Plymouth district school, a school duplicated many times in similar communities. He went down to Black River Academy in Ludlow, twelve miles distant. It was a good school, but not at all extraordinary. Later he went to St. Johnsbury Academy, also in Vermont, a familiar type of New England academy. Through all these preparatory schools he was in the original atmosphere. He kept what he had. There is no indication that he added any new vision or had any new experience. Then he entered Amherst College, a typical New England college where fine ideals have held their ground through many years. There his contact was more varied. He was not a great student, but he did his work well. He was not conspicuous. Accounts indicate that he was an average boy, with his share of friends. He was asked, a few years ago, if he had been at all interested in athletics at college. 'Some,' he said. 'What did you do in athletics?' was the next question. Coolidge said: 'I held the stakes, mostly.' He was busy with books; and he was thorough. He delivered the 'Grove Oration.' It is a humorous feature of commencement; somewhat akin to the 'Ivy Oration' at Harvard. Thus the youth Calvin was something

of a humorist. It was a good oration. In his senior year he won the prize, a gold medal, in a contest open to all colleges, with an essay on the principles and causes of the Revolutionary war. This essay has lately been reprinted. It shows maturity of thought. It might stand as the work of a man much older than twenty-three years, which was his age when he wrote it. He was graduated from Amherst in 1895.

The next stage in his education was yoked with work. He moved to Northampton and in a law office studied law. After twenty months of such study he was admitted to the bar, in 1897. He began the practice of law. Two years later he was elected to the Northampton City Council. That was the beginning of his political career. The next year he was Northampton City Solicitor. Then, from 1901 to 1907, he was out of office except for some service as Clerk of Courts in Hampshire County. In 1907 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. In 1910 he was elected Mayor of Northampton. The city was a Democratic city. He was a Republican. The day after his election a Democratic acquaintance met him on the street and congratulated him. 'But I did n't vote for you,' he added.

'Well,' said Coolidge, 'somebody did.'

In 1912 he was elected to the State Senate, in which he served until 1915. During the last two of the four years he was President of the Senate. This was his first test in leadership. He had already been noted for ability. In trying to judge whether his mind is 'conservative' or 'progressive,' it is worth while recalling that in 1907 he voted for the direct election of United States senators; that at that time he was on record in favor of the woman

suffrage amendment. He was an active champion of a bill designed to prevent cheating in the sale of coal in small lots; he supported a bill for one day's rest in seven; he supported a bill to prevent overtime work for women and children; he supported a bill placing surgical instruments in factories; a bill to pension widows and children of deceased firemen; he himself drew an anti-monopoly bill. He voted for pensions for public-school teachers; for playgrounds for children; workmen's compensation; low fare for workmen and half-fare for school children. He put through the House an anti-discrimination bill. He actively, by speech and vote, favored an anti-injunction bill which passed the House. In 1912 he voted for the full-crew bill, against which the railroads made a successful fight with the aid of a veto by Governor Eugene N. Foss.

The rest of Mr. Coolidge's political ascent, to date, is well known. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1916 and served three years. His service there was marked by loyalty to the Governor, his chief. The next two years he was Governor of Massachusetts. During the first term the Boston police strike occurred. We need not discuss that dramatic event here. It has been much celebrated. It drew the country's attention to him. It made him Presidential timber. It made him Vice-President. It did not create a new Coolidge; but it advertised him.

The campaign to nominate him for President was unusual, because he issued an announcement, in the middle of the campaign, that he was not a candidate. He refused to be a candidate, because he did not think it seemly for the Governor of Massachusetts to take part in a contest for delegates. The campaign was continued, under difficulties, without his consent, without consultation with him. It did not

nominate him for President. It did, though it had no intention of doing so, nominate him for Vice-President.

On the day before the Convention opened, after the delegates had reached Chicago, one of his close personal friends thought he had a way to wring a declaration from the Governor. He concocted a telegram which read like this:—

'Your friends all send their best regards and want to know if you are a candidate for the Presidency. What shall I tell them?'

He was sure this would bring a reply. It did. The reply was this:—

'Thank my friends for their good wishes and tell them the truth.'

V

Throughout his public career Calvin Coolidge has done his duty in each office. He is now in a far higher office than he has held before. Its duties are many. Its difficulty is great. What is his equipment? He has yet to show. By his efficiency in past performance he indicates the best. Will his known qualities avail him in the new responsibility? Of his abstract qualifications we are reasonably sure. It is of his equipment to meet the specific needs of the high office that we are uncertain. There is promise in what may be called his mental attitude.

First, his attitude toward 'politics.' He regards politics as a means, not an end—as the art of government. These are his expressions. He believes that national stability requires public respect for men in office—the men who carry on the machinery of representative democracy. This is not an apology for the incompetent or the corrupt. It is a demand that public office, the functioning of democracy, shall command a respect based on faith in our form of government. That is a whole-

some and a stimulating attitude. If we do not respect public men, we lose faith in our government. If we lose faith in that, the gates are opened to the substitution of a quite different form of government. Corrupt and incompetent men must be hurled from posts of authority; honest and able men must be elevated to power for the public good. But faith in service must prevail. We have to judge politics as we judge the professions, business, the church — by its best. Else civilization perishes.

Next, President Coolidge's attitude toward law and the Constitution is interesting and important. In July 1920, after a conference with Warren Harding, he said, in a formal statement, this: —

'I am here to coöperate with my associates. We have problems ahead. Many men have many remedies. The best remedy is the observance of the Constitution and the laws. Not their enforcement, mind you. I am not now speaking of that. Of course, the Government will enforce the laws. That is far from enough. There must be a return of public opinion toward a self-control by the people, toward a great and overmastering desire to observe the law. When that is done, the other problems will fall away; there will be peace, prosperity, and progress.'

This thought by Mr. Coolidge is closely related to his high conception of politics. The country must regard law not as a burden, an irksome restraint, but for what it is, in theory at least — a formulation of the public will in terms of application. Much might be written on another aspect of this idea; much might be said of the folly and futility, and even the danger, of laws which leap too far ahead of

public opinion. If law is to be observed, as well as obeyed, if law is to be loved, it must be in fact what it is in theory, a true and faithful translation of the public will. That is why perversions of legislation, stultification of manifest public will, exploitation of the public by exertion of selfish authority, menace all law and all politics. There is much discussion of means to purify politics, means to secure sound laws, to abort or uproot corruption and decay. The thought which President Coolidge brings to this discussion is this: that a decent respect for public service and public servants, and a spontaneous public observance of law, in spirit as well as in act, are mighty levers to attain the perfection of representative democracy.

Calvin Coolidge has had executive experience as the Governor of Massachusetts. He has had intimate understanding of legislative bodies as President of the Massachusetts Senate and as President of the national Senate. He has served an apprenticeship under President Harding, by whose far-seeing courtesy he was a participant, or at least a listener, in Cabinet meetings. He has enlarged his horizon through two years and a half at Washington. He takes government with intense seriousness. He will listen to advice, but not to command. He holds law in high regard as law. He believes in national as well as individual self-control. He is of sturdy stock, of frugal upbringing. He is kin with the hills and the enduring manifestations of God. His capacity for national leadership is to be tested. He faces problems and difficulties. He comes from folk who 'belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man.' We believe he fears no problem ahead.

KLAN AND CHURCH

BY LOWELL MELLETT

The moonlight's fair [no doubt] to-night along the Wabash. From the fields [perhaps] there comes the scent of new-mown hay. Through the sycamores the candle-lights are gleaming —

No land could be lovelier than Indiana under moonlight. No air could be blessed with sweeter fragrance than that of new-mown hay. The home land of the Hoosiers keeps its hold on our hearts, even though many changes have come since Theodore Dreiser wrote the simple ballad to describe it, and his brother, Paul Dresser, composed the music which we all sang or hummed or whistled a generation ago. The moonlight remains undimmed by the years, but the scent from the fields is of scorching rubber and gasoline. Through the sycamores the blast-furnaces are gleaming.

Indiana is part of the modern world. All that any other state has, Indiana has — all the wonders. The chambers of commerce are quite explicit about this. They point to the dozen or more automobile factories in Indianapolis, to say nothing of those in South Bend, Connersville, Kokomo, Elkhart, and elsewhere. Of course, the state never has stopped producing politics and literature, and it now talks pridefully of its Brown-County art colony, 'the largest this side of the Alleghanies.'

And yet — can it be that through the sycamores of our Hoosier minds the candle-light is still gleaming? Even the cabins among the cornfields have electric lights, but what is our mental illumination?

So long ago that 'On the Banks of the Wabash' had not yet been written, I was a boy in Indiana. One happy hot afternoon I trailed along the streets of our little town, following a parade of the Knights of St. John. Perhaps this juvenile order no longer exists; I have never seen another of its parades, in any event. The Knights of St. John appeared to be small brothers of the Knights of Columbus. Their uniforms were blue and their little rifles were wooden. They were a bit awkward about the business of parading. Many of them were too small and their legs, in unaccustomed long trousers, had to stretch to keep the step.

Catholics were still something of a novelty to us natives. We had profound knowledge of the Protestant churches. We knew the Methodists, the Christians, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Campbellites, the Protestant Episcopalists; knew which had the least irksome services; which Sunday School had the shortest sessions. But the Catholics happened to be newcomers. They came in on the boom that followed the discovery of natural gas and the building of many glass factories and steel and iron mills. They were strangers to us and consequently feared. It was some time before we realized that one of us was about as good, pound for pound, in a battle as one of the funny-talking lads from Pittsburgh. That having been established, in due course the barriers went down. The newcomers were absorbed into the community and it

soon was as if they always had been there.

Most everybody ceased to feel any strangeness, but a few held out. The few most sensitive to fear continued in a state of alarm. There was Pood Wamsley, for example. Pood, a little older than the rest of us, was our self-ordained oracle. We listened to his opinions concerning affairs. Most of these opinions he obtained in the back room of his father's undertaking establishment where, of an evening, when there was no undertaking afoot, leading citizens often congregated to discuss matters of moment.

The day following the parade of the Knights of St. John, Pood rounded us up and, glancing over his shoulder every now and then to make sure no Roman spies were lurking about, he gave us a whispered harangue to this effect:—

'Didja see them Cath'lic kids p'radin' yestiddy? Lissen! 'Ja know what they're doin'? Lissen! Ever' one of them is bein' trained to be soldiers when they grows up. That's what them Cath'lics is doin'. Soon's they git 'em all trained and they're growed up, they're goin' to seize the whole country and take charge of it an' ever'thing!'

'Howja know?' one of his aghast hearers inquired.

'I know,' returned Pood, mysteriously. 'There's certain people watchin' ever'thing they do, and when the time comes —'

He broke off with a far-away, portentous look.

'How kin they do it?' someone asked.

'How kin they do it? Don't ja know that ever' time a boy baby is born in a Cath'lic fam'ly they take and bury a gun under the church for him to use when he grows up? And they bury enough am'nition fer him to kill fifty people with!'

'Well, why's the marshal let 'em, then?'

'Huh! The marshal! Bob Mounts don't know nothin' that's goin' on!'

'Why n't somebody tell him?'

'The time ain't come yet. It's a-comin' though! Trouble is — the government. Can't expect to do nothin' while's Cleveland's president. They say that, sekurtly, he's mebbe a Cath'lic himself!'

Up to that point I think Pood had us almost convinced. We were forgetting how funny some of the little fellows had looked the day before, trying to keep a march step that was too long for their legs. What had seemed a delightful show was beginning to take on a sinister aspect. It was occurring to us that we ought to have a smarter town marshal than Bob Mounts. But when Pood brought out that about President Cleveland, some of us rebelled. We were Democrats! We argued the matter lucidly with Pood. 'Aw, he is not!' — 'Howja know he ain't?' — 'Well, he ain't. I know it. You're crazy!' —

And then we broke up his alarm feast in favor of scrub baseball.

Thirty years ago this was. And now I've been back home again in Indiana, among the folks I used to know. And two of them have told me — in this enlightened summer of 1923 — that every time a Catholic boy baby is born, a rifle is buried beneath the church against the day when the Church proposes to turn these United States over to the Pope!

Hoosiers surely have not been believing this ever since the days when that serious little circle met in the back room of Wamsley's undertaking shop and Pood repeated to us the weighty opinions there expressed. Worry about the Catholics apparently had disappeared under the pressure of more imminent and real problems. To-day it

has been revived. It is part of the state of mind that accounts for the amazing growth of the Ku Klux Klan in the old Hoosier commonwealth; that enables Indiana to compete with Ohio for the distinction of having a larger Klan membership than any other State. It helped make possible the remarkable election results of last fall, when practically every candidate opposed by the Klan went down in defeat.

In Indiana, as in other states, the Klan has the usual trilogy of fears. It fears the Jews, the Negroes, and the Catholics. But I heard little concerning the Jews and the Negroes. I heard much concerning the Catholics.

This is true of the Negroes, notwithstanding the immense Negro population of Indianapolis, and notwithstanding the fact that this city was the home of the notorious Bungaloes, a hoodlum organization that amused itself with anti-Negro riots in the earlier years of the present century.

It is true as to the Jews, especially in Indianapolis, although there the Jews appear to dominate big retail business as completely as they do in most cities. One intelligent member of the race, who has been studying the situation in a detached sort of way, pointed out to me that in Indianapolis the Jews do not engage in small trade to any extent, and suggested that this accounts for the apathy toward them on the part of the Klan. In the smaller cities, he said, I should find the Jews competing with the smaller business concerns, and should find the Klan actively antagonistic.

This upon investigation seemed to be the case. Here the anti-Jewish sentiment appeared to be the natural antipathy of small tradesmen toward a race that somehow always manages to do well in trade.

Very clearly the crux of the Klan problem in Indiana is the Catholic

Church. The Klan is feeding on a revival of anti-Catholic feeling and renewed circulation of Catholic goblin stories. Men actually join the Klan because they believe that a magnificent home (a million-dollar palace, is the term usually used) is being built in Washington, D. C., to house the Pope, and that the Vatican is soon to be moved to the American capital!

This will sound strange to those of you who do not share the Klan's panic on the subject of the Catholic Church. It has been your observation, no doubt, that a good Catholic is just about as devout a church member as a good Protestant — and no more so. But it is customary for many Protestants to assume that the Catholic priest has some strange and complete control over the actions of the men and women of his parish; that he is a great deal more than their spiritual adviser; that all members of the Church walk about with bated breath in fear of incurring the priest's wrath. They forget that the older parishioners probably knew the priest when he was a small and irreverent boy.

Many have believed it is a fixed policy of the Church to keep its members down to a definite level of ignorance. Ku Klux Klan organs now assiduously spread this idea. The truth seems more nearly to be that the effort to spread education — general education, not merely sectarian education — is as great among Catholics as among Protestants.

Indeed, one of the most serious charges against the Church that you hear in Indiana is that they are endeavoring to obtain control of the public schools. Why? To wreck the public-school system, to be sure! The Catholics have had control of the School Board in Indianapolis for years, several excited informants told me, and,

they would say, look how the schools have deteriorated!

Investigation revealed that the Catholics had been represented on the School Board by one member. The superintendent of schools in a certain city, I was told in a confidential whisper, is a Catholic. But I had known this man intimately for half a life-time and knew the contrary to be true. Running down other such allegations was like running down atrocity stories in the German-occupied districts of France; the stories nearly always evaporated as one got near their source.

It would be unwise to assert that no case whatever can be made against the Catholics in some corners of Indiana. There are instances in plenty when, forming a majority of the voting population, they have voted themselves into power. There are instances in which shortsighted leadership has led them to abuse their power. There are communities where, while in a minority, they have been as clannish as the Klan, and have made themselves a solid and obstructive political *bloc*. But, recalling Catholic candidates who have failed to get the Church vote and recalling Protestant candidates who have succeeded, the conclusion is that, as individuals and as a group, no case of undesirable citizenship can be maintained against them.

However, unreasonable as are the allegations on which the Klan's growth is largely based, this growth is the most important fact in Indiana to-day.

One finds a friend who is neither Klan nor anti-Klan, fighting hard to preserve his neutrality. One finds a politician seeking to make each side think he hates the other. One finds a business man engaged in the same precarious undertaking, for now the business boycott has come in to harass further the middle-of-the-road folks.

'If,' said a man to me, 'you were

widely reputed to be a member of the Klan and were not a member, what would you do about it? Would you publicly deny it? Or would you keep quiet? Well, no matter what you would do, I'd just keep quiet.'

He is a judge on the bench, a scholar, a man of high standing in the law, an honest, scrupulous jurist. But he is baffled by the religious war he finds raging about him, baffled into complete silence on a subject that touches real principle with him.

When certain Klan leaders had told me all the wild stories about Catholics they could think of, and certain Catholic laymen had told me all the wild stories about the Klan they could think of, I started out to find some of the rank and file, some of the plain Klansmen.

I found a great many, and who do you suppose they were? They were old friends of mine; folks I'd known all my life; just some of the best citizens of Indiana, that was all. The best citizens — save for this one weakness. Not the stuff of which cowardly mobs are supposed to be made, not the sort which drags women out at night to tar-and-feather and lash, naked, against trees. Clean, decent family men. Not even religious fanatics; their average church attendance probably not very high; men who have done more thinking, even if misguided thinking, about religion and churches during the present fever than in any ten years of their lives.

How true the stories of Klan outrages in other states may be, they were not committed by such men as I found in the Klan in Indiana. That is, they were not committed by men in the state of mind of the Indiana Klansmen to-day. What state of mind they may get into presently cannot be foretold. They cannot vision themselves running amuck and they do not believe the

tales concerning Klansmen who have run amuck in other states.

This feeling concerning themselves is shared by whole communities. Good people who could not conceivably join the Klan themselves have only good-natured curiosity regarding the organization. They amuse themselves by trying to identify the members when the latter turn out for public parade in their hoods and gowns. The shape under the sheet or the familiar shoes of a sturdy marcher often tells a wife for the first time that her husband is a member; but when she allows this information to spread about the block, it seldom excites real surprise — certainly not horror. It is not thought that this respectable neighbor has suddenly become a terrorist, a doer of evil deeds in the dark.

Much effort has been spent in Indiana, as in other states, to convince possible Klansmen that they became victims of a gigantic money-making scheme when they wrote their names in blood on the dotted line. But this has proved only a slight deterrent. That it has been a money-making enterprise for certain men is admitted. But so was — for example — the Loyal Order of the Moose.

The present U. S. Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis (a Hoosier, by the way), might be called the Simmons of the Moose, in that respect. Yet the rapid growth of the Moose could not be attributed simply to the fact that Davis had an excellent profit-taking idea. Tens of thousands did not join the Moose just because they wished to make Jim the Puddler a millionaire. No, he had a conception of enjoyable human fellowship that appealed to them.

So it was with the men who originated the Ku Klux Klan. They have made money, no doubt, an immense amount of it, but they did have some-

thing that appealed to thousands of other men. Unfortunately, the thing they had was not so wholesome a thing as that which Davis had. The thing they had was fear — fear, based on error, as most fears are; fear, based on a superstitious ignorance of the Catholic Church.

This fear is not to be dissolved by the voice of one fellow Hoosier asserting that there is no basis for it. All this assertion is likely to do is to convince some of his friends that he is a paid propagandist for the Catholic Church and to convince other friends that he is a paid propagandist for the Ku Klux Klan.

But here is a suggestion which, if acted upon, may help prevent the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana going the way it has gone in many other states, and may help destroy the notion that there is any proper place in Indiana society for such an organization.

The suggestion is: Publicity.

You may assume that I mean legislation to compel the publication of every secret order's membership list, such as New York's recent enactment. My anti-Klan friends will applaud, crying: 'That's the ticket! Drag them into the daylight!' My pro-Klan friends will begin digging in their heels and preparing to resist.

But I mean publicity concerning the Catholic Church. And I do not mean the usual sort of newspaper publicity. The newspapers have pretty well indicated the course they may be expected to pursue in the face of this truly grave menace. When the Klan was a far-off matter, not an intimate problem, they printed all the stories of brutal outrages that came over the wires. When it came closer home, they lapsed into silence. Now that they have reason for suspecting that every other reader may be a Klan member or sympathizer, many of the newspapers content

themselves with careful avoidance of the issue.

It might have been possible for a newspaper of wide influence in Indiana to head off the Klan's growth at one stage by printing the facts, but no newspaper has influence sufficient to accomplish that now.

By printing what facts? The facts concerning the Catholic Church, to be sure. There is the essence of the whole question. Are the firmly fixed beliefs of tens of thousands of Hoosier Protestants concerning the Catholic Church true or untrue? Find out. And print what is found.

No newspaper, of course, ever has thought of doing this, because the newspapers have feared the Catholic Church. There is one article of the Klan faith that has a real basis. Klansmen will tell you that newspapers fear to print anything they think may offend the Church. And Klansmen are not altogether mistaken on this point. The tradition has grown up in newspaper offices that such news is unsafe to handle, that the Church has some mysterious power to punish those who offend.

There is nothing mysterious about it, of course; it is simply that many readers are Catholics and might cancel their subscriptions. Many editors and sub-editors, however, seem to feel that the authority of the Church would be exercised to compel its members to do this. There is good reason for doubting the existence of any such shortsighted policy.

In my experience, the newspaper men who have seemed most free and unworried in their handling of news concerning the Catholic clergy, including sometimes unpleasant news, have been Catholic newspaper men. They have less fear of their own Church than Protestant newspaper men have.

One result of this news-suppression

has been the growth of belief in all sorts of weird tales about the Church, mouth-to-mouth stories of pagan immoralities, involving all ranks in the Church organization. It is not conceivable that Catholic churchmen prefer general circulation of malicious or ignorant inventions to a condition in which they would receive from the press exactly the same treatment as the Protestant clergy receive.

But the remedy for the Klan problem. The suggestion toward which I have tried to pave the way is a statewide survey of the Church activities in Indiana. It should be possible to organize a commission of intelligent men and women to collect the facts concerning the churches and what the churches do. It can be shown what proportion of the state offices are and have been held by Catholics, and how this corresponds to the number of Catholics themselves. It can be shown how much the Catholics contribute to the support of the public schools, how many are serving on public-school boards, how many are teaching in the public schools.

Catholic churches could be forced open, if necessary, — which it would not be, of course, — to prove or disprove the tales of buried rifles and ammunition. This suggestion may draw a smile, but I am not certain that it is not the most important I have to make. The tales are preposterous, to be sure, but I would take the only possible course to eradicate them from the minds of those who do not consider them preposterous.

Further, a commission of inquiry might call publicly for the presentation of every charge against the Catholic Church that any responsible person or responsible group of persons might have to make, and then investigate the truth of these charges. They could bring the whole truth out of the dark-

ness of rumor into the daylight of established fact.

What do the people of Indiana receive in the place of the truth, now? Two or three days of each week the down-town streets of the larger Indiana cities resound with the voices of boys selling *The Fiery Cross*, a Ku Klux Klan weekly. These are bought eagerly and in great numbers by persons determined to hear and believe the worst concerning the Catholic Church.

On the same days, on the same corners, other boys are crying just as loudly the sale of *Tolerance*, an anti-Klan weekly, containing every intolerant idea concerning the Klan that the

latter's enemies have to offer. These are bought eagerly and in great numbers by persons determined to hear and believe the worst concerning the Klan.

As for the neutral publications, they appear to be waiting warily for the storm to blow over. It may blow over and it may not. It has not blown over in many another state without having first been responsible for shameful incidents which those states will spend years deploring. Witnessing the trend it has taken there, it is hard to believe that Indiana will escape her share of bitter regrets unless some means is found to clear the air before the storm descends.

RITUAL AND REGALIA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THE anthropologists have said, of late years, a great many fascinating things about ritual and belief, custom and myth, magic and religion. They have invited us to observe, within ourselves, vestiges of the prehistoric soul; and far from endeavoring to free us of senseless superstitions, they positively encourage us to foster those gestures and reactions which mean that, a few thousand years ago, our ancestors were, in certain circumstances, happy or afraid. If we indulge in sympathetic or symbolic magic, the anthropologists are not shocked; they are genuinely pleased.

The physicist or the geologist may think you a fool for knocking wood, or refusing to destroy an old photo-

graph of a friend, or looking at the moon over your right shoulder; he may even try to argue you out of it. But the anthropologist loves you just in proportion as you seem to him to be folklore. You do not have to be ashamed, before him, of these little habits; he finds them engaging.

So we love the anthropologists better than other gentlemen with card-catalogues. They cocker our weaknesses; they love our instinctive and unconsidered gestures. They do not even want us to be reasonable beings. When a farmer refuses to set cedar posts except with the moon in a certain quarter, the biologist or the chemist is annoyed; but the anthropologist would rather go without his garden gate

forever than appeal to the farmer on the score of reason. He feels a positive affection for any man who sees an occult relation between the setting of cedar posts and the phases of the moon. That is the sort of person that, to suit his book, we ought all to be. Very comfortable people, the anthropologists: easy to get on with. No hypocrisy needed. They love to look at you over the pages of *The Golden Bough* and put you, mentally, into a footnote.

Ritual is only one of the things with which anthropology concerns itself; and ritual, of course, is usually tied up either with magic or with religion. (No two anthropologists, I believe, ever quite agree as to the relation between the two.) It is, naturally, not my object to consider the love of ritual scientifically, or yet exhaustively. I am not equipped for dealing with folklore. I have referred to the anthropologists only because I think, being passionately preoccupied with our more picturesque weaknesses, that they ought to answer a few questions.

What is it, for example, that makes men, quite apart from magical or religious purposes, love to invent absurd rituals of their own, and love to ornament themselves with queer costumes and queerer insignia — not on Mardi Gras or Hallowe'en, or for theatrical purposes, but regularly, and merely for the sake of doing it? Why do they do it even more in America than in the older and presumably more conservative nations?

The peasantry in any land are the guardians of ancient customs and the preservers of old superstitions. But in America we have no peasantry; and it is not, in any case, our colorless equivalent for the peasant who so indulges himself: it is the business man, the dweller in towns, the hard-headed trader. We have more secret societies than any other country; and the man

who is willing to make a guy of himself in the public streets is the very man who, in the other relations of life, is from Missouri and wants to be shown. A great many citizens who would feel the assumption of evening clothes an affectation not to be borne are quite willing to be seen on Main Street with turbans on their heads and cabalistic signs all over them. They are not praying for rain, or attempting to terrify their enemies: most of them are nominally Christians, and they all employ physicians when they are ill. They are doing it for the fun of it; and the fun of it is so real that they do not mind looking absurd to the uninitiated.

It must be a very strong urge. The average American citizen has less use for symbolism than any other civilized being; but is there any other civilized being who indulges in such vast and varied orgies of it? Citizens who resent an American ambassador's wearing knee breeches at court are perfectly willing, themselves, to parade, in the most astonishing clothes, behind a camel or a bear. We who censure the diplomacies of the Old World and must have open covenants openly arrived at, are more addicted to secret societies than the Chinaman himself.

Is all this initiating, and swearing of oaths, and reverencing of insignia, mere protest against the drabness of life? If so, why is it that the women do not indulge? Women are supposed to be fonder, both of secrets and of ornaments, than men are; yet you will notice that it is not the women of the country who create lodges and invent rituals and fashion symbolic costumes for themselves. Women do not wear aprons in the street if they can help it; but men do.

The last thing that I intend or desire is to ridicule this almost universal pastime of the opposite sex. There must

be some good and dignified reason for it, humanly speaking, or it would not be so widespread. There must also be something in the male heart that is left out of the female heart. It would be exceedingly interesting to know what these facts and reasons are. I wonder if the anthropologists can tell. Women are quite willing to band themselves together in societies: witness the prevalence of women's clubs all over the country. But it does not seem to occur to them to make their societies secret, and their ritual is open to all, being merely Cushing's *Manual*. Nor do they sport insignia.

That women have lodges as well as men, I am quite aware. But their lodges are, for the most part, mere parasites of the masculine orders, consisting of the 'wives, sisters, daughters, and widows' of the fraternal band. Women never started out, by themselves, to be Masons or Odd Fellows or Red Men or Elks. In order to have a 'Society of the Brides of the Odd Fellows,' you have first to have Odd Fellows, well established. Sororities did not exist until the spread of fraternities in co-educational institutions practically challenged the girls to create them. True, women seem to be Past Grands and Exalted Rulers, but there seems to be less solemnity about it; and certainly they do not parade in public.

Having occasion, once, in the interest of a public petition, to look through a list of the orders and societies which our very small town supports, I was confronted by many congeries of initials whose purport I could not even guess. O.F.'s and R.M.'s were simple; but what was the true meaning of F. and A.M., P.O.S. of A., O.U.A.M., and such? I came to have a real affection for people who wrote themselves out boldly as Knights of the Golden Eagle and Foresters of America.

I regretted the absence of the Sons

and Daughters of I Will Arise, immortalized by Mr. Octavus Roy Cohen; and had to put up with the Ancient United Order, Sons and Daughters, Brothers and Sisters of Moses.

I gathered incidentally that the colored race was more sociable and coöperative in these matters; less solemn and secret than the whites. Practically all my colored acquaintance belongs to lodges, and practically none of my white acquaintance does; but I think I am right in saying that the colored lodge-member is both franker and more practical about his secret society. Sick benefits and burial expenses are no side issue with him, but the main thing; and he does not conceal himself behind initials. He seems to reserve his theatricality for his churches. He shows more of his famous histrionism in the technique of building a parsonage or getting converted from one Baptist sect to another, than in public display of fraternal organizations. Naturally, my experience is limited; but I have never happened to see a railway station filled with colored men in turbans and caftans and sashes. You might expect, indeed, to see the race that invented leopard societies do something more picturesque than white inhibitions can quite permit. On the contrary, in America it is the white man who takes the lead, and his colored brother seems content with mild imitation.

II

Here is the question I should like to put to the anthropologist:—

What is that impulse resident in the heart of the adult male of the white race, who is also a responsible citizen of a civilized country, which makes him desire to belong to a secret society and makes him, so far from being ashamed of it or apologetic for it, willing and glad to parade

his mystic signs and fantastic clothes in the broad light of day? What is this instinct, so strong that it conquers his general horror of being conspicuous or absurd? Why is a man of the 'Babbitt' type, who objects to being called a real-estate man instead of a realtor, happy to be known as a tree in the Smithville Forest of Tall Cedars of Lebanon?

It is not religion, for the Trees go to different churches. It is not — essentially at least — politics; for none of the great secret societies in the United States has ever been publicly associated with political manoeuvring, like the G.A.R. and the American Legion, or the labor organizations — which are not secret. I speak under correction; but these organizations do not seem to be out for 'power.'

It is an historic fact, I believe, that French Free-Masonry, which is both atheistic in nature and political in purpose, has been repudiated by British Free Masons, if not by American. It cannot be that lodge members find any magical value in their rituals and oaths; would not most of them, indeed, be shocked at the very notion of magic? The benefit-association side of it is easy to understand; but that does not explain the initiations and the clothes and the symbolism.

I have heard it said that it is 'good' for a man, in the business sense, to belong to some large secret society. But if that is all, why the paraphernalia? Why, too, are these initiatives confined to the male? In Dahomey the women had — perhaps still have, though I gather that Dahomey has been a good deal expurgated — a very powerful secret organization, strong as a leopard society. I once heard Professor Gilbert Murray make a suffrage speech in which he used the Dahoman Mumbo Jumbo as a symbol of male devices for denying the vote to women. Professor Murray

did not mention on that occasion the Dahoman Amazons, who could accuse a man of anything, and sell him into slavery for punishment, if he showed his nose while they were parading.

There have always been female 'lodges' in the jungle. So you cannot be sure that it is mere atavism: the civilized male unconsciously regretting the good old days when he made himself beautiful and terrible with bones and bladders and feathers, and drank human blood, with incantations, to the salvation of his friends and the destruction of his enemies.

For that matter, if it is a mere harking-back to the joys of prehistoric importance, why are not the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association secret societies? Surely it is the physicians and the lawyers who — leaving religion aside — inherit from the medicine man.

Most of the men of my acquaintance have not belonged to any of these organizations, though I have once or twice in my life heard a man express regret that he had never joined one. Yet, like everyone else, I have known men who were members of some order; I have even known Masons who affected to believe in the antiquity of their ritual, though all encyclopædias explode that theory. Certainly I have usually heard the Masonic order, for example, mentioned with respect by men who did not belong to it.

But I have never heard any of these orders mentioned with what you could honestly call respect by women. To the female mind, the mysterious side of it, at least, does not appeal.

In country districts, where the 'Grange' is a social nucleus, it is another matter. Women will come in on the social side of anything that is going in the community; and they will affiliate themselves, for social reasons,

with anything that their husbands belong to. Every woman knows that all women consider their own sex an open book, while men seem to them incalculable and unpredictable from start to finish.

I have never known a woman who understood what men meant when they talked of women's being mysterious or incomprehensible. Whereas the woman who boasts that she understands men is not only rare but usually a singular fool.

Most women, I think, take this secret-society business as merely another instance of the incomprehensibility of the male. They can understand the peacock's tail, and the biologic urge for the male to make himself beautiful in order to attract a mate. But what they see is men making themselves, not physically beautiful, but physically ridiculous: a phenomenon which can have nothing to do with biologic urges. If men were unconsciously attempting to be attractive, they would abolish the hideous uniform of the 'business suit,' to which they have condemned themselves; and they would never, never wear aprons over cashmere trousers.

III

Is it mere human love of ritual and mystery? If it is, why do not women indulge as well? For women are even more susceptible than men to ritual and to the mysterious. The ritualistic churches keep a firmer and more enduring hold over women than over men, apparently; and in our own day women go in much more than the other sex for the occult and mystical. Or is it some faint memory of magic itself — a denatured magic, without results, without even purpose?

Do Elks and Red Men remember, without remembering, that signs and symbols were once legal tender in the

realm of fate, and that a formula was stronger than a sword — as a dog, turning round three times, is said to be remembering, yet not remembering, the days of his wolfhood? Surely the anthropologists might tell us this.

The folk-lorist is happy if he can hear an old woman muttering something to herself before she gives herb tea to a patient; but does he ever look up when a thousand 'Shriners' pass before him in full regalia? If it is the old impulse to magical activities, why are the members of orders the last people to rely on the legitimately inherited magic which is popular superstition?

Women would seem to have preserved, more consistently than men, the old folk-habits, now impossible of explanation. Carrying the newborn child up instead of down, not destroying clothing that has belonged to a near and dear person, folk-remedies for trifling ills — women are much harder to cure of these habits than men. But they have not preserved the psychology of the 'long house' or the medicine lodge.

Nor can it be mere gregariousness, though men are perhaps more truly gregarious than women. Gregariousness, in men, is ministered to by the club or the corner grocery (the saloon having perished), rather than by the lodge. Gregariousness demands, not stated meetings or formal procedure, but a place where, at any hour of any day, you can find a comfortable chair and a group of human beings.

Sometimes one is tempted to consider these fraternal orders a mere hang-over from the mysterious 'bunches' and 'gangs' of boyhood, as if men remained forever Tom Sawyers and Penrods at heart. But the essential requirement of the small boy's secret organization is that it should be small, exclusive, and flauntable in the face of unpopular playmates: the keynote is intimacy.

The two impulses are not quite the same. There are too many Elks; essential Elkhood must be a fairly indefinable thing, and any national convention of Elks must posit a like-mindedness that the Elk from Chattanooga and the Elk from Portland will not always recognize the instant they meet.

As well — almost — ask all Republicans, or all Democrats, to be congenial, as all Masons.

Besides, it must be remembered that many men belong to more than one of these organizations. Apparently being a Tall Cedar of Lebanon does not interfere with being a Knight of Pythias.

If it is not a hankering after magic, or a delight in self-adornment, or the satisfaction of the gregarious impulse, or the reaching out for secret power, what, then, is it that makes these orders so numerous and so popular? Here we have an instinct stronger than the instinct of protective coloring, which in our day translates itself into the objection to being conspicuous or absurd.

But just what is that instinct? That is what we should like the anthropologists to tell us.

Goats, and rituals, and cabalistic signs, all point back to a savage inheritance, to be sure; but if it is mere

atavism, why are women exempt? Since the first thing savage women do when they become sufficiently powerful in any community is to create their own societies and make their own 'medicine,' why does not my completely emancipated sex rush into competition, instead of weakly allying itself with male organizations?

Why, that is, should one sex 'throw back,' and not the other? If the Elks are only feebly remembering and imitating ancestral totemism, why are not the directer heirs of the jungle — our colored citizens — foremost in both ritual and regalia?

There is something still left, it seems to me, for the folk-lorist to explain. Let him stop gathering charms from the Kentucky mountaineers and the New Jersey 'pinies,' and watch his hard-headed fellow citizens the next time they parade in full regalia. What goes on in the tangle of the male mind, no ratiocinating female would presume to guess; and women pass this over like so many other manifestations of the mystery which is Man. But the anthropologist — who is usually a man himself — has no right to give up the riddle. Here are fascinating indications, clues of the showiest, parti-colored hints that should take him far. Will he not explain?

THE CAPTAIN

BY ARTHUR MASON

I

'Two cards,' said the Captain, through his nose.

'Two?' echoed the mate. 'Hem!'

'Two, Mr. Dimm.'

'He's bluffing again,' thought the mate; then he said; 'Pete, how about you?'

'Gimme three.'

'How many to you, Gus?'

'One, sir.'

The mate helped himself to two cards. The Captain eyed him sharply.

'Got something this time, Mr. Dimm?'

The mate's smile was sickly.

'It's about time, sir. Twenty-five dollars gone already.'

'I'll make an honest bet,' said the Captain, 'so you can all get in on the pot.'

'How much?' inquired the mate nervously.

'Five dollars, Mr. Dimm.' The Captain moved five iron washers out in front of himself. 'That's the bet,' he said; and murmured, 'The wind is freshening a bit.'

The mate threw in his five washers gloomily. Pete and Gus wanted none of it.

'Show down, Mr. Dimm.'

'Three sixes, sir.'

The Captain's heavy, hollow hand reached out and raked in the pot.

'Mr. Dimm,' he said, impressively, 'you should stay out till you get something. Here's three ladies for you to look at.'

The Nellie Swan was a five-masted, bald-headed schooner plying from the Columbia River to Guaymas in Mexico. During all the years that she had been in the trade she had had the same crew almost all the time.

'All staying by her,' was the Captain's monotonous answer to the inquiries of the runners; so there was very little fuss when she came into port.

Furthermore the crew had the reputation of being a thrifty lot — hard-headed savers where the saloon men were concerned. How far is truth from conjecture! They were neither contented, thrifty, nor thirst-proof. They were always, in season and out, broke. They lived and breathed to balance, just once, accounts with the master of the schooner. The pay roll for them was but a transient illusion. Only the complaisant slop-chest and the ship's good fare kept them from becoming clothingless, foodless, and tobaccoless.

The Nellie Swan, being without top-masts, furnished easy work for lazy sailors. They were a small crew — ten men before the mast, donkeyman, two mates, and a cook; but they had one noticeable trait in common: they were all good and persistent poker-players.

The Captain, a quiet little man with humor and strength written plainly on his clean-cut features, maintained steady discipline throughout the week, and it was only on Sundays that the rustle of cards and the clicking of

washers would deafen the crew to other sounds.

All their week-days were spent, singly and in committee, scheming to beat him; all their evenings in reading thumb-worn books on poker. All in vain, for somehow the master would never play when the codes were working, and he continued to scrape up the washers, and to strangle a small pencil to trace out IOU's for them to sign.

The desperation of years grew on them, and at last they got to the point where they sank beneath it. They decided in full meeting that the ways of a sailor were not those of a poker-player. Pete was for quitting altogether.

'He can beat us, and that settles it,' he said.

'I have an idea,' said Gus; and they crowded about him. They were ever so keen on ideas.

'How would it go,' he whispered, 'if one of us laid off ashore next voyage, and we shipped a real crooked gambler to get our money back?'

'Could we trust him?'

'Make him sign papers to share and share alike,' said the ready Gus; 'then you have him. I know the very man for you.'

'What's to become of the man who gives his berth to the gambler?' asked Pete.

'We can make a tarpaulin muster and get a few dollars for him before the ship leaves,' Gus said; 'that'll get him grub and lodgings. Then he'll get his pay ashore when we've cleaned the Captain.'

It was decided that they were to draw lots to determine who was to stay ashore. Pete cut rope-ends for lots, and when it fell to him to stay behind his bland looks were enough to dispel any wrinkle on the brow of a shipmate.

'It's the rheumatiz, sir; I can hardly move my joints at all.' Pete demon-

strated his painful stiffness beyond the possibility of a doubt.

'Well, Pete,' answered the Captain, 'if you're as badly off as that, perhaps you're right. I'd hate to lose you, even for a voyage; but you'd better stay ashore for one trip.'

The next day, when the Nellie Swan was tied up to a lumber wharf, the Captain called the crew aft.

'We'll pay off now, men,' said he.

Some of them had as much as seven dollars due them for a three months' trip. They took what was coming good-naturedly. There was an unusual conquering glow in their eyes.

In due time the schooner was loaded ready for the voyage south. As the hour of departure drew on, Pete developed a touchiness that was the despair of the crew; and they were hard put to it to give him enough assurances of good faith to lull the suspicions that arose in his eyes and manner.

'You're getting so a man can't talk to you,' said Gus, sorrowfully. 'Of course we'll bring back your share to you. You'll be here to meet us, won't you?'

'It's all right about you, but how about the gambler? When's he going to sign up?'

'That won't be necessary at all,' said Gus, heartily; 'he's as honest as the day is long. He's not a shark. He's rolling in money now, and only coming along to oblige us.'

'Is he handy with the cards, Gus?'

'Handy is n't the word for it, Pete. He pretty nearly makes 'em talk!'

That night, in the shadow of the wharf lights, the gambler was sneaked aboard the Nellie Swan. He was fat and fairly tall, with a white skin and black hair. Pete, having successfully manoeuvred to obtain the Captain's permission to ship his 'friend,' was there to look him over.

He gave each of the men a warm handclasp.

'Boys,' he said, solemnly, 'I am going to help you out. Now,' and he cleared his throat, 'how much do you think your captain has to lose?'

'Thousands!' they answered, with one voice.

The crook smiled, and lit a cigar.

'Do you think you can get it?' asked Pete anxiously.

'I'll show you my work.' The gambler selected one from many packs of cards in his bag, and commenced to shuffle and deal them. 'Draw to your hands,' he commanded. 'I don't want any. Show down.'

He held a pat flush.

Pete smiled. 'You're a dandy.'

Next morning the Nellie Swan left port. The crew were wreathed in smiles. The sails went up as never before; some sang, others whistled, peace and discipline ruled fore and aft. Most of all they were considerate of their Captain. He, the prize, must not come to harm.

'Let me do that, sir'; 'Yes, sir'; 'No, sir,' they'd say, till he wondered what had come over his crew. He called the mate's attention to them.

Mr. Dimm, all unknowing, said it was their good-nature.

'They have been here so long they are just like ourselves.'

'How's the new fellow?'

'A bit soft yet, but the crew seem to have taken a fancy to him.'

As the schooner headed south, and the first Sunday came, the crew and master played a little poker — a tame game, in which the crew, as usual, lost.

'They'll warm up to it,' thought the Captain; 'they're a bit stingy starting a new voyage.'

The gambler, under the watchful eye of Gus, was not to be allowed to show his skill until the return voyage, which would be without a stop. They did n't quite trust him.

But the third Sunday out, when the Nellie Swan had rounded Cape St. Lucas, and headed north in the warm Gulf of California, they had a game, and the gambler, ignoring the crew, picked the Captain off for two hundred dollars. How he did it, the crew did n't know, or the Captain either.

In the forecastle, afterward, the crew forgave him, and it was agreed that the money should be kept in the forecastle under his pillow, he assuring them that he would put a head bandage on anyone who touched it till the end of the voyage. The best they could do was to sit around and look at the bunk, an occupation of which they never seemed to tire.

In less than a week more the Nellie Swan was unloading lumber in Guaymas, and scantlings and boards fairly flew from her. There was no gambling while they were in port; and if the Captain felt any regret at losing his money, he did not show it. Nevertheless, as he came and went to and from the schooner, his eye would seek out the new sailor and rest on him with a kind of speculative yearning that showed that the Prince of the Forecastle had attracted his attention.

II

When the Nellie Swan left Guaymas, the crew were as happy as children. Their plans for spending the Captain's money were all made, and the week-day nights before the first game were spent philosophizing on the benefit that the long accumulation would be to them.

Sunday the game on the main hatch finished with the cook's gong. The crew were cleaned, their IOU's in wages going to the gambler, for subsequent division. The Captain also was a heavy loser, but in real money. The gambler insisted that money talked, and the crew applauded, silently. Mr. Dimm

would n't play, but looked on and shook his head, wondering what had happened to the skipper's luck.

The master's losings did n't seem to bother him as he rose from the hatch and stretched; but there was a hint of action in the single glance he gave the gambler as he walked past him on his way to his cabin for supper.

In the forecastle the sailors brought the gambler his supper, and apologized that so great a man should have to stoop to common fare. The winnings being tucked under his pillow, he set himself to entertain the crew with golden boasts, which held them spell-bound until the last trace of a tired sun had sought refuge in the sea.

Their last Sunday out was the day of the great tryout between the gambler and the Captain. Wild excitement pervaded the forecastle. The crew had made various excuses to the Captain, who seemed to think nothing amiss of their sudden denial of the game. Now they were doing everything that could humanly be done to send the gambler to the test groomed like a race horse for the run.

'Fetch him out,' said one voice, gruff with anxiety.

'Put his muffler on,' urged a second; 'he might catch cold.'

It was indeed cooler, for the Nellie Swan had come into northern latitudes, and it was the fall of the year. Squally weather was threatening, and the sea ran like molten metal cooling off. The main hatch could no longer be used as a poker-table, and the Captain invited the gambler into the cabin to play—a move affording him great satisfaction, and the crew equal discomfiture.

There was nothing for it but to await eight bells; and when noon brought the gambler to the forecastle with a monstrous pile of gold, they felt that their waiting had not been in vain.

But all was not beer and skittles for the gambler. It had happened that his luck had run a trifle suspiciously to the good, and the Captain took advantage of that moment when the schooner started to pound and dive and list away to leeward, to lay down his hand and get up from the table.

'I guess we're running into bad weather,' he said innocently.

He walked over to the bulkhead where the barometer hung. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw cards being pulled up the sleeve of the man at the table as if by some unearthly hand.

'The barometer is falling,' he said, 'we're in for a blow. We'll play this hand out before I go on deck to get my noon position.'

The gambler was n't enough of a sailor either to scent a suppressed storminess in the Captain's voice, or a threat in his unusual politeness.

'You'll play this afternoon?' he asked, greedily.

'After lunch,' said the Captain, going up on deck with his sextant, leaving his piles of gold for the gambler to take forward to the crew.

The southwest wind was increasing, and the sea was coming up. The Nellie Swan, with a free sheet, was racing away for the land.

'It's a bad place to be caught in a blow,' said the Captain.

'T is that,' said the second mate, whose watch it was, wiping the spray from his face.

'We ought to make the mouth of the Columbia River between three and four o'clock.'

'It'll be bad if we can't make it—we'll be on a lee shore. It might be safer after all to heave to out here, while we have plenty of sea room, and ride the gale out.'

'No,' said the Captain, 'we'll take a chance and run for the river. Get

everything ready, in case we have to shorten sail.'

At one o'clock the decks were awash, and the schooner was pitching the waves high over her hull. Gus escorted the storm-frightened gambler aft to the cabin.

The Captain put away a chart he was looking at.

'Oh, you want to play,' he said, unconcernedly, but his hands trembled. He locked the cabin doors, pulled off his coat, and threw it across a chair. Then he rolled up his sleeves to the elbows of his hairy arms. A large American flag was tattooed across his right forearm, and, as if there were danger of losing it, a ship's anchor and chain moored it down to the wrist.

The gambler moved uneasily in his chair; the ocean spray went splash against the cabin windows, the ceiling paneling squeaked.

'Take off your coat,' said the Captain, 'and roll up your sleeves. You'll feel more comfortable.'

The gambler grew pale; it dawned upon him that the Captain was wiser than he thought. He smiled a cracked-clay smile.

'I'm not going to take my coat off,' he said, 'and I'm not going to play. I'm going back to the fore-castle. Unlock the door.'

'You're a cheater, and you know it,' said the Captain; 'you're going to play, and you're going to play fair.'

The gambler made a lunge for the door.

'Oh no you don't!'—the Captain had him by the throat with both hands, — 'Take your coat off!'

The gambler fought; but the Captain held on to his throat till he wilted like a sun-parched seaweed. He threw him to the cabin floor, stripped him of his coat, and threw open his shirt. There, as he guessed he would, he found the ghostly hand—a mechani-

cal device that was strapped around the chest. It had a spring attachment running down his sleeve, ending in a delicate steel clip under the cuff, which would hold and release cards at will. The Captain's eyes bulged when he saw that it held two aces.

A knock came on the cabin door.

'Get up!' ordered the Captain, throwing the apparatus on the cabin table.

As the gambler rose and swayed stiffly to a chair, the Captain opened the door.

'What is it, Mr. Dimm?'

'It's blowing a gale, sir; the sea is running high, and the schooner has too much sail on her.'

The master locked the door behind him, and jumped to the deck. At a glance he took in storm, sea, and ship.

'Call all hands,' he shouted; 'take in the jigger and spanker. Hurry, Mr. Dimm! Don't let her broach to, whatever you do,' he cautioned the man at the wheel.

The Nellie Swan, with sea and gale abeam, was burying herself in foam.

'Damn the storm!' the Captain muttered to himself, and his eyes cursed the salty sea.

In the cabin the gambler rubbed the kinks out of his stretched neck. He looked at his holdout, as it lay on the cabin table, and pushed it from him in disgust. The sound of flapping sails frightened him. The schooner was vibrating as if some gigantic hammer were pounding her. He caught up his coat from the floor and put it on. The thought of the bag of gold in the fore-castle was outdoing the horror of danger. He made a dash for the window and opened it. It was too small to be of use for his escape. With all his power he shouted, —

'Split the money, and hold on to it!'

His voice was instantly lost in the storm, and the sailors, busy furling

the sails and ignorant of his extremity, waved affectionate greetings. A dash of water forced his head in, and he closed the window.

The schooner rode more easily now, with the jigger and spanker furled. But the Captain looked worried as he told the mates to let her run another twenty miles, to see if she would n't pick up Cape Disappointment.

'Keep a sharp lookout; it's hazy, Mr. Dimm; anyway, call me when she's made twenty miles on the log.'

With another glance at the weather, he walked down the companionway and unlocked the door.

'Well,' he said, 'are you ready to play?'

'I'll play,' said the gambler sulkily.

'A hundred-dollar ante, and jacks or better.'

The whites of the gambler's eyes rose and fell with the motion of the schooner.

'A hundred-dollar ante — Hell! I'll not play a game like that. Make it five dollars.'

'Oh no,' answered the Captain, 'I like a fast game. Anyway we may be on the rocks in an hour and our fun be spoiled.' His serious look sent a shudder through the crook.

'I'll have to get my money from the forecabin,' he said.

'Never mind your money; I'll keep the score in my book.'

The Captain walked into his room, and took all the money he had left from a small safe. It amounted to a few hundred dollars.

'If I lose this, he'll win it honestly,' he thought.

The roar of the storm outside, the tramp, tramp of the mates' feet, wrought a fear in him far greater than the fear of losing again to the crew who would so seek to humiliate their Captain. After all, their lives were his to guard, and his was the responsibility

to save them from the mangling treachery of a lee shore. Twenty miles, — so little space, before he could know what awaited them all. Twenty miles, and part of it gone already. The more need for action then. Time to play swiftly, to dispose of that thing at the table one way or the other, forever.

The gambler felt that this was no time for change of habit. Money under his eyes meant more than written records. He made a sacrifice. From his pocket he pulled a dirty bandanna handkerchief. It contained three hundred dollars, held out of the forecabin winnings.

They played half an hour, their grim faces showing the strain. Luck was with the gambler. The Captain, bare-armed and bare-headed, showed calculating coolness.

A patter of running feet and the excited sound of men's voices stopped the game once more. The Captain jumped to the door, opened it, closed and locked it, and ran to the deck. The sea looked as if a deep fall of snow had settled on it and the gale were turning it into drifts. On the port bow Cape Disappointment, like a drab coffin, stuck out cold and dangerous. He ran to the break of the poop.

'Stand by your sheets!' he roared, and then raced aft to the wheel.

'Put your helm down, and let her come up to the wind!' He braced himself with legs apart as the Nellie Swan breasted the seas and headed up into the teeth of the gale. The waves had no mercy on her now. The weather bow was the bulwark. They slid over that, rolling green on the decks. Rain commenced to fall. The gray cape disappeared in the murky haziness of the land. The crew sheltered themselves in the lee of the galley. Quiet and solemn they were, trusting their Captain in that plain simplicity which

is the everlasting bond of the sea.

The Captain looked over the stern. His lips moved.

'This will never do. She's got to have more sail. Reef the spanker and set it!' he commanded the mate. His voice trembled.

'She'll never stand it, sir, she'll turn turtle first!'

'Reef the spanker, and set it, Mr. Dimm!'

When the sail went on her, she reeled like a drunken man, but nevertheless she gathered speed offshore. Instantly the Captain's mind reverted to the poker game.

'Keep her full and bye,' he told the mates; 'don't let her lose steerage-way.'

Then he dived down into the cabin.

The gambler stood looking at the fallen cards and money. He was clutching the table; his yellow face and starting eyes spoke for themselves.

The Captain fitted a storm-rack to the table, and put the cards and money back.

'Deal,' he said, calmly.

The gambler dealt with one hand; and night set in while the storm raged and the Nellie Swan fought for open sea. Every few minutes the Captain ran to the deck to encourage the mates and the man at the wheel.

'She's making it now,' he told them, at last; 'the gale is letting up a little. At eight bells we'll tack ship.'

As if he were being rewarded for his defiance of the ocean, luck at the game now came to the Captain. He won steadily. The gambler demanded his money from the fore-castle. He must have it, he whimpered.

'You shall have it,' and again the Captain ran to the deck.

'Mr. Dimm,' he called, 'reive a life-line fore and aft the main deck. Have some of the crew go to the Greenhorn's bunk and fetch his money aft.'

'What's come over him now?'

thought Gus, as he and two others struggled along the slippery deck with their precious cargo. Their backs were humped and their mouths watery. With trembling, shivery bodies they handed the bag to the Captain.

They pressed their clammy faces against the cabin windows and watched the players. What they saw weazened their souls, and they slunk forward like wet rats to dry holes.

The sun was shining on the Portland docks, and a wisp of an angry tug was screeching for a right of way. Behind her, fastened by a towline, rode the Nellie Swan. Her Captain briskly walked the poop, crisply smiling.

On the wharf was Pete, a drizzly look on his face; for all his greetings to the crew went unacknowledged. They never even so much as waved a hand at him. On the contrary, they moved as if they had heavy weights on them; their pocket faces seemed locked in sullenness.

When the schooner made the wharf, the gambler jumped ashore. He made his way, coyote-like, through the lumber piles, and on into the city.

Pete went on board.

'Back again, eh, Pete?' said the Captain seriously. 'All well now?'

'Never felt better, sir. I've had enough of land and lubbers.'

'Call the crew aft, Pete; I'm going to pay off. You come too.'

A rusty moisture came into Pete's eyes. 'I will, sir.'

The crew lined up. They answered their names shiveringly, and when each man, even to Pete, had been paid off in full for the voyage, they just could n't thank him.

A little later, in the fore-castle, Gus spoke.

'Pete, I'm goin' and get the Old Man a present.'

'Damned if I don't go with you.'

GOOD-BYE TO OXFORDSHIRE

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

GOOD-BYE to England — land of little towns
And a great history. Good-bye, sweet lanes
Full of bright angel children, and old men
Ruddy and gentle; and the oaks and beeches,
Elms that engulf a hamlet in the sky,
Majestic, beautiful, benignly towering
Over a tiny green and grassy vill, —
Thatched and depressed with ivy and the beehives, —
And infant shops with Lilliputian toys,
Odd nothings sold for a penny with a smile,
From clean bowed windows out of wonderland.
These are her jewels, these small sacred towns,
Unique in the Universe! These miniatures,
Initials on a mediæval text,
Brilliant as Chaucer's death-defying page,
Enrich the map of England. Such she was,
Is, and shall be, whatever else the Fates,
Conspiring in their gloomy cavern, threaten,
Or the dark skies forecast, or foes at home —
Enemies, or the Avengers of the World —
Wreak on her distant realms through peace or war.

MR. EVERYMAN, MANAGER

BY ARTHUR POUND

As a producer, my neighbor John Black is one of many 'hands.' He coöperates with several hundred others in a complicated process of fabrication and assembly. His contribution to that process is not highly individual. He does what his foreman says, and the foreman says what the superintendent indicates should be said; and what the foreman says is predicated upon what the general manager 'out front' has decided should be done. Black's work, clearly, is cut and dried. His opportunity to innovate is strictly limited by the fact that any prospective change must be considered with reference to all the other factors in the production scheme, to the capabilities of the men who handle the goods before he gets them and after he passes them on, to the potentialities of the machine equipment, to the possible effect of such changes upon a market created by a definite selling policy and consistent advertising. In other words, Black does not manage his job; if he tried to, he would be fired.

One of the inevitable results of large-scale business is the concentration of the managing function of production in relatively few hands. Black's grandfather had a small shop of his own, and, perforce, met his own management problems. Black's father was a partner in a somewhat larger enterprise, and shared responsibility for production and sale. But the enterprise could not hold up against competitors organized as corporations, in command of large resources with which to hire engi-

neers, salesmen, and advertising space.

It is an old story and common — this concentration of the control of production.

Note, however, that my neighbor Black works under orders only eight hours a day. For but a third of his time does he function as a producer exclusively. The rest of the time he is a consumer. No one supervises his consumption; he manages that end of his life for himself.

The results are eminently satisfactory, not only to Black and his family, but also to the community. Black is one of our leading citizens; owns a home, paid for through fourteen years of thrifty living; and has enough margin, so that fears of sickness and old age no longer worry him. He is a good manager of consumption; in fact, the zest for management which he inherited from two generations of managers finds expression in the management of a household now that it is denied management of work.

Every so often the ladies of our one-street village give a church supper. Upon such delightful occasions Mrs. Black will be found 'out front,' bossing the fresh-cheeked country girls who wait on table. She, too, is a manager; but whether she picked up the knack from her husband, or he chose her because she knew how to manage, is something I have not determined. But Mrs. Black is 'out front' at these suppers, not merely because she is a good manager, but also because she is a recognized pillar of society. Even in

our little village there are social gradations. Here, as elsewhere, the social organism builds itself around dependables. Mrs. Black we feel sure of; she was here last year, and will be here next; our knowledge that the Blacks have a deed to their two acres and nine-room dwelling gives us confidence. In the country social standing gets back to landownership eventually.

While Mrs. Black orders things about in the dining-room, Mrs. Snover is standing over the cookstove in the kitchen. The social cleavage between the two women is not wide; yet it is unmistakably deep. If we patrons of church suppers should discover, on entering the church basement, that Mrs. Black and Mrs. Snover had changed places, we should be shocked out of our appetites.

Have no fear; such a revolution never can occur. For one thing, Mrs. Snover has no black silk dress, and is not likely to have one. For another thing, Mrs. Snover has no joint deed to land, and is not likely to have one. For another thing, though Mrs. Black can cook as well as Mrs. Snover, Mrs. Snover cannot manage as well as Mrs. Black. Sooner shall these eternal hills gape asunder, than that our little gathering shall fail in this significant tribute to the Blacks' superior management of consumption.

For, when you analyze the favored position of the Blacks in our midst, that is what has put them where they are — superior management of consumption. The Snovers get rather more real wages into their house in a year than the Blacks. Snover is a farm-hand, a steady, reliable fellow. In addition to money wages, he gets free house-rent, potatoes, and firewood. If you account for these items justly, and then subtract the cost of getting Black into town and out every working day, you will find the earnings of the

two men almost balance. Both their wives work, as loyal, healthy women have worked since the dawn of time. The parasite woman has always been an inconsequential part of femininity, both in numbers and in social significance. Both do their housework — and more. Mrs. Black keeps three hundred white Leghorns and makes the best butter in the township, while Mrs. Snover 'helps out' for wages.

There is no discounting Mrs. Snover's energy and usefulness. She is a community asset of the highest importance. Our village scarcely could function without her. Always ready to take on another washing at an hour's notice, she also provides the extra muscle at housecleaning time, and holds the fort when sickness attacks our homesteads. Though she looks older than she is, Mrs. Snover is constitutionally gay. She earns and tosses into the common fund considerable cash — probably more than Mrs. Black reaps from the sale of butter and eggs. So that, by and large, the Snovers have more purchasing-power than the Blacks. Yet the Snovers get less out of life, in security, comfort, and social standing, than the Blacks.

The trouble is that the dollar depreciates the moment it crosses the Snover threshold. Mrs. Snover's ideal is a home of her own; but that consummation, devoutly wished these many years, never gets any nearer. Mrs. Snover rarely has time to get to church, or clothes to grace her entrance. The Snover children look neither as well fed as the Black children, nor as neatly clad, in spite of the fact that they, too, pick up a little money doing odd jobs for the neighbors, while the smaller Blacks, like their mother, confine their economic activities strictly to the home lot. The Snovers, manifestly, have not mastered the problem of managing consumption. They waste more,

break more, and have less buying-sense.

It is impressive to witness the social results of economic powers in a small community. All of us take the Snovers for granted, but none of us build upon them. In point of time, they have been here longer than the Blacks, yet they do not give the same impression of domestic and civic solidity. Our whole attitude toward them is colored by the fact that next May Day may find them on the move, providing Snover does not come to terms with his employer, who is also his landlord. He has worked for that employer many years, and possibly may continue so to do until he is beyond work; nevertheless, he is n't sure of his job.

We have the feeling that the Snovers would be about the same elsewhere; but it is impossible to think of the Blacks as dissociated from our community, as living in another house, as scratching other earth than their own.

On the productive side of his life, Snover has a chance to do far more managing than Black. He is not under observation to the same extent; if he can think of work-improvements, there is nothing to hinder him putting them into immediate effect. As a matter of fact, his boss says Snover is a good hand to figure things out for himself. No man in these parts does better with animals, or gets more milk and pork out of feed. 'Snover ought really to have a farm of his own,' his employer told me, 'but he can't seem to get far enough ahead for that.' You would think that Snover's ability to manage production, developed as it has been through experience, would carry over to the management of consumption. But it does not; consumption is his blind side.

No enthusiast for a minimum wage can observe Snovers and Blacks at close range, without realizing that here is a basic difficulty. One man prospers

and accumulates on a wage just sufficient to keep above-board another man with no greater family responsibilities. A living wage for Snover is a saving wage for Black.

No matter what formula of words you construct, no matter what ideal wage-figures you may draw from statistics, these variations in consumption competence confound your calculations when you attempt to transfer them from paper to life.

If all these individual variations could be ironed out, there would still remain the embarrassing fact that costs of living vary with locations. Black, for instance, cocksurely says that he has prospered because he dared leave town for the country. One evening, when I went over to his place to buy eggs, and remained to talk, he said, —

'I'd still be renting if we were in town. There's veterans in the shop earn more than me, and they're still renters. It's hard to get hold of a bit of city land, and after you've got it, it's only good to live on and be taxed for the privilege. Here we raise a good bit of food — eggs, vegetables, milk, and a couple of fat pigs each year. But that's not all. We're out of the rush. We are n't doing a lot of expensive things just because we see others doing them. When we stay in town for the movies, it's an event, and we pick out the good ones. Of course, ten miles by train night and morning takes time; but it would take half an hour to get to the shop from any neighborhood where I could afford to live. Yes; I've got a Ford, but I don't use it all the time. The train is cheaper when there's only one to go; and I guess it's easier on me, too.'

Here, you see, is another stumbling-block for the minimum-wage theory. Base your wage on the cost of town living, and you reduce to some extent the incentive for wage-earners to im-

prove their conditions by shifting into low-cost locations where there is more elbow room, and more chance for the common man to come by that imponderable boon dear to the heart of each of us — social esteem. Among us John Black is a person of importance; in town he would be something less. If he died a townsman, he would be described in a brief paragraph as, 'John Black, a Sanger workman'; but when his time comes as a villager, the local correspondent of our country paper will give him a half-column credit for a useful life.

That, it seems to me, is one of the things men live for — a good obituary. As long as John Black can be a leading citizen among us, he does not mind being No. 476 in Sanger Products the rest of the day.

Perhaps, after vast difficulty, town activities might be adjusted on a minimum-wage basis. But what about us farmers and villagers? Will the minimum-wage statisticians fix crop prices? They must do something about farm prices, obviously, since food prices limit the purchasing power of city earnings, and since farmers get their wages out of prices. Yet the idiosyncrasies of land-holdings are just as marked as the idiosyncrasies of human character.

This farm yields large returns; that one breaks a good man's heart. Shall the farmer's minimum be a return for effort or a return for produce? If the former, what vast system of espionage is to determine effort, and what super-human judgment establish rewards? And if the latter, he who farms fat acres will himself wax fat; and he who labors on lean acres will himself be lean, as at present, and for centuries without end.

'Ah,' you say, 'but the minimum wage does work. On the railroads, for instance.' Softly, friend, softly. Have you heard the farmer or the small

storekeeper talk about railroad rates and railroad wages? The fact is that, here and there, some managers — or their overlord, the government — can establish minimum wages for the labor of special groups; but let all managers, or any considerable proportion of them, do so, and see what happens. You hear from the country — buyers strike, agrarians murmur. For wages in volume enough to be socially important are then being maintained in defiance of economic law; and the productive power of those vast sections of the population whose wages are not so protected are being drawn upon unfairly to maintain a shaky business structure. When organized labor exacts and maintains a minimum, in reality it is exploiting unorganized labor. And even if all the labor of this country were organized well enough to maintain minimum wages in all lines, there would still be the outside world to hear from. We compete with all nations; despite tariff walls, our wages must go up and down with theirs, in obedience to economic laws older than the code of Hammurabi.

We are a rich nation, and so are privileged to commit absurdities suicidal for others. But not for too long, or on too large a scale. For a time we can maintain favorable minimum wages for railroaders — long enough, at least, to rouse the farmers to political solidarity in opposition. But we cannot continue that protection for railroaders indefinitely, because there are too many of them.

And as for extending any such immunity from economic storm to the producers in an even more extensive industry, such as agriculture, the thing is impossible. It could be tried only at the risk of bankrupting the country. It can be done only when Uncle Sam has learned how to lift himself by his bootstraps.

The farmer, always a practical fellow, is beginning to see that the government is working against him when it sets its seal of approval upon minimum wages for other socially necessary labor, such as coal-mining and transportation. He sees that these experiments are carried on largely at his expense, since they would be impossible unless he kept on giving the business wheel enough momentum to overcome these drags upon it.

Professional men and women are coming to the same conclusion; but the farmer's experience is such that his ideas on the subject have crystallized into a burning conviction. For experience has taught him that some men, like some animals, are 'harder keepers' than others, and that putting any sort

of premium on the 'hard keepers' in the human family penalizes all the others.

Standard of living, great are the sins committed in thy name! Let us judge any family's standard of living by its results, not by its cost. Consider wages, not as so many dollars in the pay envelope, but as the means of purchasing life and pursuing happiness. Then we will not worry so terrifically over the fancied necessity of setting up barriers on the road down which that steady, tireless team, Supply and Demand, must travel; and down which they will continue to march, never fear, though minimum wage and all manner of law-patented absurdities clog their footsteps for a little, here and there, along the way.

THE DISSOCIATED SCHOOL

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

I

OUR main concern as a nation, our one possible offering to the cause of civilization, is the organization of a workable democracy. There are other forms of society to be experimented with,—forms which in the end may prove to be better than those we are set out to perfect,—but their development lies in the hands of other nations and other races. Our task here and now is to see what can be done with democracy in a country constituted, as ours is, of diverse peoples and traditions, and of great numbers of human beings distributed over a tremendous extent of territory.

There are two activities which should be of profound interest to our citizens. The first is the functioning of politics. The responsibilities of the electorate, the qualities important in the elected, the performance of their duties by those chosen to represent us, are intimate concerns of each one of us. On the wisdom and integrity of those we choose to rule over us depends not alone the individual security in each day's existence, but the promise of the coming in of better and finer ways of living together. Yet we have allowed the very names, politics and politician, to become 'an hissing and a reproach.' We have

absorbed ourselves in our personal affairs, and reserved a shrug of the shoulder for those who busy themselves, from motives noble or base, with our great heritage, sanctified though it has been by the services of a Washington and a Lincoln. The path of history is stained red with the blood of those who have died martyred in the struggle to place this privilege in our hands, and yet we begrudge the modicum of time the duties of citizenship entail upon us. Our one hope of fulfilling the promise to humanity that our type of government holds out is in developing in our people a consciousness of the primary importance and significance to each individual of this participation. For the potential citizen we have deliberately organized the machinery for effecting this purpose by the establishment of our public schools and the passing of laws which compel the attendance at school of all children between specified ages. This second important activity of our common life, the preparation of children for citizenship, has need of the best enthusiasm and the most discriminating attention of which we are capable.

Education, in so far as it means placing the experience of the past in the hands of the next generation, is of moment to all races and peoples. But in a democracy education has an even more extensive responsibility. Democracy is not a type of organization natural to undisciplined man: it is a society based on ideals which entail a heavy strain on the more elemental human instincts. Primitive man accepts the doctrine of all things to the strong and every creature fending for itself. Democracy demands that man respect the weak and the strong alike, and that he safeguard conditions so that he may fend for himself without first fighting off his worst enemy, his fellow being.

The training of individuals to this mutual relation is the exacting task of the educational system of a democracy. Since reactions and attitudes so subtle and complex cannot be taught save by indirection, their imparting accompanies the passing-on of the experience of the race to the children in each generation.

But drilling in the three R's, or attainment in any other division of learning, must, in this country, be subordinate to, and receive its significance from, the part it plays in the preparation of a child for his place in a democracy. The criterion of a successful education in the United States will never rest solely upon the scholarship achieved, but must measure itself by the degree of loyalty and dedication to American ideals that it inspires. The common-school basic education may seem to the superficial observer a purely pedagogical process; in reality it is essentially moral training, with a superstructure of intellectual exercises, built up on a profound and indefinable base of racial aspiration, ideals, and ethical concepts.

American enthusiasm for public education has been one of our most distinguishing characteristics. No institution we could show has been of more interest to foreign visitors than our public schools. Educational institutions are no novelty to the civilized nations; but a country aiming to educate all its citizens at the expense of the taxpayer is attempting a task whose significance has not been lost on serious students of Western civilization.

When the Philippines fell into our reluctant hands, we invaded their shores, not with conquering battalions, but with an army of schoolteachers. We were the amusement of the chancelleries of Europe in our intent to overcome the Filipino with the spelling-book instead of with the sword. Those

experienced in oriental administration disparaged our efforts. But it was not a fantastic move on the part of the administrators of our new dependency. It was the logical carrying-over to the newer part of our country of the principles of democracy itself. We had to ask ourselves, how could the Filipinos, or any other people for that matter, be made fit for the burden of self-government to which we ultimately destined any people under our flag, except through discipline and training, one with another, in the common language, the common ideals, and the common responsibilities that they must eventually bear in common? So the little Filipinos, rich and poor, high and low, were brought together to study the primer of that difficult subject, the technique of creating a democratic society.

The results justify us in cherishing some pride in our achievement. Arduous as was the task, and imperfect and incomplete as was the work done, the foundation was sound, and we may look with hope to the future.

II

We have given the gift of public education as the best we had to offer to our new brothers in the Pacific. Are we within our own borders recreant to this great ideal that we have attempted to realize on those distant islands? What are the facts? Is America, which has held the public or democratic school equal in importance to liberty and justice for all, as prerequisite to her very existence, ready to betray the one God, and erect many brazen idols in his place?

The spread of private and sectarian schools in this country in the last twenty years has gone along with a very great increase in the proportion of citizens of alien traditions and

customs in our midst. The withdrawal from the public schools of more and more of the children of those already Americanized greatly enhances the difficulty of making a unit of this inchoate mass of human beings that we call America. What does such a shift of large numbers of children signify? One can think of it only as the recrudescence in this country of the aristocratic, sectarian, exclusive traditions of the older European civilizations—attitudes incompatible with belief in democracy, with groupings determined by individual ability and capacity independent of inherited class or religious associations.

Are not these groups of children set apart for reasons antagonistic to the purposes, and inimical to the upbuilding, of a democracy?

There seem to be three main currents of feeling which lie at the base of this apostasy—all three types of human exclusiveness. Exclusiveness as a moral attitude is singularly out of place in a country built up as ours has been; and yet its disaffecting influence has penetrated into the very heart of our educational system. The type of most importance, as far as numbers are concerned, is religious exclusiveness. In a land where religious freedom is supposed to be secure, specifically safeguarded by both Federal and State constitutions; where religious tolerance itself has almost the status of a universal creed; where the fundamentals of the moral life—honesty, loyalty, responsibility, consideration for others, respect for difference of opinion—are matters of common agreement and are basic to instruction in the public-school system; hundreds of thousands of future citizens are withdrawn from the public schools, and given an education with those of their own faith, in parochial schools of the different denominations.

By the very nature of things such training cannot fail to be narrowing. However noble the religious ideals taught, an American school which has failed to be first an instrument of democracy has failed fundamentally. In a theocracy such schools would be appropriate; in a democracy they are an anomaly. It is a sad commentary on the trust that religious leaders have in the holding power of their own beliefs, that they dare not spare their young believers five hours a day, for five days in the week, for nine months in the year, to a training for citizenship in company with the varied groups which go to the making of an American community, lest they lose the faith of their fathers.

The second type of exclusiveness is social. Parents who fear for their children physical or moral contamination from the children of less favored families; or who desire to have their children associate with those of a social status to which they belong or to which they aspire to belong; or who wish their offspring to know only those whose walk in life will parallel their own, send their children to private schools, selected on the basis of the particular type of social exclusiveness that they desire or can attain. This group is largely reinforced by those who do not think at all, but merely follow the lead of those about them.

Such reactions are not confined to democratic society. Wherever human beings congregate, the imitative instinct, the fear of being different from one's group, dominates the weaker members of the community and determines their conduct. In a country like ours, with large numbers of new and alien types being rapidly injected into our midst, the earlier immigrants and their imitators are separating themselves from the more recent; are grouping themselves defensively,

to preserve, not democracy, but the habits and customs which, they feel, cannot withstand the onslaught of the aggressive and dominant peoples now invading our shores. Yielding to this kind of exclusiveness not only impoverishes the individual child involved, but it strikes at the very root of American life; for it crystallizes and defines the class lines which, to our common gain, have been fluid in the past. The grandchild of the rich man of to-day may suffer from this calcifying of our social life, no less than the grandchild of the poor in our midst. These children of the immigrant are here. They cannot be driven away. They will inevitably form a part, and an increasingly numerous part, of our citizenry. If America is to preserve the ideals on which it was founded, these children must in some way learn what these ideals are.

But how can we Americanize without Americans? The teachers cannot carry the burden by precept alone. Our main dependence must be upon example, association, shared experience. And from whom can a child more readily learn such mysteries of human relation and attitude than from those of his own generation? As it is now, differences are emphasized, rather than likenesses. The children of the prosperous miss the sympathy and understanding that come to the various racial, religious, and social groups through the discipline and fellowship of an education shared in common; the children of the less prosperous miss the opportunity for a natural and certain assimilation of American points of view; and the development of the whole country halts, and the problem of the foreigner in our midst becomes increasingly acute.

In addition the community loses the chance to pick out, from every economic and social level, the children of

superior ability in the total child-population, to whom it desires to give that special training and rapid advancement which will equip them to render their best service to the cause of democracy. The public schools are accused of disregarding the needs of the unusually gifted child. In varying degrees this is true of all educational institutions, since the needs of the majority of the children press so insistently upon the educators that their attention is distracted from the very dull and the very bright. But the public-school officials are as alive to this defect as any others concerned with the education of the young, and the machinery of the schools is being adapted to meet the country's demand for trained leaders in all forms of activity. Those destined for leaders in a democracy, however, are destined to failure if trained in a totally different environment from those they are to lead; for a prime requisite for leadership is an understanding of the diversity that is humanity.

The third type of exclusiveness is intellectual. Enthusiasm for the so-called new education in this country is equaled only by enthusiasm for the new medical panaceas successively acclaimed by health enthusiasts; and the varieties of the one are as numerous as those of the other. One apparently needs to know very little about education to develop a jejune fervor over schools for self-expression, schools for self-discipline, schools with free furniture, schools with no furniture, outdoor schools, fresh-air schools, schools for the cultivation of the impulses, schools for the development of the will, schools of correct posture, project schools, progressive schools, schools training the whole child through music, through the use of the large muscles, through deep breathing.

To the novice they all sound alluring:

so much so, that it is hard to choose among them, since they all seem to promise the perfect child, made out of the more or less nondescript material that we offer our educational systems in the form of our children.

What the newcomer to the problems of education fails to observe is that these schools all alike ignore the purpose fundamental to education in a democracy. The public schools of our Republic are not designed primarily to train native ability, or to follow the pupil's interests of the moment, or to provide a child with the stimulus of unhampered work or play. For the preservation of the Republic the potential citizens must be taught the principles of democratic society, and learn to understand and to work with their fellow sovereigns. The one place to accomplish this is in the school, before the artificial divisions accompanying maturity arise, while the mutual relations are simple and the consciousness of likenesses is keener than that of unlikenesses.

An additional advantage is furnished by the fact that the school offers an opportunity for activity, supervised by trained persons, in an atmosphere favorable to bringing out the best rather than the worst of human nature. In this environment may be wrought those slow profound alterations of personality which make of diverse races and temperaments the true American; and the children of our nation, in understanding companionship, may come into their own. Any refinement of educational method sinks into insignificance beside this great endowment, the quintessential quality of our public-school system.

III

How do these various dissociated schools justify their existence?

The sectarian schools say, of course, that religious training is indispensable to the life present and to come; that it is more important than training in democracy; that the one does not exclude the other; and that the religious and intellectual education of the child are inseparable. In so far as they say that moral and intellectual training are inseparable, they speak as Americans. When, however, they assert that sectarian and intellectual education must take place together, they are aligning themselves against what we believe to be a principle on which this country was founded—fundamental separation between Church and State. The danger to the advocates of sectarian education is as great as the danger to the country as a whole; for the training of sectarian groups to think and act as groups means the emergence of religious prejudices and intolerance. The greater fellowship is sacrificed to the lesser, and these citizens of an America which was able to be a refuge for the oppressed of all nations are insidiously undermining the very foundations of their own security.

The private schools, the outgrowth of social and intellectual exclusiveness, are a unit in acclaiming their belief in the public schools. Parents, principals, patrons vie with each other in praise of the idea of public education, and in declaring the importance of the activity of the public schools in building up American civilization. But their personal world bristles with exceptions. The parents believe in the public schools—for other people's children; the principals think public schools the natural refuge for routine educators; the patrons recognize the function of the public schools as the Americanizing agency for our large foreign population. They belong to that naïve group which is convinced that a good textbook and a skillful teacher can perform the

miracle of Americanizing the socially insulated alien.

The reasons for sending individual children to private schools are as numerous as the children. A reluctance to impose the burden of the education of one's own child on the community as a whole; a professed willingness to use the public schools if they were still as good as they used to be; a desire to use them when they become as good as it is hoped they will be; an eagerness to send a child to the public schools as soon as everyone else does; a conviction that one's own child is too delicate, or too talented, or too sensitive, for exposure to the anticipated rough hurly-burly of public education and must have the special tenderness and consideration which, in the judgment of the anxious parents, can be secured only at great price, in a private school—these are a few of the reasons that pacify the consciences of American fathers and mothers in their apostasy to democratic educational ideals.

Some private schools are satisfied that their main purpose is public service, stimulating public schools by serving as competitors. This ingenuous assumption ignores the competition between public schools themselves, from school to school, from city to city, from state to state, which, in its intensity and fervor, leaves the sporadic educational achievements of the private schools a place of very minor influence. Only a blinded enthusiast could claim that the private schools are created to serve the community as a whole. They are particularistic institutions, designed to serve a portion of society which, in this aspect of life, is willing to be indifferent to, if not actually in contravention of, democratic ideals.

Still other schools feel that they serve as experimental plants for the testing out of new educational ideas. Some are

undoubtedly able to emphasize, by superior methods of achieving publicity, educational procedure which it is well now and then to have brought into the foreground of public attention. But groups of enthusiastic parents who establish or back a private school, with the expectation that thereby they are going to make a contribution to educational reform, have an exaggerated sense of the accomplishment possible to an institution so constituted. Any educational development in this country, to be fundamental, must grow out of the soil of democracy. It cannot be nurtured under exotic conditions, and then be expected to grow in any climate. Experiments, to have intellectual quality and staying power, must be tried out in schools connected with universities, or other similar institutions, where scientific, critical methods may be applied, exact data accumulated, and conditions approximating those of the average school provided. Results achieved with small groups, the criterion of whose selection is solely economic, are neither fundamental nor applicable to a true cross-section of society.

The less militant reasons for the establishment of the dissociated schools are often accompanied by sweeping criticisms of the public schools. The teachers are condemned as ignorant, the instruction as poor, the pupils as dirty, profane, and prone to disregard the early symptoms of disease, the school curriculum as impoverished and narrow, the schools as crowded and unsanitary. The system is accused of being rigid and inelastic, forcing the individual child into an inflexible mould; the school authorities are denounced as corrupt, allowing political influence to determine appointments; and the whole organization is held up to scorn, as absolutely impervious to new ideas. It is no wonder that,

in face of such a formidable arraignment, the timid hesitate to plunge their cherished young into so degenerating an atmosphere.

On whom do such criticisms reflect? If the facts are as the critics state, they are a tremendous challenge to the citizens of a community which could allow its citizenship to be corrupted at its very source. If the criticisms are unjustified, they are an equal challenge to the citizens to rise to the defense of their institutions. Of course, as a matter of fact, such criticisms are neither all true nor all false. The perfect educational method has not yet been found, either in the democratic or in the dissociated school, and probably never will be, since education, like other human devices, must be in a state of constant flux, a changing system in a changing world.

But the important thing is that we, who are the source of all authority in our democracy, are the bearers of the major responsibility.

Schools which the patron of the dissociated institution feels are not fit places in which to educate his children are unfit places in which to educate any American child; and he and the rest of us are morally liable for the wrongs we are inflicting on the children of the community. As citizens, we are consenting to compulsory education for the children of people less favored by fortune than ourselves, in these schools from which we turn with abhorrence. Every consideration which, we feel, justifies our withdrawal from the school is equally present in the families of the poor. Precocity, feeble-mindedness, delicate health, sensitiveness to crowded rooms, to defective ventilation, to long hours of confinement and to working with large groups, are not the perquisites of the rich alone. Any superiority of educational environment which the prosperous family feels that

it must have for its children is tenfold more needed by the children of the poor, to whom school is often the only window open to the light.

IV

The American parent is a person of conscience. Whether his child is in the democratic or the dissociated school, he wants to find a way out of the difficulty. His desire is not only to do the best he can for his own child, but to serve the larger purposes of democracy as well. What can he do? The irreducible minimum is the placing of his child in the public school. Everything else will follow. However he might assure himself that, though he withdrew his child, he would give his major efforts to the improvement of the public-school system, he could not do it with the same zeal and dedication that he would give to the cause if the fate of his own were involved.

We inevitably understand the big things of life best through the small and the personal.

We deplore the fact that our country is becoming less rather than more democratic. We are alternately puzzled and outraged by the strange medley of unfamiliar tongues, alien ideals, and militant critics that we find in our midst; but, unlike the amoeba, which encircles and absorbs the foreign substance, we are tempted to withdraw at the first touch, and reduce our area of contact by every means in our power. This makes neither for understanding nor for concerted action.

'Yes,' says the agitated parent, 'that is all very well; but I am only one parent. The school organization is a rigid, relentless machine, inaccessible to pressure from me; and meanwhile my own children are physically suffering and mentally starving. Must I beat out my energies against hopeless

inertia? Shall my own children be sacrificed while I tackle the larger task, which is, after all, not my first responsibility? You seem to assume that my children are only a part of a great whole. But to me they seem of primary importance. If every parent thought of his progeny in terms of the national life, would not our race go to destruction?'

Each parent naturally thinks of his own children as vitally important; but their importance is associated in their parents' minds with the personal affections. Biologically they count only as a portion of the stream of life, while socially their significance lies in their being a contributing element to the building up of a generation. One of the great gifts of parenthood is the opportunity it offers, through the emerging needs of the individual child, to realize the wants of that child's contemporaries. Fatherhood and motherhood become privileged citizenship. Those without children cannot know so intimately the awakening longings of childhood, do not feel the hunger and suffer the deprivation, are not so conscious of the incompleteness in the environment, are not actuated by the same incentive to alleviate, and cannot see so promptly the needs, which must be met as they arise or the chance will be lost forever for that particular generation.

The larger social view of one's child is, after all, the only possible way of seeing a human being. We have all become so inextricably a part one of another, that our every act is determined by conditions remote from us. A murder at Serajevo may tear our lives asunder, and yet be hardly noticed in the daily paper. The fate of our children and ourselves is so tied up with that of our fellows, that we cannot think of them as separate. What will determine the happiness, the dignity of

life, the worth of living to our children? Does not the richness and promise of their existence, even as children, flow from the fact that they are little Americans, a part of this beloved democracy of ours? Other elements in their environment and opportunity are of subordinate value. To share from childhood true fellowship with the other children of their community, to be trained with them to take a worthy part in the upbuilding of their country, is to come from earliest youth into the fullness of their inheritance. If, through the indifference of the able and the well-to-do, the level of education sinks so low that democracy becomes a farce; if, through the withdrawal of the older Americans from contact with the newer Americans in their one natural meeting-place, the public schools, class-divisions crystallize and inevitable suspicions and discontents follow; if revolution rears its ugly head in the midst of groups with no clue to each other's motives and purposes—of what value will the religious and social affiliations, the intellectual *finesse*, be to our segregated and sheltered, our thought-for and protected children? Their acquired superiorities would be all burned up in the fierce flame of an avenging and destructive proletariat.

V

In the midst of the chorus of strictures against the public schools and justifications for the existence of the dissociated schools, one element is almost never formulated, which nevertheless stirs obscurely in the consciousness of every parent. As the unit of community life, both in the city and in the country, has grown larger, the parents have been more and more detached from contact with the schools and more and more alienated from participating in the education of their

children. Much of what the child formerly learned at home he is now being taught at school. Some of the parents are, of course, glad to shift the burden, and hardly follow the child to school, even in imagination; but the more enlightened see the change with regret, and are as eager to serve the child in the school as they formerly were at those same tasks in the home. For this reason, many parents cherish an enthusiasm for the dissociated school, where they feel, through the payment of a tuition fee, a right to participation in the school activities which the more remote association through a tax-levy does not seem to their minds to confer.

This copartnership between the parent and the school is not only a natural accompaniment of the child's education, but an essential part of the adult's education. The school is the place not alone to train the child, but to develop, through the threefold relation of teacher, child, and parent, a community sense.

But is it necessary to resort to the dissociated school to satisfy this parental yearning? No institution in our democracy needs responsible interest on the part of our citizens more than the public schools. And no group holds so strategic a position as the parents. As voters, they are the authority for the establishment of the school system; through the taxes, they are the source of the income for the support of the organization; they become the clientele of the schools by virtue of the children they supply to be educated. What more natural than for the parents to put out their hands to take what is, after all, their own? The surprising yet easily predictable fact is the extreme sensitiveness and rapid response of the system to pressure from the parents.

The one impediment is the likelihood

that pressure will confine itself to criticism. Criticism by experts is stimulating, but chance condemnation by parents, who are very prone to hear one side only, is apt to be unfair and to have a deadening effect on the very system which it is hoped to turn to better ways. A mutuality of interest which finds its most natural outlet in indictment of whatever is does not hold out much promise of understanding service on either side. It is fatally easy to find fault, and to decide that stupid conservatism and reaction are responsible for the ignoring of, or opposition to, one's suggestions.

There are undoubtedly cases, when the children of a public school are suffering from stupidity, graft, or inefficiency, in which fierce criticism and unwavering assault on entrenched authority is the only right course to pursue. But to the one school suffering from these menaces there are hundreds suffering from the indifference, inertia, complacency, or mere fretful faultfinding on the part of the citizens of the community. The responsibility can never be wholly that of the school-administration or of the teachers. A part of the blame must be borne by those who stand aside, expecting miracles to be performed upon their children,—miracles that the parents have never been able even to approximate in the home,—and who yet feel only reproach for a school that does not make scholars of dullards and paragons of the incorrigible.

How can the parents be an integral part of the school system? Two distinct movements, one within the school and one without, are evidence of the consciousness of that need on the part both of the school authorities and of the parents themselves. The visiting teachers, who visit the homes and consult the parents and relatives in cases in which children are out of adjust-

ment to the school organization, are already established in some schools, where a failure to do the best service to the child is found to be due to a failure on the part of the school and the home to understand each other sufficiently to work together and not at cross-purposes. The parent-teacher associations, beginning to be organized all over the United States, offer opportunity to both parents and teachers to meet, to discuss their common problems, and to discover how they can be most helpful to each other in their mutual care of the children.

Both these movements are, it is to be hoped, but tiny beginnings, destined to a great development, bringing about more intimate relations between the home and the school. Their growth means enrichment in the education of the child and a more real content in the citizen's consciousness of his place in the community.

A hundred practical difficulties stand in the way of full and ardent coöperation between the parents and the school, but none that will not yield to a faith in each other's right purposes on the part of the two groups involved. The school authorities, long the target of criticism usually unintelligent and uninformed, all too often based on a supposed wrong done to an individual child, are justifiably wary of interference. Parents too often fail to realize that the professionals of the school system are, or ought to be, experts; that, in so far as they are not, the responsibility rests upon the citizen, through his elected representatives, to see that they are; and, in so far as they are, to recognize that it is a rare parent who is more informed on pedagogical problems or problems of administration than the expert. The expert knows also the limitations of the budget, the capacity of the teachers and the pupils to take advantage of innovations, the needs of

the system as a whole, the potential attitude of a public which may be led but cannot be driven, as the mere parent cannot expect to know.

On the other hand, the over-cautious, the apprehensive school official will welcome the aid that enthusiasm and coöperative effort from the parents will bring to the difficult problems of education. The master of the school that is suffering from poor ventilation is unable to open the windows and withstand the wrathful criticism of those parents, to be found in every school, who are fearful of a draft. But he will welcome a movement originating with the parents themselves, asking for fresh-air rooms or a new ventilating system, for he knows they can deal with the nonconforming parent as he cannot. Principals and teachers become weary in the long battling with ignorance and prejudice, and find fresh courage in an eagerness of parents to make conditions as favorable as they can be made. There are so many things that coöperation and a little money can accomplish. Paying the salaries of school nurses; supplementing the all-too-restricted budget for school supplies; buying lanterns, slides, maps, pictures, expensive reference-books, unusual musical equipment, ample material for large project work; all the types of expenditure that the school budget does not supply, or is not yet ready to authorize as a part of the regular equipment of all the schools; establishing a fund, to be drawn upon by the principal and teachers, for enrichment of the school-life and curriculum—these are services which lie ready to the hands of parents. They are services that not only fulfill an immediate purpose, but give courage and stimulus to the teachers, whose educational enthusiasms are so often restricted by limitations which the generosity and enlightened self-interest of

the parents should spare them. How meagre the return from the investment of one child's tuition in a dissociated school compared with this giving—not to the growth of the individual child, but to the development of that part of his generation which lies closest at hand!

Enthusiasm for the dissociated schools as places for the educational experimenters seems to ignore the fact that most institutions of learning worthy of the name are eager to try out new ideas. The public schools are no exception to this rule. The superintendents, principals, and teachers alike chafe at the restrictions which the limitations of the budget place upon their ability to try improved methods of instruction. A tithe of the money poured into our dissociated schools, if added to the budgets of public schools as money to be used for experimental purposes, would serve to advance education more rapidly, and on a sounder social basis, than is possible in groups as narrowly selected as those in the dissociated schools. Parents in each public school can band themselves together to aid such a movement on a small scale in their individual institutions; and, in so far as they succeed, be part of an experiment which, in the end, will expand into a fully democratic and growing education, because it is built up of the efforts of the whole community, adjusted to the exigencies of public training of the children, and kept sensitive to changing conditions in the world outside, through participating interest by the citizens themselves. Many a new educational reform, enthusiasm for which has induced parents to put their children into dissociated schools which advertise the reform, might be available for all the children of the community if the enthusiasts would put the same energy into arousing their fellow citizens to

demand the new method in the public institutions, and the same money into making it possible. Any improvement in the larger organization means, not a more privileged child, but a more privileged community.

VI

We are much given to oratory about the work of our army of schoolteachers, but we seldom trouble ourselves about the individual teachers who are bearing the burden of making Americans of the chance material produced within our borders and thrown upon our shores. They need us as much as we need them. If the quality of the men and women taking up the profession of teaching to-day is inferior to what it was a generation ago, the blame must rest on our shoulders. We have failed to show the members of the teaching profession the high honor which is their due, and to give them the adequate remuneration which is their right. We owe them sympathy and understanding in the gigantic task which is laid upon them. We must recognize that we belong to a great partnership, neither the parent nor the teacher for the service of the individual child, but all three for the service of the community, deriving our sanction from the common will and our strength from the common effort.

It is only as we see the teacher struggling with her problems in a chaos of nationalities, backgrounds, and habits, that we realize the moral significance of the public-school discipline, to which many of the less disciplined parents in our communities object. The very recognition of that discipline and the submission to its dictates are part of the larger moral adjustment that every citizen in a democracy must make. He must be ready to yield his lesser liberties for the sake of his greater. The parent's

responsibility is an equal acceptance, and a wise interpretation to the child, of the dignity of consent.

Richness of life and experience comes to the privileged in every community. But that enrichment derives its quality and meaning from its occurrence in a civilization where men are free, where opportunity is open to all, and where fellowship is above feuds and social antagonisms. Nothing that he has is his alone to enjoy. In part, it belongs to those whose ideals and self-restraints have allowed him to be happy and to delight in beauty. In part, it belongs to those who are to make the new world out of the old, and who need every treasure of the past to build into the structure of the future. Think what our schools might be if every citizen shared the beautiful things of his life with the children in those schools! If every possessor of a rare picture, a beautiful Greek vase, a unique rug, a treasure from a far country, an ancient musical instrument, possessions with an interesting history, autographs of famous people, strange birds or beasts, costumes of other countries, would hold always in the background of his mind that he must share these things with the children of the community; if every citizen made sure that the children of the public schools should never miss the chance to see distinguished visitors; should always have available the services of the musically gifted; should be able to call the hoarded historic treasures to their need, and, in so far as they could, or wished to, use them, should be assured that nothing would be withheld; if the manufacturers, the agriculturists, and the transportation agencies could feel a responsibility to the education of the next generation, inviting the schoolchildren to see improved technique and new methods of conserving life and energy — then

we might feel that the building of the Beloved Community had indeed begun. One cannot think of our communities, rich in lovely things gathered from all the world, without sighing for the public schools so needlessly impoverished of beauty.

A wise and discriminating use of the community resources is not something to be achieved in a day. They must serve as a supplement to the required work of the schools, and be fitted into the programme. In so far as the school organization is not devised to profit by what the community has to give, it must be modified, not alone for the sake of the child to be technically educated, but for the sake of the parent and the citizen, who need to be trained into the fullness of community consciousness. The Children's Museum is one of the means of bringing this about, particularly when it is a part of the school system; for it gathers gifts and loans from the public, and puts at the service of the children not only such treasures, but the volunteer teaching abilities of travelers, nature-lovers, and experts of all kinds in the community. It has a special function as a medium between the community resources and the school needs. Such paths must be kept open. The unpaid advisory committees of experts, occasionally employed in connection with different educational departments, serve as another means of utilizing the abilities of the community for

the benefit of the children, which may well take on a very great extension in the coming years.

Certainly, whatever we, as individuals or in groups, pour into the public schools comes back a hundredfold to better life for us all.

Interest in the schools founded in the spirit of exclusiveness and detachment is a distraction from our preponderating interest in schools founded in the spirit of democracy. The abandonment of the dissociated schools would be shortly reflected in an improvement of our public schools. The fact that some states have debated the subject of the abolition of all schools other than public, and that one has legislated to that effect, shows the direction of democratic thought in this country, and reflects an attitude to whose significance we must not blind ourselves. Is it possible that the time may come when, in sheer self-defense, a democracy will have to resort to so undesirable an expedient?

Meanwhile, the public schools are here — the hope not alone of the children of the immigrant and of the poor, but of all the children of the Republic. What these schools teach, our country will be. No child can without impoverishment be deprived of participation in the training in democracy that they give. We parents of America have our unique opportunity to make ourselves partners in the great venture of public education.

MARRIAGE—A SELECTIVE PROCESS

BY RICHARD BOARDMAN

I

SHE fell into his arms. He kissed her passionately. They were married in the following June. And *they lived happily ever afterward*. So ends the novel of yesteryear. After inane misunderstandings and hectic reconciliations, an ecstatic emotion is discovered, which the author and his characters call love. A selfish man and a highly imaginative and emotional girl marry, and we are told to believe that, fed upon that emotion, they lived happily ever afterward.

We have thought of their living happily ever afterward with kindly amusement. It was a pleasing exaggeration. But it was well to keep the ideal before the young. They would be disillusioned soon enough. So we have reasoned. But it was not a harmless exaggeration. It was one of the most dreadful lies that ever passed current among the children of men. Unconsciously, we have taken the philosophy of the novel in relation to marriage into our serious thinking, and it has become incorporated into our very language. We look for 'happy' marriages. We inquire as to the married, whether or no are they 'happy.'

That the hero and heroine of the story lived happily ever afterward is a double lie. It is false in its statement and it is false in its assumption. The bride and groom did not live happily ever afterward. The ecstasy of the emotion passed away. It was followed by a much-paraded show of affection.

During the period of the novel, both had developed a taste for inane misunderstanding, to be followed by hectic reconciliations. The bride, after a little, as she concocted the family meals, began to concoct family misunderstandings. The reconciliations did not work as well after marriage as they had before the engagement. But both husband and wife had acquired a taste for the dramatic. The lure of the dramatic led by devious courses, naturally and unfailingly, to the final drama in the divorce court. That is how the marriage of the novel ended in real life.

On the other hand, who ever said that, of right, these two should be happy? What ordinance of a good God ever directed that the married should be happy and the unmarried should be unhappy? What has mere happiness, or what have fortuitous happenings, to do with the success of marriage?

Marriage opens the door to a full life. It more than doubles the scope and play of experience, but it more than doubles the possibility of utter misery. But all questions of happiness and misery are quite beside the point. Can a mother who has borne a child, can parents who have experienced all the vicarious joys and agonies attendant upon parenthood, consider the relative happiness and unhappiness that those experiences entail? Marriage is life at its full, and brings in its train untold suffering and heart-

racking responsibility. Every father and every mother knows these things; yet, when we turn back to consider an engagement or a wedding, we pick up the flippant word and flippant thought of godless fiction and discuss 'happy' marriages.

Divorce is only the symptom of the disease that corrupts our marriages. Yet we have volumes written of homeopathic discussion of the symptom and very little allopathic investigation of the disease. In the discussion of the divorce evil, great confusion occurs; for just as one begins to discuss divorce as an evil, one is forced to the conclusion that divorce is a great boon. It is hardly more fair to discuss the evils of divorce than it would be to discuss the evils of surgery. It is the tumor in the marriage, not the surgery of the divorce, which is the evil that needs our painstaking study.

Law, as the crystallization of public opinion, is of necessity always a few strides behind advanced public opinion and whole stretches behind the most intelligent thought of the age. Nevertheless, in a survey of marriage as it exists to-day, it is important to note the point at which the civil courts have arrived.

When, several centuries ago, the courts broke away from the dominance of the Church, the English jurists, with a great show of intellectual independence, announced: 'Our law considers marriage in no other light than as a civil contract.' It was a contract *sui juris*, indeed, differing from every other known kind of contract in almost every possible respect. The American courts adopted the thought and language of the English lawyers, and judges for centuries insisted upon this definition. Then, about thirty years ago, there came a complete reversal. Marriage, it was discovered, was no mere contract, but 'a status arising

out of a contract.' So the law remains to-day. Words, words, words!

The clerical view of the matter is even less helpful than the legal. St. Paul, an old bachelor himself, living in a corrupt age, admitting with great frankness that he was expressing only his own personal opinion, argued that it was better not to marry at all, but that, if it were necessary for one to marry, it was lawful for a Christian to do so. Upon this absurd basis, the Church built the notion, first of the *sacrament* of matrimony and later, of the *holy ordinance* of matrimony.

No doubt marriage is a status. It may be a sacrament, and undoubtedly it is a holy ordinance. But it is a holy ordinance that owes its origin, not to the dicta of any celibate saint, nor to the dogma of any holy church. It rests upon the mandate of the 'God of things as they are.' It is the product of the divine in man—the unselfish best. And it is that unselfish best within him that teaches him to exercise his noblest instinct with self-restraint, and to provide for children and the future of the race in the wisest manner he can devise.

One cannot pass by in silence that school of philosophy which seeks to explain all our institutions as products of economic influences. Sometimes its theory is known as Economic Determinism, sometimes as the Materialistic Explanation of Society. Socialists, especially novices in Socialism, frequently have radical views on the subject of marriage and divorce. But it is hardly accurate to denote the view under discussion in this paragraph as the Socialist view. Socialists, however, often claim that the Revolution, which they predict with so much assurance, will end the institution of marriage as it is now known.

In the April, 1923, number of the *Atlantic*, Dean Inge, in discussing 'Catholic Church and Anglo-Saxon Mind,' assumes that 'private property cannot be successfully attacked without destroying the monogamous family.'

If the monogamous family cannot survive the present social economic order, it is hard to escape the corollary that marriage is a mere product of the present social system. If that be so, its sacramental garb would seem to drop away. But we cannot admit that marriage and the monogamous family would not survive the triumph of Socialism and the passing of private property.

One might be willing to go a long way with the doctrines of this school of thought. One might admit that our courts express the view of the moneyed class; that big business sways our legislatures; that the capitalists dictate the nomination of candidates for the presidency; that the Constitution of the United States was 'put over' by the moneyed interests of those days — yes, that the Puritan Fathers were interested in cod-fishing as well as in civil and religious liberty. But marriage is based on instincts as fundamental as those which sway courts, or create constitutions or colonies. 'Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.' The political bosses attempt some very daring things, but the wise ones, except in great emergency, never attempt to put forward as a candidate for office a notorious offender against the marriage relationship. No bank will continue as its president a man whose marital affairs become a matter of too great public concern. No! Hymen still triumphs over Mammon.

We are told of the male ape with a club resting at the foot of the tree while his mate and their offspring sleep in the tree. The property of the ape in club and tree is the product of the

marriage status. She is not his wife because he has a club and a tree, but the club and tree are recognized as his property because he has a wife and family.

So one may safely venture the opinion that private property and the capitalistic system are rather the outgrowth of marriage than that marriage is the outgrowth of capitalism and an incident of private property.

II

At Dartmouth, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, Professor Wells gave a short course in sociology. It was based upon a study of the census and of insurance statistics. One formula was so fundamental that it either answered every question or, failing that, served to convince Professor Wells that the student uttering it had a general understanding of the subject, sufficient to entitle him to a credit for his recitation. That formula was this: 'Marriage is a selective process.' Married men lived longer, made more money, had more children, held more political offices — because, forsooth, marriage is a selective process.

Twenty-five years of experience with broken marriages, as a lawyer and as referee in divorce cases, have led me to the conviction that Professor Wells's characterization of marriage is fundamental. That marriage is one of the evolutionary processes of nature is more significant than that it bears relationship to the economic order, or that it is a holy ordinance, or that it is a status based on a civil contract.

Everything connected with the evolutionary theory must be stated and restated with great caution. Survival of the fittest, of course, means not survival of the best. A selective process selects those best adapted to its own purposes, if we can attribute

purpose to an impersonal process. Generally speaking, the halt, the lame, and the blind are less likely to marry than those not so handicapped. Yet it often happens that one physically handicapped has qualities of the mind which so far outweigh the mere physical handicap that the possessor is more fit than his perfectly formed brother. Among women, the first thought that strikes one is that beauty and popularity lead to marriage. Yet it frequently happens that the girl who is both beautiful and popular thereby develops a hypercritical state of mind which renders her incapable of a decision that is necessary, and she remains unmarried. But in those cases it is the operation of the law of selection that is at work. For it is the power to overcome his handicap that renders the man fit for marriage, and it is the lack of decision in the popular beauty that renders her unfit.

In the normal wedding, where boy and girl ripen to manhood and womanhood, we see and are glad to recognize the operation of a great universal kindly law of nature, and the bride we vaunt as 'the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.' But marriage, as a selective process, has a far sterner aspect as the stress of life begins to bear more heavily upon the newly married. For marriage, as a selective process, means not only that the more fit marry, but also that only the fittest survive the strains and stress of married life. Full normal marriages are followed by parenthood. Marriage entails responsibility; parenthood brings further burdens; and, as the children increase in number and in age, the responsibility becomes greater and the burden becomes more severe.

Marriage, which begins as a selective process, continues as a selective process. If it has been entered upon lightly and inadvisedly, the strain becomes

too severe and husband or wife falls by the wayside.

One might safely venture the opinion that in no country, at no time in the history of mankind, has there been a greater regard for personal chastity among young men than during the last twenty years in America. Yet, during those same years, the sense of responsibility for the obligations of the marriage relationship has been very lightly felt. The great increase of divorce has not been due to any marked increase of sexual immorality, but rather to a growing lack of sense of responsibility toward the marriage status. Men and girls have rushed into marriage because they were in love. Was not that reason enough, forsooth? They have been divorced because they were out of love. Was not that reason enough too, forsooth? 'What,' said their elders, 'could be more dreadful than a loveless marriage?'

The following is from the pen of a distinguished clergyman, published in the pages of the *Atlantic*:—

'Where love is, there marriage is; where love is not, marriage has ceased to be. For marriage to go on when love is dead puts before us a situation which, if described for what it is, would require the use of words that cut like whips of fire.'

These words are symptomatic of the disease that has corrupted our ideas of what marriage is and properly should be. Notwithstanding this dramatic dictum, it seems obvious that the continuance of the most fundamental of our human relationships, that of husband and wife, cannot safely be made to depend upon the continuance or cessation of an emotion. Society and the children of the marriage would seem to have some rights less ephemeral than the mere existence of an emotional state of mind in the parents.

When it is recognized that marriage is life at its full, and both a product and an operating agency of natural selection, it is easy to understand that in every age it will suffer from all the ills that attend upon life itself, and it will suffer too from the pain that is attendant upon the operation of all processes of natural selection. And in each age it will suffer from those ills that are the peculiar heritage of that age.

The causes, therefore, of the extraordinary prevalence of divorce in America at this time are to be found in those evils peculiar to our contemporaneous life. To name some of them is sufficient. The accentuation of competition, the increase of luxury, the higher cost of living, the speeding-up of life, the relaxation of conventional standards of conduct on the part of women, the over-insistence of woman upon her rights, have all borne their toll of unsuccessful marriages. But beyond all, and often coupled with the others, has been the disappointment that both parties have felt that their marriage has not proved 'happy.' They had been led to believe that their marriage would be happy, not by reason of any courage, self-control, or self-sacrifice on their part, but because of the fortuitous circumstance that they were married.

One would not rob love-making of any of its romance, its poetry, or its passion. But it were well for lovers to know that marriage is a stern challenge to their manhood and womanhood at every point, and that its success or failure will not depend upon any lucky chance or favorable happening.

If marriage is not based upon self-sacrifice, it is foredoomed to essential failure. In a successful marriage, only the children have *rights* worthy of consideration. In the lawyer's office,

the wife's rights or the husband's rights may be discussed, but when the lawyer's office has been reached the success of the marriage has been sadly shaken. True marriage can never be a mere partnership for mutual benefit. Enlightened selfishness has in marriage no proper place. The profoundest philosophic truth—that he who loseth his life shall find it—has no better exemplification than in the estate of marriage.

It is an amazing way that the Creator, through the operation of his selective processes, has taken to provide for the continuance of the species, to link together a man with a man's emotional nature and a woman with a strikingly different emotional nature. It would seem apparent that such a union of necessity would increase both the joy and pain of life fourfold. Perhaps, forsooth, He is not interested that the lovers should live happily ever afterward. Possibly marriage is a holy ordinance that man and woman shall find their fullest expression in a life of sacrifice for others. But, be that as it may, marriage seems still to excite the imagination of all the sons and daughters of Eve. Children prate of it; old men totter into it; youth wastes its spare time on its preliminaries; and the wedding-day is the crowning day of young life. Mothers scheme for it for their children. Society finds it necessary to fix a more or less variable limit upon the time after which a bereaved spouse decently may return with another to the married state; and the divorced rush back into marriage as speedily as the orderly processes of the law will permit. Marriage—with all its faults, we love it still. It is not only the most fundamental, but also by far the most popular, of our institutions.

SEPARATE

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

They say they are one flesh:
They are two nations.
They cannot mix nor mesh:
Their conjugations

Are cries from star to star.
They would commingle,
They couple far and far —
Still they are single.

With arms and hungry hands
They cling together,
They strain at bars and bands,
They tug at tether,

Still there are walls between,
Still space divides them,
Still are themselves unseen,
Still distance hides them.

SAWING THE AIR

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

I can take off my shirt and tear it, and so make a ripping razzly noise, and the people will say: 'Look at him tear his shirt.' — SANDBURG.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. — SHAKESPEARE.

THE two vices of style to which current novelists are most addicted, aside from mere slovenliness, are affectation and sentimental violence. I have had my say on the subject of affectation. Affectation is bad enough. But the most suicidal practice of writers insensitive to verbal niceties is the constant, mechanical use of words, especially of adjectives and adverbs, denoting what Mr. Swinnerton so well calls 'extremity of feeling.' Next to 'poignant,' the favorite word of the moment is probably 'passionate.' 'A passionate desire for her kisses and an equally passionate craving to hurt and mar her': the first half of the phrase might well be from an English pen; it is the 'sadistic' note of the second half that marks it for the work of either Mr. Hecht or Mr. Fitzgerald. And even the sadism is not a certain indication of American authorship; for does not Mr. Swinnerton represent the very nicest of his three lovers as 'shot through and through with an impulse either to kiss or to strike her'?

In much the same class, but less common and more affected, is the word 'intolerable,' which Mr. Hergesheimer has brought into style among Americans, and which Mr. Swinnerton does not disdain. Not even Mr. Lewis is immune to this infection. Even his

Babbitt is capable of intolerable and illogical emotions on hearing Mrs. Judique sing 'My Creole Queen.' But Mr. Lewis is not up to the Hergesheimer pitch. It was the hero of Cytherea who, 'with an involuntary and brutal movement,' took, if I remember, the heroine in his arms, 'and kissed her with a flame-like and intolerable passion.' It was intolerable; but she bore it. It was flame-like; but she survived.

The trouble with this sort of thing is not that we do not like to be moved, but that this is not the way to move us. It is particularly among the English writers that the excessive use of superlatives and of repetitions defeats its own purpose and wears out all our power of faith in the emotions represented. Mr. Swinnerton is not content to have his hero shot through and through with an impulse: he must needs have his heroine shot through and through with knowledge, and pierced through and through with longing, and even a quiet domestic scene must be shot through and through with a beautiful tranquillity. Things are not felt passionately, which in itself implies a considerable degree of feeling; things must be felt *most* passionately. People are not singularly, that is uniquely, moved: they must be *most* singularly moved. The heroine must not be merely shaken with a shudder; it must be, 'A deep shudder shook her.' If there is one word in English which tells of extreme feeling it is the word anguish; my dictionary

calls it 'excruciating distress.' Anguish is a word which should stand out on a page like a scarlet hunting-coat on a snowy landscape. 'Shuddering anguish' is ultra-violet, and beyond our range of vision.

It has been suggested that some countenance is lent to the latter-day story-tellers by the fondness of Henry James, in such books as *The Awkward Age* and *The Golden Bowl*, for adjectives like wonderful, beautiful, magnificent. And I am inclined to grant that certain writers have been misled by this mannerism of James, and that much that is sentimental and affected in current writing has its ultimate origin in tricks of style which in the master are properly neither affected nor sentimental. Above all, not sentimental. For it is obvious, on reflection, that these adjectives are not so much the property of James as of his characters, for whom they make up a sort of smart drawing-room jargon, half-humorous in tone.

And, what is still more to the point, these terms of extravagant approval are not applied to the feelings. It is by quite other means that James indicates the generally suppressed emotions of his dramatis personæ. It is their social form, the intelligence with which they meet the tests applied to one another, which receives this meed of whimsical praise. It is simply the recognition these people give to the very definite moves they make in their complicated and exacting social game. To apply the term 'magnificent' to the high 'line' taken by Mrs. Brookenham in regard to the proposed marriage of Nanda and Van, or 'beautiful' to the strategy by which Maggie wins back her husband and mends her broken bowl, is like applying the same terms to a move in chess by which one double-checks his opponent's king. The citation of James is the best means

of exposing the crudeness of certain writers who may fancy themselves his disciples.

The least convincing and most nauseating passages in current novels are naturally the scenes of love-making. In the books of last year, it is true, there was a certain abatement of what I may be allowed to call the crushed-strawberry manner. In *The Bright Shawl* Mr. Hergesheimer has given us a book without love-making. The love-making of Joan and Johnny in *The Cathedral* is demure enough, with no reminder of the crushing embraces of the earlier works of Mr. Walpole. Mr. Hecht and Mr. Fitzgerald do indeed hark back to the physical violence of year before last. 'His arms crushed her. He fastened against her. He could brook no resistance.' That is from *Gargoyles*. In *The Beautiful and Damned*, it was the heroine's dress that suffered. 'Together they crushed out the stiff folds of her dress in one triumphant and enduring embrace.' Mr. Hutchinson rises in one passage to the requirements of sentimental passion of the arms-and-the-man type, but with a discreet avoidance of unpleasant images. The whole passage is worth citation.

She caught her breath. . . .

The thing's too poignant for the words a man has.

She was caught in his arms, terribly enfolding her. He was crying in her ears, passionately, triumphantly, 'Rosalie! Rosalie!' She was in his arms. Those long, strong arms of his were round her; and she was caught against his heart, her face upturned to his, his face against her own; and she was swooning, falling through incredible spaces, drowning in incredible seas, sinking through incredible blackness; and in her ears his voice, coming to her in her extremity like the beat of a wing in the night, like the first pulsing roll of music enormously remote, 'Rosalie! Rosalie!'

The thing's too poignant for the words one has.

Surely Mr. Hutchinson need not tell us more than once what we have a thousand times determined for ourselves. But what we should like him to tell us is, why, with such a conviction of the inadequacy of his words, he continues to pour them forth with such merciless copiousness. One cannot even distinguish in Mr. Hutchinson the words of this year from those of last. There is only a difference in the relative frequency of one or another. 'Frightful' and 'terrible' and 'horrible' may turn up more frequently in last year's book; they may count up by the dozens or the scores. In this year's book the dozens or the scores are for 'extraordinary,' 'enthraling,' 'enormous,' and 'pathetic.' 'Inconceivably tremendous, unimaginably awful,' in last year's book gives way in this to 'most terribly pathetic' and 'extraordinarily wonderful and delicious,' 'utterly splendid' to 'tremendously splendid,' 'perfectly wonderful' to 'enormously wonderful.' On the whole, in the later book, the same word will be found used about twice as often on a page as in the earlier.

The thoughts of Rosalie, not sequent, but going about and amounting thusly, were thus: 'That is very pathetic. That is horribly sad and pathetic. Coming at the end like that and without any strokes and flourishes, it is as if she was exhausted of her hate and rage and just put out an utterly tired hand and set this here like a sigh. That's pathetic, the mere look of it and that thought of it. . . . And then she steps back on his foot and there's "his dear face" smiling at her; ah, it's pathetic, it's poignant! I can see it absolutely. Yes, I can . . . that frightful ending of hers: "You can get dozens and dozens of men to love you, but you have taken mine and I can never, never get another." That is most terribly pathetic. I think that is the most poignant thing I have ever heard. Well, I can realize its utter pathos; I can realize it; but I cannot feel it.'

All within a page, and no end in sight!

In some parts of *This Freedom* there is just a suggestion of a very great story-teller. It was the manner of Charles Dickens, having fastened upon some droll or grotesque feature of a character, to ring the changes upon it humorous-wise in his own delicious and inimitable way, till the whole family of readers was sated with laughter. But it is with visible and substantial things that he deals, and not with adjectives; or, if with adjectives, it is not the sort of adjectives which make up the stock of Mr. Hutchinson. There is Miss Murdstone as seen by David Copperfield on her first arrival:—

She brought with her two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lid in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman, she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone.

There is always in Dickens a great stir and bustle like that which Mr. Hutchinson tries to create in the opening chapters of *This Freedom*. But it is a real stir and bustle, a real drollery, made up of human traits and movements caught by an artist, and not the tedious and factitious liveliness of *This Freedom*, with its endless harping on those extraordinary and wonderful males!

But, after all, the absurdities of Mr. Hutchinson are too gross and palpable to justify long comment. The moral of Mr. Hutchinson is for Mr. Swinnerton and Mr. Walpole. The author of *Nocturne* and *Coquette* is worth saving, and still more the author of *Fortitude* and *The Duchesse of Wrexhe*. And they are much in need of saving from the contagion of this manner of

writing. They do not indulge in mawkish pentameters and lisping Homeric similes, like Mr. Hutchinson; they do not, like him, quote and garble the poems of Stevenson and Byron and Wordsworth (*If Winter Comes*, page 411; *This Freedom*, pages 151, 159); not to speak of the litany (page 138), and the familiar rules of mathematics (page 224). But do they realize how often they suggest the manner of their popular compatriot? They may not so often disarrange the order of English words with the smirking self-conceit of a Roman buck wearing his toga with a difference. ('When from her first terrible dismay — that frightful crying, her face turned to the pillow — she had recovered; when to the lovely ardour of her love — stealing about her, soothing her, in the night; bursting upon her, ravishing her, in the morning — she had passed on.) But neither Mr. Walpole nor Mr. Swinnerton is altogether above the temptations of sentimental foppishness in the placing of words. 'He looked across at the house as on the evening of his arrival from that same step he had looked.' (*The Cathedral*.) 'Almost, her lips trembled. . . . Almost, he did not look at her.' (*The Three Lovers*.)

And both these talented novelists have, in particular, largely gone over to the convulsive manner of indicating emotion by a series of adjectival shocks about as indicative of true feeling as the twitching features of a paralytic. I do not suppose they are deliberately imitating the style of their popular rival. I will not be so cynical as to suggest that they have been affected by a vision of his gate-receipts. I doubt if they have any idea of the habits they have fallen into. Does Mr. Swinnerton know that, in the use of the words 'extraordinary' and 'extraordinarily,' he has exceeded in his last book the average

frequency of Mr. Wells, and actually approaches the figures of Mr. Hutchinson? Does Mr. Walpole know how often, in his wish to make us realize the suffering of his characters, he uses the words 'horrible' and 'horror,' 'terrible' and 'terribly,' 'desperate' and 'desperately'? Does either of them realize how often, in the effort to make us jump with their characters, they jab us with the words 'sudden' and 'suddenly,' until we grow hard skin over that sensitive spot? 'Suddenly an absurd fancy seized her. . . . Then suddenly it overcame her. . . . He suddenly smiled. . . . She suddenly realized. . . . "Love me!" he burst out suddenly, starting up in his chair. . . . He turned, looking at her. Then suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her.' All in less than two pages. This happens to be from *The Cathedral*, but it might just as well be from *The Three Lovers*.

It is in passages where they would render the sensations of a character with a weak or agitated heart that these men most remind us of Mr. Hutchinson. I have seldom met with a person in fiction who was so liable as Patricia Quin to racing, beating, and fluttering of the heart — a person, that is, who is supposed to possess a sound organ. Mr. Walpole has more occasion for registering such phenomena, inasmuch as he is preparing the reader for the eventual death of Archdeacon Brandon. But Mr. Walpole might have given us quite sufficient warning of that event with a third or a quarter of his display of medical science. The thing begins to get ridiculous long before we come to the death of the Archdeacon. The climax comes when the author assures us, in a most serious passage, that 'Brandon's heart began to race round like a pony in a paddock.' It is this kind of thing that makes one feel in reading *The Cathedral* and *The Three*

Lovers that one is dealing with hack-work, turned out by the yard — the sort of thing they do in Hollywood and Carmel-by-the-Sea.

This is in no sense the style of the great dramatic writers. It is the refuge of those who feel not deeply but too well; or it is the makeshift of those who feel obliged to procure houses and motors more suitable to their social position. Archdeacon Brandon is well conceived, and obviously of the kindred of Michael Henchard, the Casterbridge grain-merchant and his own worst enemy. Let Mr. Walpole read again his *Mayor of Casterbridge*. Mr. Walpole is evidently a disciple of Dostoevsky, who writes so profoundly of the spiritual history of 'our town.' Let him read *The Brothers Karamazov*. Let him read *Anna Karénina*. He and Mr. Swinerton wish to represent the mental sufferings of human beings strongly en-

dowed. Let them read of the insomnia of Evelyn Innes, which drove her into the convent, or of Esther Waters awaiting the news from the Derby which was to settle the fate of her husband — life or death. The great writers deal not in adjectives, the words of the year; they deal 'boldly with substantial things.'

Oh, that I had the brush of Max Beerbohm! Oh, that I had his pen, that I might show these men, in parody, the folly of their ways! But the author of *A Christmas Garland* has woven a wreath for distinguished brows. It is men of note whom he celebrates with parody — John Galsworthy and Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett and Hilaire Belloc. Let the younger men choose their company, let them choose their models well, lest they may never be game for such as Max Beerbohm.

BOY'S GRIEF

BY W. F. G. THACHER

MARY was going away. Her father had been transferred to another city, and they were leaving that night at eight o'clock. For two weeks I had known that she was going away; but the fact had no meaning for me. Simply, it had no meaning.

With a friend of mine, Harry, and another girl, we were to walk to the station together. We four had made up a little group and had been together constantly on walks and picnics and at parties. Harry was sixteen—a year older than I. His girl's name was Eunice. Mary was my age. She was

small, quiet, with a pale, pretty face. She rarely laughed, but had a way of looking long into my eyes.

When I left the house, my father was sitting on the veranda smoking his pipe. I told him where I was going, and he got up and walked a block with me.

'You'll come back as soon as you can, son,' he said, when he left me.

When I reached Mary's house, Harry and Eunice were already there. Mary's house was on one side of the town, and the station on the other. Harry and Eunice walked ahead. I had little to say to Mary. My mind

was filled with one great urgency. I wanted to kiss Mary before she left. I had never kissed her — never even held her hand. I knew that boys kissed the girls they went with; that Harry kissed Eunice; and I knew that Mary expected me to kiss her — wanted me to. But something always held me back.

Block after block we went through the clinging warmth of the summer night, and every step I said to myself, 'Now I'll do it.'

But I did n't.

'In the shade of that clump of trees I'll stop and put my arms around Mary and kiss her.'

But we walked right by the trees, and I did n't even take my hands out of my pockets. It was as if there were two of me — one thinking, resolving desperately; the other walking, walking, oblivious of the command.

Then we came to the lighted streets of downtown, and I began planning that, in the darkness of the streets that lay the other side of town, I would have my wish. And so strong was the thought that the thing was as good as done, and I was exultant. I had no doubt that I should do it. The image of my kissing her filled my mind tumultuously. But without so much as a pause we came into the lights of the station.

Mary's parents were there; but the train was ten minutes late, and I asked Mary to walk around the station with me. On the unlighted platform of the lower end I would kiss her.

She responded readily, and in the shadows, beyond the sputtering arc-lights, I felt Mary pause and draw close to me. I heard her say, 'Oh, Peter!' with a little catch in her voice.

'Now, now,' I kept saying to myself.

And then the great clangor of the incoming train was upon us, and we were trapped in the glare of the

headlight. There was a confusion of sounds — hoarse shouts, a bell that beat brazenly, people, strangers, all hurrying, meeting, parting — the shrill scream of a child.

But one thought swelled within me: 'When I say good-bye, then I'll kiss her.'

Eunice and Mary were crying as they clung to one another. Mary's father was hurrying his party together.

'Good-bye, Mary,' shouted Harry, 'be good!'

'Good-bye, Harry.'

My turn came, I stepped forward, and Mary held out her hand. It trembled as it lay in mine, warm, confiding, infinitely dear.

'Good-bye, Peter. You — you won't forget me?'

'Good-bye, Mary. I'll never forget you.'

'Come, Mary!' Her father hurried her on to the train. I caught a glimpse of her as she disappeared into the cavern of the coach.

A trainman with a swinging lantern shouted something horrible in my ear. The bell beat more brazenly. The locomotive belched steam. The train started and gained motion imperceptibly. Mary was going away from me, and I had not kissed her. I could not believe it.

I walked along by the steps of the moving coach that was bearing Mary away from me. Then I grasped the hand rail and swung myself up. Now, snatching victory from defeat, in some mad way, I was to do it.

A man on the platform seized me by the waist and pulled me off.

'You darned little fool! Trying to kill yourself?'

Dumb with an amazement of grief, I turned away. I could not see. But I could hear the rapidly diminishing percussions of the train that was taking Mary away from me.

And I had not kissed her. I never should kiss her.

The night was an incredible agony of regrets. But, because I was young, I slept, and awoke with an ache that had but one voice: Mary had gone; and I had not kissed her! If I had but kissed her, I should not be so unhappy.

It was vacation, and there was nothing that offered to fill my time. The thought of the day ahead of me was unbearable. In my despair, I turned to the one source of comfort that I knew. Before I was up, my father had left the house for the sand-bank which he operated. The sand-bank was about a mile from the house and I walked in that direction. The bank was dug from the side of an isolated hill, upon which there was an abandoned graveyard.

When I neared the place, I could see my father standing near a group of men who were shoveling sand into wagons. When a wagon was filled, the driver would take the reins and whistle at the horses. But the wheels were sunk deep in the sand, and frequently the horses, though they strained and plunged, could not move it. Then my father would take the reins and swing the team around so the wheels were cramped.

I could hear the high ring of his 'G'lang there! Get out o' here!' And the horses would throw themselves into their collars, sink their feet into the soft earth—and the load would start.

But I could not bring myself to expose my naked grief before the men, so I climbed by a twisting path up the hill to the cemetery. There I walked about, reading the queer old inscriptions, and trying dully to re-create the identities of those whose bodies had once been placed beneath the mounds. Then I sought a spot that I had claimed as my own.

On the farther slope of the hill was a detached grave, with a partly ruined tombstone on which I had been able to make out the words,—

'WILLY. AGED 11. 1854.'

Near by there had been planted long years ago a bush, and it had grown into a sort of bower, into the refuge of which I could creep and be all but hidden. There I gave myself up utterly to my grief.

But it was n't so much the loss of Mary that hurt me as it was my failure to kiss her good-bye. If I had done that, I should have felt badly, I knew. But even in my sorrow there would have been a triumph.

'Son!'

My father must have seen me climb the hill, and he had followed me to my retreat. I was his only child. My mother had died when I was five. My father and I had been together constantly, sometimes alone, with a house-keeper, sometimes in a boarding-house. Until Mary came, my father had filled my world.

Father was a big, fine-looking man, with dark, curly hair and a moustache that curled over his full mouth. His eyes were small and twinkling. His skin was tanned a coppery red. I always thought him the handsomest man I ever saw.

'Son — want to go for a ride?'

I got up and followed my father down the twisting path to a shed where he kept his horses and buckboard. Father was a great horseman, and always had a pair of fine driving-horses. Even when we were poor — as we often were — he always had horses to drive. He never kept the same horses very long, but was always trading, or buying and selling.

At that time he was driving a matched team of bay colts — Colonel and Kitty. They were high-strung,

and when we got into the road he let them out. I always admired the strength and skill with which my father managed his horses when he drove. He held the reins in one hand close to his body, and, even when the horses were mettlesome, never seemed to pay any attention to them.

We swung along at a spanking gait, mile after mile, until the colts were willing to slacken their speed a little. We had reached a road that I loved best of all those over which my father and I used to drive. A 'back road,' they called it, because it was used so little. It wound around the shoulders of a great hill, and was bordered by tangles of sumac, elderberry, and wild rose. The hedgerows were full of birds, and the bees were zooming on every hand. At our left, every break in the thicket gave the most enchanting glimpse of the valley below.

My father drew the colts to a walk. The road was deeply shaded, and the air heavy with fragrance. The sound of the horses' hoofs was smothered in the dust.

Then my father began to sing, and, after a bit, I joined in. We always sang when we rode together. Most of our songs my father had learned when he was at school or in the army. Some of our favorites were 'I Love a Sixpence,' 'The Boys of Sixty-three,' and 'Sweet Evelina.'

My father usually carried the air, and I sang an alto. He thought it was quite wonderful that I could make up a part to a song.

Finally, at a curve in the road where the view was unusually beautiful, my father stopped the horses. For some time he was silent. Then he began to hum a little nameless tune, over and over.

I knew that when he hummed that tune he was thinking of my mother. I cannot say how I knew it.

'My son,' he said, 'it was right here that I asked your mother to marry me—for the first time.'

We had never talked much about my mother. There was a sort of understanding between us that we should n't. For me, the subject had a sacredness about it. My heart swelled with pride that my father should refer to her as he had. His arm lay along the seat back of me. When I touched him, some quality always seemed to pass from him to me.

'Right here—twenty years ago. And I was driving a team of colts then, too—only they were gray instead of bay. I had n't known her but a week. She lived in New Jersey, where your uncle Bedford lives, you know. She was visiting a girl who knew her at school. I suppose I had always been a pretty gay young blade in those days—a lady's man, I guess you would call it. But when I saw Ellen—well, there were n't any other girls for me after that.

'I did n't waste any time, I tell you. If it was n't a drive, it was a walk or a picnic, or something or other. But usually we went driving, for my grays were the best team in the country, and Ellen loved to ride behind them. And this was her favorite road, too.

'I did n't think I had a chance. I was just a rough young fellow, with only a couple of years at the academy. Ellen—she was fine—finely bred, finely educated. Her people did n't have much money, but they managed to give her the best of everything.

'The first time I proposed, she just laughed at me. She did n't take me seriously. It hurt my feelings terribly, I remember. But she did n't say no; and I kept right on trying. Then she told me she had to go home. I thought the world was going to come to an end right there. But she went away without giving me an answer, one way or the other.

'We wrote frequently; but I was n't much of a hand with a pen. Then there came a letter in which Ellen said that she was in great trouble — that she had told her parents about me and they refused to let her have anything to do with me.

'That letter gave me great hope; for, I thought, if her parents took the trouble to object to me, Ellen must have given them reason to think that there was something serious.

'No letter came for several days, and I had half made up my mind to go to her. Then I got word from Ellen's friend to come over to her house. I went — and there was Ellen. She had taken matters in her own hand, and come.

'We were married the next day.'

Then my father fell silent for a time. After a while I found courage to ask, 'Father, when — when my mother went away, did you — kiss her good-bye?'

My father gave me a strange look, before he answered.

'The first time she went, you mean? No, son, I did n't. I wanted to like everything. But I did n't dare. I'll never forget, either, how I felt when the train pulled out and left me there on the platform.'

My father let me drive the colts all the way back to the bank. There were some men waiting to see him, and I

climbed up the hill to my place by Willy's grave. When I got there, I lay down on the hot earth, with my head on the mound, and cried and cried. But I did n't know whether I was crying because Mary had left, or because I had not kissed her, or because my father had told me what he did.

Then I went to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining in my eyes, and I was thirsty. I stood up and looked around at the good earth. I could hear the voices of the men at work at the sand-bank — my father's above the rest. And then I remembered about Mary.

I tried the thought slowly at first, afraid of the hurt. But the hurt did n't come. It was like something that had happened to me long before, when I was a little boy. Then I tried to make it hurt. But it would n't.

So I ran down the hill to the bank — not by the twisting path, but straight down the cut where the bank was, taking long bounds in the yielding sand.

When my father saw me, he shouted, 'Want a job, son?'

'Sure,' I answered.

'Take the colts and go get a new kingbolt for this wagon. We've had a breakdown.'

And I did, proud as Lucifer that my father let me drive the colts alone.

COLLEGE MIRTH

BY H. PHELPS PUTNAM

WHERE was despair a swift and careless joke,
And where was melancholy sweet and green?
Where was remorse a thin and lovely smoke,
And where was sin still insolent and keen?

Where was the crabbed chance a playing child,
And indolence the aim of death and birth,
And where was drunkenness still bright and wild,
And where was everything the food of mirth?

There in the college all these things were so —
The throat of thirsty mirth drank our despair,
A gorgeous wine which made our senses glow
So that derisive laughter echoed there.

And even now, with thin and clarion strains,
That laughter sweeps across our pompous brains.

A MIDNIGHT BEACH-COMBING

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

A TROPICAL night may be quiet and calm, and yet full of a strange restlessness. It was such a one when I lay in my bathing-suit close to the gray granite of Boom-boom Point, and watched the low-hung North Star twinkling through the fretwork of mangrove roots. Three great planets added their separate lustre — Mars overhead, in the very heart of Scorpio, Jupiter well down to the west, and Venus just setting, shining with the light of a half-moon. It was, however, predominantly a night of the Milky Way. The great luminous highway stretched from horizon to horizon, illuminating hundreds of the tiny mica facets on my rocky couch. Great Cygnus flew slowly, majestically, along the glowing path, and Pegasus reared his head just above the horizon.

Has the composite light of these myriad stars the same sinister psychic effect as the moon rays? Else, why were I and so many creatures restless? Only the giant tree-frogs, the *Maximas*, *wahrooked* in endless, stoical reiteration, unaffected by stars or planets, as endless as an after-dinner speech, and as unintelligible. Now and then a trio of Typhon's toads exploded in a short, hysterical outburst, as if intercalating 'Hear! Hear!' or 'Cut it out!' — a very impudent, understandable, nervous protest against the brain-fever repetitions of the great frogs.

I was ready for something unusual, and it came — merely a sound, but

one which will probably be as mysterious on the day of my death as it is now. Without warning, through the air overhead, against the translucent celestial glow, came an *izzzzzzzy-wonk! wonk! wonk!* as evanescent as the low cry of a bullet, wholly indescribable in its true weirdness and richness of twang.

No beetle ever turned as quickly as the *wonk! wonk!* indicated; no bat ever achieved a twang with its velvet wings. It was no sound of bird or insect that I knew; and it came again and again from the same direction, and seemed to emanate from some creature that watched me. The *wonk! wonk!* as of sudden, banking flight, happened close in front, over the water. I flashed my electric torch, and saw nothing, even while the sound continued; and so for half an hour one or more mysterious beings swept about me, close overhead. As once before, my mind went to pterodactyls, and I imagined a pair of the little web-fingered creatures launched out from some secret crevice in the distant mountains, for a brief time to hawk about in the light of the Milky Way, peering down with their great eyes, toothed beaks half open, whipping back and forth through the air, now and then snapping up a bat, and stirring the imagination of a curiosity-tortured human who would willingly give a year of his life to see such a sight.

I had meant to spend part of the night among the mangroves; but the glimmer of the white sand drew me up, instead of down, the shore, and I crept over the rocks and padded silently over the sand to our swimming-beach.

The tide was half-way down, silent and smooth as a mirror, with every star doubled. As I watched, they were erased, one by one, as if the reflections had become water-logged and sunk; and looking up, I saw a mist, swept by the high trade-winds, wind across the sky, while around me not a breath of air stirred. I wriggled into a form half below the surface of the sand; I worked down lower and lower, until I was at the very edge of the water, which is one of the most wonderful spots in the world. Being there is the very least part of it. Thousands of people are there all through the summer, at Coney Island and Margate, but never think themselves anywhere but swimming at Coney Island or bathing at Margate.

Between tides is really the wildest place left in the world — the truest No Man's Land; for while you may sail in all weathers just beyond, or loll in a hotel a few yards behind, you cannot remain where you are except anchored and in a diver's suit. And whatever man erects there is sooner or later joyfully smashed by the storm-waves into shapeless chunks of cement. The delight of it is to feel yourself, as I did at this moment, a third under water, a third buried in solid sand, and the rest of you bathed in and breathing the air. We sometimes feel a thrill at bestriding the border-line of two states or countries. How tremendously more wonderful to snuggle close to the three states of matter, — solid, liquid, and gaseous, — and then, indeed, to realize it and thrill to it with what seems a fourth state — the mental and spiritual.

The crunch of the sand-grains, the lap of the water, the breath of air — it makes the world very primitive and new. Without my flash I can detect no hint of either vegetable or animal kingdom — my little cosmos at the meeting-place of the elements is wholly inorganic, and mind. If only earth-fire were added, it would be complete, and here, a hundred feet from my cot, there would truly be an epitome of the primeval earth. I wonder, however, whether it is not all more adumbrative of ages to come, when the last animal has fallen, the last leaf shriveled, and only the inorganic and spirit remain, than of the infinite past.

My daydreams, or rather, nocturnal meditations, were leading me into hypnotic depths when, with a single bound, I deserted my most ancient medium — water. Momentarily I even left my more recent ancestral acquisition, — earth, — and entered the third, which I had conquered only during the last eight years. Gravitation, faithful through all physical and mental vicissitudes, brought me down with a resounding thump. At first I was simply dazed. What had happened? From the infinite calm of abstract meditation I had been galvanized into the most violent paroxysm and here I was, sitting on the sand, unhurt, stupidly wide-awake, with my heart trip-hammering. Then, all at once, the physical *me* calmed down and the mental took charge, first in a thrill of excitement at realization of what had happened, then with joyous recognition that, as at a well-planned dramatic dénouement of a play, the miracle had happened. Nature, tired of being ignored, had entered my inorganic make-believe cosmos, completed it, and split it apart with a vengeance. Instead of sending lightning or a firefly into my ken, she had been more subtle, and an electric eel

had brushed against the sole of my foot, and discharged his diminutive broadside. The shock had been slight; but, unprepared as I was and completely relaxed, it had seemed to my nerves like the short-circuiting of a third rail. With my flash I caught a momentary glimpse of the lithe black chap, and I dabbled my hand in his direction; but he eeled away and became one with the dark water.

II

I could not get back to my former isolation, even if I greatly desired to do so: the eel had changed all that. He seemed so modern, so conventional and specialized an organism, drawing the lightning down into the dark waters, and liberating it at the will of his fishy brain.

I rolled over and flattened myself, and with my electric torch held at eye-height, horizontally, I entered one of the strangest of worlds—a beach at black midnight. My mind kept wandering back to my trio of elements, and I thought of the water ouzel which has conquered them all. In the wilderness of western China I have seen this delicate, thrush-like bird run rapidly in and out of a tangle, over leaves and sand, to the edge of a high river-bank, and then, taking wing, fly in and out between the boulders of the stream, finally to dive headlong into the swift water and creep along the bottom, feeding as it went. In the space of a minute or two, it exhibited mastery of earth, air, and water; only the phoenix could claim superiority.

This evening I was to find a living rival to the ouzel—an insect, a cricket, which, like so many wonders, was not in the heart of the Asiatic continent, but at the very door of my British Guiana laboratory. In the level glare of my flash, all the beach

creatures became unreal and of low visibility, while their shadows took full possession. This fanciful phrase reflected the very real and interesting scientific fact, that the reason for this lay, not in the unusual lighting, so much as in the color of the little people themselves. Picking its way over the sand came a low-hung, weird, blackish thing, whose silhouetted head swung from side to side; and just above it there appeared a fearful phantasm, on long emaciated legs, which crept nearer and nearer, and finally rushed at the first and sank down upon it. The attack was so sudden, and the images relatively so huge, that I involuntarily sat up and raised my light. The two rushed toward me and vanished, and my eyes suddenly shifted to nearer focus. I had been watching the shadows of a small insect and a sand-colored daddy longlegs, the substance of which now appeared ridiculously small and close to me, with their shadows well under control beneath them.

Slowly I lowered the flash again, and, in spite of all I could do, my eyes gradually lost the creatures themselves and followed back, along the lengthening lines of legs, to the gargoylelike phantoms—gyrating Brocken spectres of the sands. Never have I seen a more completely sense-deceiving phenomenon. Sitting up, I looked down upon small, slowly moving, barely distinguishable beach beings; prone, I was surrounded by unnamable monsters. If I should accurately describe their anatomy and actions as revealed by my low-hung light, they would fit into no living or fossil phyle of earthly organisms. By shifting back and forth, I again focused on the terrible battle going on at my side; and now the giant had lifted the lesser beast bodily in its jaws, and was staggering about, mumbling it as it went. My scientific terms, Locustid and Phalangid, faded

from mind with their substance, and I lay watching the midnight shadow struggle between Plash-goo and Trip-pity-kang.

I had always thought of daddy longlegs as harmless living skeletons, who clambered aimlessly about and dropped their legs at a touch. Now I found that they could be ravenous beasts, their dwarfed and rounded bodies swung high aloft on their eight thready legs, creeping over the sand, and actually running down, pouncing on, and killing insects as large as themselves. In this case it was a green grasshopper nymph, which was seized, bitten, and worried, with an unnecessary amount of dragging about and vicious chewing. I leaned slowly forward with my hand lens, until I could see every detail; and if daddy longlegs were magnified in life only fifteen times, I should flee in terror from what would be a worse danger than any wolf. The horrid eyes, grouped in their solid clump, seemed to be even now watching me malignantly, and the great needle-sharp fangs were sunk deep in the grasshopper, and being worked back and forth as the juices of the still living insect were sucked up.

Soon the creature set to work to sever the abdomen from the rest of the insect, and the head and legs fell to the sand, the feet waving slowly and vaguely. The daddy longlegs did not move, except now and then to lift one or two legs and hold them aloft, when a passing ant brushed against them; twenty minutes later it was still there, draining the last drop from the shriveled grasshopper.

My attention was attracted to the approaching shadow of another spectre, only in this case the shadow was indefinite, humped: it might have enshrouded a low fluttering moth or awkward beetle. Instead of which, when I followed down the shadow-

path to its substance, there loomed suddenly a figure even more terrifying than the daddy longlegs. But this was awful in a wholesome way. You started at first sight, then smiled, then felt a liking for the apparition. It was decidedly the Personality of the beach, claiming full attention as long as it was in sight, clownlike in its comicality and childlike in its seriousness and the affection it aroused. Many will doubtless wonder mildly at thought of the possibility of holding a mole-cricket in affection or esteem. Yet it is true that, when I return in memory to Kartabo, my thoughts of beauty go to the great blue *Morpho* butterflies, of grace, to the soaring vultures, of adorableness, to infant sloths, and of amusement and affection, to the jolly white mole-crickets of the sand.

These are the chaps who fairly outdo the water ouzel, outflying, outrunning and outswimming that bird; and, in addition, being powerful leapers, and the most perfect burrowing machines in the world. Unlike their neighboring relations of the jungle, these shore crickets have taken on the color of the sand, keeping only a few hieroglyphics of dark pigment. Their eyes alone remain solid black. No matter how deserted the beach, how lifeless the tropical jungle may seem, I was always certain of finding these optimists abroad after dark, scurrying here and there, or popping unexpectedly up from the wet sand, which, a few minutes before, had been covered with the tide.

As my new visitor approached, I was able, after my first emotion, to call him by name—a name as bristling with sharp-angled syllables as the tips of his front legs. Indeed, his sponsors must have been profoundly impressed with these great limbs, for in *Scapteriscus oxydactylus* they dubbed him the Shovel-winged, Sharp-fingered One.

In the month of March I found little spurts of wet sand on the upper beach, and following down each tiny hole for an inch, I surprised a diminutive white cricket, wingless, but otherwise almost a replica of the large ones, just hatched and bravely starting out in life for itself. In the following months their numbers sadly diminished, and the size of the few remaining individuals increased, being gaugeable exactly by the calibre of their holes, which they open when the tide goes down. Now, later in the year, the adult mole-cricket was in the full prime of life, vital, virile, meeting on equal terms all the dangers and advantages of nocturnal life on a tropical beach. I appreciated these insects all the more because of their local distribution, they being found nowhere, up or down the river, except on our short stretch of sandy beach.

The hind legs are swollen with muscles for leaping, and with broad, flat soles for pushing; the middle legs are normal supports; but the front ones are a study, as scientific, mechanically perfect excavators. There are sharp, horny, downward-projecting pickaxes, lighter pitchforks, backed by spade-shaped implements, and bordered with stiff, broom-straw edges for sweeping away the loose débris. In fact, this little insect has everything but dynamite for making easy its passage underground. It even has long feelers behind, as well as in front of, the body.

Like the kick-off of a big football game, or Fred Stone, or a sharp tug on your fishline, when one of my mole-cricket came into sight, I knew that something exciting was certain to follow. On this midnight, while the big insect had zigzagged toward me, the tide undermined my sandy elbow-rest, and I slipped. At the first scrape of sand, he put his oxydactyl hands together over his head, and half buried

himself with three flicks. But he was neither coward nor ostrich, and after a moment he half turned and rested his great arms on the mound of sand—the strangest imaginable parody on Raphael's cherubs. His head turned from side to side as he watched—and, I almost added, listened—for the source of danger. I remembered in time that his ears were on his front arms just below the elbows, sandwiched between the pitchfork and the shovel. He twisted sharply to the left, at the same instant that a miniature hidden mine was sprung, and a spray of sand shot upward. Almost before my eye could follow, a second mole-cricket appeared, and each saw in the other the summation of all past troubles and future hatreds; they hesitated not a second, but flew at each other.

At first there was considerable side-stepping and feinting, and they whirled about, until a well-marked ring was worn in the damp sand. Then they clinched, and to my horror a leg flew up and off into the darkness. Now the timeworn—and at best, inadvisable—simile was reversed, and ploughshares as well as shovels, brooms, scissors, and pitchforks, were in a twinkling transformed into slapsticks, swords, pikes, and daggers. Twice the insects reared up on their hind legs, their arms working like flails. Now and then the lace-like wings unrolled and shot out as balancers, glistening like metal in the light of my flash. One cricket fell for a moment, the other pounced, and a whole front arm rolled away. Nothing daunted, and indeed apparently lightened by the loss of his left armory, my cricket leaped at the other and bowled him over. I cheered; they both reared again—and were washed away in a tiny swirl of water: the tide had turned, and the first of the trios of incoming wavelets had caught all of us unawares. *Le duel nocturne des courtilières* was

over. Each opponent had lost a leg; yet they scampered off and dug in with little appearance of crippling — one limped a bit, and the other sank his well somewhat obliquely: that was all. I remembered my first experience with these crickets, when I confined four together in a glass dish, and the next morning found but one, large, plump, happy, quite surrounded with the crumbs of eighteen limbs; and I recalled the diminution in numbers of the broods of infant crickets, and wondered whether I had not better slur over part of the home life of my little friends if I wished the mirror of my affection to remain untarnished!

I turned my light toward the water, which was lapping shoreward, and on the surface were two white spots, mole-crickets again, scurrying here and there with short strokes of the forearms, which had now become efficient oars. They soon sculled to shore and vanished, and a threat of moralizing came into my mind: how wonderful it would be if any of us could so completely master the conditions of life in our environment! Here were two sandy depressions where the crickets had disappeared; in a few minutes the tide would cover them; and for eight hours thereafter the two bundles of vitality would remain buried beneath the waves, able somehow to breathe and to resurrect, to scamper about on their business of life on what remained of their legs, to spread their wings and fly wherever they wished — one place, at least, being to the lighted lamp on my laboratory table.

The wash of the tide made me restless, and I swept my flash about in a last survey, when I saw a multitude of little orange-red lamps drifting toward me. Holding the light obliquely, I saw the wraiths of many shrimps, with their periscope eyes illumined by my electric wire. They swam steadily ahead, half-

blinded by the glare, until suddenly there came Nemesis with a rush and a swirl. I caught sight of long waving tentacles, a gaping mouth, flash after flash of glittering silver, and there at my feet was a catfish, half stranded with its headlong rush. Mindful of poisonous spines, I flicked him up the beach with a hand blanket of sand, where he lay, protesting, with rasping twitters and peevish grunts, until I salvaged him.

III

My last glance at the beach showed something so strange, that I turned back, and discovered a wholly new field for enthusiasm. Many years ago I found that tracks in the snow could best be observed and photographed in slanting rays of the sun; and now my final, casual sweep threw out into strong relief a series of rabbit-tracks — this in spite of the fact that I was some two thousand miles from the nearest bunny. As I looked down at the tracks, they completely vanished; not a depression or marking could be detected; but oblique lighting showed the series of claw-marks, all four feet close together, with a good eighteen inches between leaps. I puzzled long over it, I traced it almost to the water, and up to the soft, dry sand. At last, a thought came to me, and I went up to where I knew there would be, day or night, a file of leaf-cutting ants. There, solemnly watching, and waiting for some favorable omen to begin her midnight supper, squatted my pseudo-rabbit — a huge, friendly grandmother of a toad. She blinked, and I reached down and tickled her side, whereat she grunted and puffed out prodigiously.

At this moment my eye wandered to a near-by bush, and I made a discovery which whole hours and half days of intensive search and watch had up to this time failed to reveal. The line of

leaf-cutting *Atta* ants led up this low shrub, and many scores were deployed over the leaves, busy on their eternal work of cutting off circular pieces. For years I had watched them carry these leaves back, and had seen the free rides which many small individual ants took back to the nest on these wavering bits of leaf. Here, in the light of my flash, a medium-sized ant staggered along beneath a load, as if a man should balance the Hippodrome curtain on edge on his head. Like small boys hitching on behind a wagon, there were seven small ants clinging to the top and sides of the bit of leaf, probably doubling the weight, and altering the whole centre of gravity. I have seen a Japanese acrobat in the circus balancing a ladder with several men clinging to it, but this feat was infinitely more difficult. And there was no 'side,' no display to this. It was all in the night's work. These ants know not the meaning of play, or vacations, or any moment of unnecessary rest; and yet here were seven of them, for their own convenience, making much more difficult the labor of their larger brother — or, rather, sister.

I knew there was some vital reason, some *quid pro quo*: but hitherto I had been able only to guess at it. The small bush made all clear. There were enemy ants in the bush, who were attempting to drive away the *Attas*; and their scouts made attack after attack on the busy harvesters. Unless actually attacked and bitten, the *Atta* workers paid no attention to their assailants. I saw one partly crippled and yet going on with his load as best he could, playing pacifist for duty's sake. Their work was definite and inviolable — to cut a leaf and transport it to the nest. The huge *Atta* soldiers, fat and enormous, who guard the depths of the nest and occasionally wander aimlessly along the line of march, getting

in the way of their fellows, were nowhere to be seen; but the battalions of the *Minims* were in full action. They were too small to cut leaves or carry them, and had not even strength enough to walk both ways, to and from the nest. But on the leaves, facing the legions of the giant tree-ants, they showed their worth, their *raison d'être*. I have never seen such fighters. They equaled the army ants, and lost leg after leg, even the whole abdomen, without slacking their efforts in the least.

On one leaf I saw a most exciting engagement. Three workers were cutting along the edge near the tip, and five small *Minims* were standing about with jaws raised suspiciously, when three black tree-ants came on at once. One got past on the under side, tackled a worker, and was seized in turn by one of the tiny bulldogs. The black ant let go the worker and tried to get at his tormentor, who had a good grip on his tender antenna. Chop went a leg of the *Atta*; but then another came to the rescue, and got his jaws in a crevice of the armor beneath the black body. This was too much, and the trio fell from the leaf, out of the range of my light, into the darkness of the sand below. There were left three *Minims* and two black ants, the latter four times their size; and yet, so furiously did the little chaps wage battle that the invaders had no chance to get past to the workers at the leaf-edge. Another black ant now appeared, but close on his heels followed six *Minims*, and in the face of this squad they all fled, minus a leg or two, and carrying three *Minims* with them, who refused to let go, one of whom had little of him left but his jaws, which still retained their grip.

In spite of all the black tree-ants could do, I saw only two workers killed or forced to drop their loads. All

the time new contingents of Minims were arriving, and in the midst of the hardest fighting, a little warrior would now and then climb upon a passing leaf and settle down for a rough trip home. It was as if they belonged to some autocratic labor-union, and had to punch a time clock at the nest, regardless of how things were going in the front-line trenches. So the Mediums are the workers, the providers; the Maxims are the home guard; and the Minims are the standing army for border warfare, trudging bravely as far as they are needed to convoy the outgoing workers, but after battle, or their share of watchful waiting, getting a free ride home on any passing chlorophyll lorry.

Immensely pleased with the discovery of another detail of the Attas' life-history, I returned to my search for more sand-tracks. Walking along the reeds with light held low, I saw clearly where an opossum had come out shortly before, dug a little in the sand, and passed on; and most amusing was the record, in an isolated patch of clear, soft sand, of where a young one had fallen from her back and straightway clambered on again. Farther on, a big lizard had shuffled along; but the next track took me thousands of miles northward, to New England sands in autumn — the fairy footwork of a pair of spotted sandpipers, which that evening had teetered along the edge of this tropical river.

One last thrill my beach gave when, drawn by some instinct, I scanned the sand just beyond a clump of sedge. There, fresh and strongly etched, was a broad, sinuous line up from the water's edge, flanked alternately by crescents, deep bitten into the wet surface. This had been made by no creature with

legs, but by some long, heavy body, alternately pushed up the beach — the line-and-crescent sand signet of a great anaconda, king of all these waters, who, while I watched shadows a few feet away, had slowly drawn his mighty length past me into the gully beyond — who shall say where or why!

No wonder this night, so calm and peaceful on the surface, had aroused an ill-defined suspicion of hidden things far otherwise. I looked out over the water, again alight with reversed constellations; I listened to the soft lapping of the rising tide, felt the first faint breath of the new day, and thought of the tragedies I had witnessed — the mole-crickets nursing their wounds in their dugouts deep beneath sand and water, the dead grasshopper nymph, the shrimp in whose orange eyes fire was forever quenched, and the death-struggles of the ants going on in the darkness at my feet.

The opossum was searching for food for itself and its young, and somewhere the great snake was coiled, watching with lidless, untiring eyes for its share in some life of lesser strength. It seemed somehow so cruel, this eternal alternation of life and death. If only the lower animals — and then I remembered that perhaps, at this very moment, my Indian hunter was pulling trigger on an unsuspecting agouti or curassow or peccary for my next dinner; it came to me that the very emotions of compassion and sympathy, which moved me, were materialized and sustained by the strength derived from the sacrifice of many, many lives of these same lower animals.

I stopped thinking, stepped carefully over the line of insanely industrious Attas, and went to my hammock.

DOVE AND RAVEN

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

I

'Of course a woman of thirty wears only gray or black because by then she has either met him or lost him.' In the *American Lady's Memorial*, dated 1840, this is given as the unvarying rule of conduct. Indeed, the words are capitalized to stress the propriety of such behavior, the Quakerish raiment underscored to mark the meekness of adventure. Women of a certain age surrendered quietly their chance of romance. They had nothing further to expect.

Not an irrelevant or flippant matter is it, thus, that the portrait of Mrs. Whitman which hangs in the Athenæum at Providence should first draw attention by the brightness of its color, by the warm blue shawl that droops about a cinctured muslin, by the indecorous pink streamers of the widow's cap. From the main reading-room below, you cannot see the face quite clearly, but you may catch at once the dainty rebel's badge. She has, it is true, the sloping shoulders of her time, the crisp and clustered ringlets, the high bosom, the restricted waist. She has its charm, its delicate seduction. She is a lady to be wooed. Yet in her broad, high forehead there is intellect. Her eyes have an eager sidelong glance past what they see, and give a hint of swiftness to her mind. Her jaw is firm before it narrows delicately to her chin. Impossible that such a woman should have dressed in token of meek resignation. There is a flash, a vividness, to her whole face.

I wonder how she kept it, that glad expectancy, that sureness of the richness and the generosity of life. A most indecorous look for one of thirty who had met and lost him, her husband, young John Whitman. A most absurd unreasoning look for one who, after a brief flight, a mere glimpse of freedom and the open spaces, had come back home to fold her wings. Come back, moreover, to spare New England thrift and to the need of it; to a sister and a mother who were to badger her with small precisions; to a little town, stiff and straight-backed with traditions, and to people whose protective coloring was drab. Had she shown discouragement or irritation or resentment, there would have been — as her own town-folk still so bluntly say — some sense to it. For how could she guess that adventure would ever choose the very street she lived on for its strolling; that it would come haphazardly along between the prim square rows of houses set so rigidly upon the pavements, and the elms that rose so strait-laced from the curbs? Benefit Street. Why, there was rebuke to any such wild vagrant surely in the sobriety of its quaint Puritan name. Above all, how could Mrs. Whitman know that romance, no matter how unerring in its impulse, would ever find her in her garden; or that passion, no matter how insistent, would ever raise the stubborn knocker at her door? Yet in her portrait, painted when she was already over

thirty, she shows a certainty of life's adventure still before her, a certainty derived from some instinctive faith.

The women of her time, — ladies of her acquaintance, as undoubtedly they called themselves, — they never helped her to such notions. You may rest assured of that. They took her future quite for granted from the moment that they heard of her young husband's death. Nor did they, I am afraid, even gift that future consciously with a grave beauty, a twilight radiance cast upon it by the past. Their immediate interest concerned itself with what was practical for a young widow, with what they might deem circumspect. She had enough to live on — that was God's own providence. She would return to her own roof — that was entirely proper — and to her mother, whose black-satined and brooched presence would lend the adequate protection for a young woman situated as she was. She would take up small homely duties, attend the Reading Club and Sewing Circle — those were quite suitable diversions. And some day, perhaps, though after a decent interval, that it too might be becoming, she would rewed — a widower of course, who would honor her by offering her the tribute of his cool respect. Few among the number found it necessary to include that freedom both of mind and spirit which was, for Sarah Helen Whitman, the essential breath of life.

How soon did they begin to have their doubts of her? It might well have been the day when, not five years a widow, she laid aside her mourning, and with her gray all turned to iridescent plumage, went flitting down the street. She had, they say, a liking for bright scarves, for veils, for thin gay textures, for all that caught the light and took the breeze. And as she passed the little square-paned windows so close upon the sidewalk, there was

more than one, I fancy, who, catching from her shuttered gloom a flash of radiance, professed that she could not believe her eyes.

But before that day there must have been uneasiness about this lady. Grace she had, and sprightliness, and delicacy in her social contacts. She drew and kept a circle of perceptive friends. But there were others who passed judgments only on face values. They liked a stoutness to the stuff, a serviceable pattern to the cut of their New England women. They distrusted an elusive texture, a design that was a subtle thing of glints and gleams. And Mrs. Whitman, had she even had the inclination, could not have made her life of homespun virtues, or have turned her whims of conduct to set figures and to dull repeats. She was no housewife. She was no needlewoman. I believe in the whole house there was no tidy crocheted by her fingers, no antimacassar decorated with her fancies, no hassock brought by her to its round plump conclusion, no embroidered lambrequin. Nor was she what you might call in any proper sense a gardener — a genteel term enough when it concerned itself with clipping off a nosegay or stirring tea-leaves in about the roots of pot-bound plants. Her little yard, if one may judge, she left a tangle, preferring, so I like to think, the push and stir of wayward growth. Her walks, moreover, that should have been a matter of right angles or a mere down-street and back again, she turned into the open country and went roaming far afield.

A dangerous business then, you understand, to seek that wild rude force called nature, so hostile to the venturing of any female, so generous in the ambushes it offered to lurking, prowling, evil-intentioned men. And just as dangerous was that strange wilderness of speculation where she went often wandering in thought. She dared,

it seems, discuss religion, which was after all a matter of acceptance. She had leanings, leanings toward what was neither orthodox nor safe. A Transcendentalist she called herself, as if to be a Baptist was not good enough. And for a snug Heaven, with its real estate all plotted out in little claims and with good walking to its firm paved streets, she wished to substitute some vague and shadowy region which she called the kingdom of the soul. Why, she must realize that even in this kingdom of her choosing she would be lost.

But what, perhaps, was quite as bad, she had a taste for writing poetry. No gift, you notice. With a mild word attempt was made to throw a cloak of decency about her passionate love. A *taste*, and one only less pernicious than a taste for novel-reading. So at least did her own womenfolk regard it, as an insidious delight to be stifled and subdued. Verse was after all a little different, a neat private gift that deftly turned out an acrostic, and that went no further in its indiscretion than the album of a friend. But poetry! You simply could n't tell its dangers. It led to waste of time and to extravagance of fancy. It might lead almost anywhere. Mrs. Whitman it led into print!

Think of it — the shamelessness and the barefaced publicity! To have emotions was quite bad enough. But to encourage them and set them down, to send them to an editor whom you had never met, to take pay for them, and then to have them printed with your name below! Yes, their tight, safe world was coming to a pretty pass when a woman gently born and one of them could bring herself to that.

No wonder that strange men began to write her letters and to start a correspondence with her. Since she had made herself quite public, — like an actress, — it was only what she must expect. These men — it did not matter

that they were the young George William Curtis just back from Brook Farm and with his head all full of fiddle-faddles, or H. P. Day and Horace Greeley, whose positions after all lent weight to their expressions of respect. Of course they told her that they liked her poems — they had to find some opening. Of course they asked her for advice and criticism — they were only looking for what next. Mrs. Whitman could be made to see no shame and feel none. She answered their imper tinences with her gratitude; she answered them without a simper, and with no false consciousness of sex.

II

She was bound, you see, to come to some bad end. There was no question of it. And if her critics had only been less spare in their imagination, more rich and definite in their gift of prophecy, I think they might have seen what end it was to be. La Fontaine, had he been there, could have told them. He would have found a fable ready to his hand. This Dove of theirs, who had so little patience with the placid strut and coo of her own dovecoat, who would fly out to try her wings and circle in the open spaces — would you not guess that she would fall a captive to the Raven, that ill-omened savage bird of prey?

Already she was taken by him in imagination. She felt the sweep and power of his strong flight, the rhythm and the beat of his swift pinions, the mystery beneath his jet black wings. Yet when it came to an encounter, she made a struggling effort to escape.

Not that at this time she really acted from timidity. La Fontaine ran away with me. When Poe in 1845 came to Providence to read his poem at the Lyceum, when Mrs. Whitman did not hear him, I think she acted from a sense of fitness, an innate good taste.

What was this but a public exhibition of the poet? What they wished to look upon, her townsfolk, was a vagabond, a drunkard and a drug fiend, an evil nine days' wonder, an archangel fallen with his plumes bespattered in the mire. Few enough of them, she knew, would go to hear. It was then no time for her to listen to his magic words, a respite only in the clack and clatter; no place for her to see, beneath the glare, his dark, contemptuous, slightly snarling face. Once he had spoken and the crowd pushed curious about him, was she to smirk and thank him for a pleasant evening, to say she liked his poem, to give him a perfunctory hand? Better by far keep her sense of intimacy more real in unreality, plead indisposition, and stay at home.

But Poe, returning from the bright hot stifling of the public hall to the compression of his small hired bedroom, went out again on the streets. This town so quietly a-dream at midnight—surely there was a friendliness about it, once its people were asleep. Comforting the soar and droop of the great elms and the crisp rustle of their branches as he passed below them, the soft darkness round about him, the cool breath of the night air. The houses, square and angular enough they looked by daylight, but now closed down, shut up, each like a little turtle in its box, they had about them an air of stolid peace. And at the side of one of them he saw the yard dip swiftly to a garden and a drift of roses that came spraying upward toward him with their scent. Flowering currants, grapevines in a tangle, lay all misty in the radiance; and below them with a silver glamour full upon her, he beheld his 'Helen of a thousand dreams.'

Poe called the meeting, Fate. It may have been. Surely Mrs. Whitman had no business in her garden, for you could not call it business, that desire of

hers to see the drenched white beauty of her flowers, to hear the wind with just a quiver to it, to feel the safe and slumbrous warmth of growing things. Poe had no business in the streets, for you could not call it business, that driving need of his to walk off restlessness. But if the arch-agency of human drama had sent these two, of all the world, abroad, it had indeed turned young and prankish and was directing in a sportive mood. The heroine it chose was by this time over forty and to her it gave the sentimental setting of a Juliet. The hero it took from an exotic world of his own sinister creating and gave him romance from the very stuff of his abhorrence, the uncompromising warp of a New England town. The chorus it tricked when all its Argus-eyes were drugged with sleeping: cheated it of all the pleasures of nice squinting, explanations, and aspersions. The silent stage and the conduct of the drama it handed over to 'the leads.'

But for Mrs. Whitman this meeting must have had the suddenness, the sharpness, the unreality, the almost fearful quality of dreams. The echoing steps, their swift arrest, the presence, gray and haunting in the moonlight, the intense and noiseless gaze. Was that really he who stood looking at her in a silence of communication? Was this the same dull street on which she had looked out so many empty nights, so many beggarly days? Was it not rather an enchanted world?

And a dream it must have seemed to her thereafter. Rumors reached her, floating wisps of gossip. Poe, she learned, had recognized her from much hearsay; he had refused to meet her; he knew and praised her verses; he had set his vision of her in a poem of his own. But more than that, she knew that days and weeks went by, and months, and that, though gossip stood at tiptoe, he still sent no word. Was this then all

there was to be to the encounter — ache, vague emptiness, and boredom after the swift rise and fall of a dark curtain on a five-minute pantomime?

And a memory it would have been, a recollection put away with potpourri of her June roses, had she learned a proper meekness in adventure, had she been in any sense resigned. But that same glad sense of youth, that same vitality that had made her lay aside the dismal colors of her middle age and mourning, made her rebel against the dull commitment of her spirit to tranquillity and waste. It might be unfeminine, a move on her part, but she would not let the future all slip by her because it was indelicate to clutch. An opportunity was what she wanted.

And when it came, it did not matter that it came ridiculous, as foolish as Malvolio cross-gartered, extravagant in silly trappings, lace frills, and bleeding hearts and mottoes, in all the frippery of sentimental youth. Saint Valentine! Can you imagine him the patron saint of any woman over forty? Can you imagine him the patron saint of Poe? Would you think that such a sophisticated pair of lovers must have the help of this naïve old man? Yet it was his name-day that provided Mrs. Whitman with her chance.

Her friend, Miss Lynch, then living in New York, was well known for her literary gatherings. Her guests were often men of much distinction. Horace Greeley, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, sometimes, though rarely, Poe. For one of these evenings, Miss Lynch asked Mrs. Whitman to send a poem. February fourteenth was the date.

It was a date that took her back no doubt to rapped knockers and to paper missives, to glimpses of black boyish forms that sped around the corner, and to mad scampers in her pattens and frilled pantalettes out into the frosty air. Well, it had still its use. It made

it possible for her to bare her heart as though in jest. 'To the Raven.' Slim and spidery the title as she sat at her black walnut desk and wrote it; but the act, if you consider it, was bold. It took a swift audacity to set down the verses that came crowding. It took a dash of recklessness to drop them in the post.

Poe as it happened was then out of favor. He was not among the guests. But his tribute was sent him, as was only kindly, by Miss Lynch. 'Judge then,' he wrote later to Mrs. Whitman, 'in what wondering unbelieving joy I received your well-known manuscript. The idea of what men call Fate then for the first time in my eyes lost its character of futility.' His answer at the time, however, was to send to her the loveliest of all his lyrics, that which had been written to the Helen of his youth. Quite frankly, he afterward admitted, he had made it do a double duty; but so exactly did it now express a new memory of beauty, that it contained all that he would have said.

For some time, Mrs. Whitman did not answer. 'The glory that was Greece' was certainly a heady tribute. But at last her courage had the best of her; she wrote.

And suddenly — for Mrs. Whitman — Poe was there; she saw him coming. A sinister black figure in a long dark cloak, he challenged observation. She saw him cross the street and give a swift look at the garden. Boldly where all eyes might see him, he stood before her door. She had known that he would come. She had wanted him to come; but not into this room, with its stiff furniture that cramped and stifled, its empty odor of disuse. His place was in the wild free air. Here in the uncompromising rigor of her parlor, she felt his power and missed his sweep. She knew only terror of the force she had let loose. Warned, moreover, by some strange prevision that he must

seize her quickly, Poe made no attempt at wooing. In three days he had asked her to become his wife, and suddenly life had justified itself for its long torpid dozing. It had become a feverish aching business in which, she felt, she might lose sight of love. Not lose sight of it, perhaps, save as it overwhelmed her by its nearness. But see it no longer as glamorous and romantic, with all the beauty of a far horizon. It was overhead, a storm that broke.

What was it that Poe asked of her? To brave the gusts of calumny and anger which he himself so often faced? Had she herself not flown against the wind? To share his own scant means of livelihood? Her own had not been plenty. To endure his exaltations and despairs? She had a poet's understanding surely of all black and glorious moods. To have faith in him in whom save for his genius not a soul had faith? She knew she felt the beauty of his tortured soul. But how could she trust this love for her, this passion that went rocketing, this feverish slaking flame? It seared, it withered, it consumed her. For the first time, before its close approach, she must have felt the weariness of her accumulated years. And, above all, how could she make such desperate departure from her old associations? Those stiff New England rules of gray and black: she had rebelled against them. But confronted with Poe's intensity of fervor, they now seemed to her dear, and comforting, and safe. Frankly she let Poe know her feeling for him, she assured him of her love. But when it came to passionate fulfillments, she could no longer trust to her clear impulse. She grew cautious of her own emotions and sought advice of friends.

Disaster from that moment lay ahead. It was one thing to love Poe, to marry him, and for the sake of ecstasy, however brief, to risk the price. It

was another to advise so doing. That took a counselor more hardy than in her prim little city she was like to find. Her mother, I am sure, was not the one to give her courage in such mad adventure. Approached about the matter, she would not discuss it; and by a grim silence she determined that she would bring her daughter to her wits. As for those other judgments which might have been less biased, they too were passed, I fear, according to the tribal laws. Desire was nothing, safety everything, in marriage. You made your choice just to avoid whatever seemed unsure. Love and its fulfillment — those were indeed poor arguments, when placed beside the story of Poe's life. Mrs. Whitman must use her common sense, it seemed, upon a question to be settled only by her instinct. She must look at the hard facts.

Poverty, so her advisers pointed out, was one of them; not, you understand, genteel and quiet poverty that could be concealed by making both ends meet. But poverty, so it was said, that had gone often hungry and as often homeless, too wretched and too gaunt to make pretense. Her own frail health, her incapacity, her age were other facts to think upon. She had no strength for hardships and no gift at managing. How could she hope to hold a poet patterned by the common superstition then on a Byronic model, a creature of Satanic charm and roving eye?

But, above all, there was Poe himself, his very personality a threat to her security. They could not even judge him by nice standards. They had to drop the voice in speaking of his habits — and they stopped at drink. Even his genius was against him. It was too lawless, reckless, contemptuous of all that went to make a safe and ordered world. She was not even running risks; she was plunging break-neck into certainties. Fortunately

there was still time to pause and flutter to her perch. Yet it was less consideration for her own security, I think, that made her write to Poe of her temerity, than the dangers which beset their love.

Not even when Poe came again to Providence were all her fears forgotten. There must have been intoxicated moments when she was conscious only of his presence, when she belonged to him so absolutely that the future seemed quite magically hers. And at such times to walk straight out to meet it must have seemed as easy and as simple as to close the door upon her mother's disapproval, and to take their love beyond the reach of slur and criticism to the calm acceptance of the open fields. The need to walk by sight and by community judgment was only in the city. Once outside its strictures, they might walk more safely, their spirits shining and their heads held in the clouds.

Moments, too, there must have been, of a rare peace. These two — they had so much in common: a deep sharing of all beauty; the felt magic of the word for its expression; the rhythms that it set a-stirring when just for a fleeting moment it let itself be held in mind. And of such moments memories linger still about the garden of their first strange meeting, about the streets where they walked careless of all comment, about the Athenæum in whose little dusky alcoves they sought sure refuge with the books.

But there were other times, we know, when, even dominated by Poe's personality, Mrs. Whitman felt only weariness and doubt. It had come too late, this call for the despal of all glad and giddy dangers. To sustain their love she must go unconscious of its perils; and at last she knew herself betrayed by the traditions of her flock. The custom of her kind held her to her dovecot. She, too, had the habit of low flight.

III

Sensitive in all his apprehensions, Poe was quick to take her indecision as personal distrust. Security to love. Was that then what she wanted? The very word was mockery of passion that drew exhilaration from the height and depth of risks. It was no promise of a settled calm that he had offered her. Nor had it been tranquillity that she had longed for, when she had written her first daring, breathless note.

She had no answer to his charges. What had looked like bravery she now admitted had been rashness, since she had been wrong in thinking that she had sufficient courage to follow to the end. But if she had erred in impulse, she was now right in judgment. The future held no peace for them together. Too many and too strong were the forces which assailed it. Let them keep what they had in all the beauty of its unfulfillment, unmarred by cruel test.

Sentimentalism if you like. But it was also the pathetic inhibition of the Puritan which, long after he had ceased to give to God his great possessions, urged him for very thrift to put away in dark safe-keeping whatever gave him most delight. To have, but not to use; above all, not to use 'for common.' This prompting is an old New England instinct. To lock up, to fold and put away whatsoever things are frail and delicate and lovely. Not to risk them. To get satisfaction only from the knowledge of one's ownership, not from the feel and touch, the wear and tear of daily use. And somewhat as if it were a priceless piece of lace, Mrs. Whitman wished to put away her love.

It was not to be expected that Poe should see the beauty of such preservation. As she faced him with entreaties, he must have bent upon her figure, slight and supplicating in its thin, sprigged muslin, a contemptuous face.

Perhaps, with her high spirit gone, she lost her radiance and annoyed him by a dullness as chastened and subdued, as remote from actual brightness, as the sedately darkened parlor in which they had 'high words.' None the less he argued with her in a low, rapid voice. In an attitude of wistfulness, a pose of resignation! With a sneer he must have told her that it was not so he saw himself. Nor would he choose to think of her with her resistance turned to mawkishness like any female in a sampler, languishing beneath a weeping willow that drooped above the tombstone of departed love. A silly posture, one not demanded of her save by those who did not matter. No, her desire to make of love so prodigal a gift to prudence was cowardice and nothing else.

Poe was surely not to blame for his impatience. Mrs. Whitman did not wish to marry him; but with the future bleak and chill before her, she did not wish to lose her hold on love and all its warmth. But since he was to fight against her stubborn caution and half-measures, he was to blame for the stupid means he took. He wished no weak capitulation of her fears, but their swift conquest. And yet he tried a swift, tumultuous storming, not the slow persuasion of a siege. With violence and angry words he railed against the meddling of officious friendships, he railed against her mother's natural solicitude. As a catchall for gossip and malicious hearsay, he railed against her love. He was, in short, the Raven; and now that she had transformed herself to prey by her attitude of flight, he swooped down with a savage pounce.

For a time it seemed likely that he might win by his sheer violence. To succumb to this strange antagonist, who had so lately been her lover, had its terror. But still more terrifying was it to resist. She knew, for resistance she had tried. And before she could re-

cover from the scorn that overwhelmed her, Poe had left her, he had taken poison in his desperation, he had recovered and, swift in his renewed resolve, he had returned from Boston and stood insistent at her door. Again she had nerved herself to a repulse. Again he had left in anger, but this time for a barroom where he sought forgetfulness in drink. The next day he returned after a drunken and disheveling night.

Of his behavior at this time it is best to give her own account. 'He came alone to my mother's house in a state of wild and delirious excitement, calling upon me to save him from some terrible, impending doom. The tones of his voice were appalling and rang through the house. Never have I heard anything more awful, awful even to sublimity. It was long before I could nerve myself to see him. My mother was so moved by his suffering that she urged me to soothe him by promising all that he might require of me. After he had been in the house two hours I entered the room. He hailed me as an angel sent from heaven to save him from perdition, and clung to my dress so frantically as to tear away a piece of the muslin that I wore.' So it was that Mrs. Whitman promised to become his wife.

It is easy to imagine that the news spread quickly through the city, and that it was spurred on by each who felt that it proved his judgment right. Neighbors undoubtedly had seen Poe come — and in those weeks with what grimness and what eager fascination they must have watched for his swift passage by their doors. This time they had undoubtedly detected, too — well, something just a little strange in his demeanor and in the piteousness of his white face. He had looked wild — they could not bring themselves to use so coarse a word as drunk. They had seen him go into the house, and then for hours they had learned nothing further, though

those who had gone by upon some trifling timely errand returned to say that they had heard strange terrifying cries. Was it not natural, once Poe had taken leave, that they should go over to make sure that nothing was the matter, and that in return for their solicitude they should discover just how much the matter was?

I think that Mrs. Whitman did not tell them. Exhausted by the scene and by her forced commitment, she must have sought the peace of her own room. Yet she was not too far to hear her mother's overtones. 'Yes, Helen at last has given Edgar her consent.' For all her shame at his loose habits, I am sure that the old lady liked a patronizing intimacy with his name. It was something after all to have her daughter desperately loved and sought by the maddest genius of his time. 'Yes, Helen has given Edgar her consent. What else was there to do about it?' For the way to soothe a lunatic was to humor him, and defenseless women as they were, they had been forced to yield. Fortunately, however, she had seen that Helen had proposed a difficult condition. Let Poe once again yield to his vice, let them even hear a rumor of his drinking, and there was to be an end to the engagement. There was a loophole, and on that, she acknowledged, she had fixed her eyes.

Did Mrs. Whitman also so regard it? Certainly there were no auguries of happiness. Pressure was being brought to bear upon her from all sides, pressure to convince her that there was no need of loyalty to a forced bond. Her family, her friends were playing on her nerves and on her scruples, sometimes with cant and specious arguments, more often with moralities and wise old saws. Undoubtedly she learned that she had picked up a crooked stick. Even Poe could give her faith but scant assurance. He wrote her that

he was pursued by dread and that he placed the weight of his regeneration on her frail shoulders. Yet at this time Mrs. Whitman seems to have developed a soft stoicism. Sure that she alone could save Poe from his dissipations and so restore a dignity and beauty to their love, she had apparently lost all her self-concern. She was secure at last from gossip, from all save Poe's failure to sustain her faith.

Then suddenly she knew the paralyzing truth. Poe had returned to Providence to lecture, but this time with the intention of compelling an immediate marriage. Desperately he wanted to make sure. And almost before she was aware of his determination, the license had been taken out, the banns were all but published, plans for a simple ceremony had been made. It looked, indeed, as if she were to break with her old standards and associations and put her courage to the final proof. And then, at the eleventh hour, the afternoon before her wedding, she had come in to find the parlor outraged by the stale, sweet reek of wine and by a wildly pacing figure whose voice in greeting her was dulled and thick. The exhilaration of certainty so near at hand had been too much for him. This time it was happiness which Poe had drowned in drink.

The next day he was remorseful, panic-stricken. It was atrocious, abominable, this affront which he had put upon her trust. But he assured her that this was something quite apart from his love and from his need of her. If only he were sure of her, it was a craving which together they could still.

But Mrs. Whitman knew that she had failed. She was free, free save of the flood of memories that broke upon her; the brief and unexpected glamour of the first encounter, the impatience of the silent months of waiting, the frank delight in a companionship which had

known no silly reticence, and which, if it took its charm from their mutual attractions, took its vigor from their minds. There was, too, the recollection of her first glad pride in this man's recognition of her little talent and her still greater pride in his wish to identify her future with his own. And above all, if there had been terror, there had been intensity. In the dull years ahead, with gratitude she would remember that. Yet she could not at that moment, when reality was gone. The old laws now met with vindication. She had met him; she had lost him. She was ready for her gray and black.

But there was still before her the ceremony of renunciation, the full Victorian close. She must see Poe, she must return his letters and all that he had given her. A rude break was unseemly, and it was required of her that she should say farewell. Apparently, however, she felt that she could not bear the torture; for before she came into the room where Poe was waiting with entreaties, she had drenched her handkerchief with ether, a wise precaution against the moment when the pain should grow too great. What happened thus she never clearly knew — not in all those after years of recollection. But as she lay half-fainting on the couch, she must have felt the background of the stiff familiar room, a strangeness in its chill composure. She must have seen at times a white, a piteous face that bent above her own. Certainly she heard at last a bitter agonizing cry that rent and tore her consciousness. For to Poe's appeal she knew that she had given a reply.

"I love you," she stated wistfully, 'were the last words I said.'

How much she loved him she had later chance to prove. For Poe, indignant at her mother's interference and at her own failure to reply to his one broken-hearted letter, expressed

his resentment to her friends and spoke of Mrs. Whitman with a deep contempt. Henceforth he had determined, so he said with the quaint stiffness of his time, 'to flee the pestilential society of intellectual females.'

But if Mrs. Whitman had been vacillating in their days of courtship, she now showed herself as gallant under the attack. Some eager and pathetic efforts she did make — not to win him back, but to bring about an understanding. Her poems she knew that Poe from curiosity would read, and read perhaps with intimate interpretation. But to these she got no answer save what she herself professed to find in 'Annabel Lee,' the highborn lady of whom Poe found himself bereft by the machinations of her heartless kinsmen. With no surer sign of peace between them, she met Poe's bitterness with a proud silence and with a devotion that was to last her all her life.

When, moreover, Poe had died and she was free to act, she became his open champion in the lists. Nor was there affectation, posing, or self-consciousness to her defense. She, surely, was equipped with knowledge both of the author and the man; and no sooner did she hear of an attack than for combat she flew bravely out. Her mother and her friends, did they speak of him with condescension or contempt, she drove quickly back discomfited.

In her book, *Edgar Poe and His Critics*, she defended Poe from a malicious charge; she beat off the calumnies and lies of his chief enemy, Griswold. No one, in fact, could treat of him with less than praise unless he wished to meet her challenge. And Poe — if he had known, I think he must have recognized at last a dauntlessness about his Dove. I think he must have lost his sneer a little in his smile at the fierce loyalty of her defense for her lost Raven.

TEN DAYS IN OSSETIA

BY ROBERT PIERPONT BLAKE

I

ON a chilly June morning in 1918 the call of a maid roused me from a feverish sleep. After a hasty toilet, I shouldered my roll of blankets and a hand bag, and passed through the slumbering house out on to the deserted streets of Vladikavkaz, the capital of the Terek district in the Northern Caucasus. The streets were deserted, with the exception of the scattered figures of the burgher guard. Only the murmur of the restless Terek woke the silence of the night.

Six mortal weeks had I vegetated in this pretty town, whither I had come on my way from Bolshevik Petrograd to Socialist Tiflis. My place had been taken in the diligence for Tiflis; but the Turks had begun their advance on the city the day before I was to start, and I had deemed it the part of wisdom to wait a bit and see what would ensue. The Turkish advance had been stopped, but the Transcaucasian federation had broken up. Three independent republics, Azerbaijan, Armenia, and Georgia had taken its place, and 5000 Germans had entered Tiflis.

At length I got word that I might come to Tiflis and work over my Georgian manuscripts without molestation; but by this time the conditions on the ordinary route — the Georgian military road — had become very unsafe. The Ingushi, — a branch of the Chechens, — who live on the foothills to the east and north of Vladikavkaz, were plundering all travelers, and those

who got through to Tiflis left everything save their underclothes en route. I had no great objection to losing my garments, but I did not wish to lose my notes.

From this impasse I was rescued by the arrival of an Ossete friend, whom I had known well in Petrograd. The Ossetes are a tribe of Iranian origin, who dwell on the slopes of the Caucasus chain, in the valleys of the Ardón and the Digor on the north, and in that of the Djava on the south slope. He arranged that I should make the trip in the company of a cousin of his. This meant that I could undertake the trip without risk, and also that, in case the Teutons were too inquisitive, I could withdraw quietly and effectually.

My companions were three in number: *Imprimis*, Ivan Antonich Khetaurov, a native Ossete, once a priest and now a horse-trader. He was large and well built, slow-moving, deliberate and sage in manner, with a mass of long brown hair brushed back in a wave from his forehead. The others, his wife and her sister, round-faced, brown-eyed and -haired Ossete women, with sweet and gentle faces and plaintive expressions.

At about six A.M. there came to the door what the Russians call a telega: in other words, four elastic poles laid over axles, on which one sits sidewise, after the fashion of an Irish jaunting-car. Our baggage, plus one hundred pounds of flour, was placed in the middle, and

we disposed ourselves upon it in attitudes as comfortable and artistic as the bad roads and the timid horses would permit.

Our way led over an open plain, dotted with innumerable barrows of the bygone races who had fought and died for the possession of the 'Caucasian Gates.' Here and there were patches of green Indian corn; but for the most part it was open pasture land, which stretched out toward the low hills that hedge in the caldron-like valley of Vladikavkaz on the north, while on the south the gigantic mass of Mt. Kazbék clove the horizon.

Out of the distance there gradually appeared a line of willows; behind the willows, orchards; and ultimately we bounced into the shady streets and luxuriant orchards of the town of Ardón. It is an Ossete custom not to eat in the morning: a highly laudable one, but painful till one becomes inured to it. By the time we had drawn up in the yard of a relative of Ivan Antonich's, I felt that food was desirable. We were received with acclaim by a numerous family, and after a short wait were honored with an Ossete collation — bread, salt cheese, young onions, cucumbers, and beer. Ossete beer is not bad, but entirely lacks carbonic-acid gas. It takes time to get used to it.

About four o'clock we left, in the middle of a violent thunderstorm, and rode southwestward over a trackless, grassy plain, to Alagír, our destination for the night. The horses, which had trotted briskly enough in the morning, began to show signs of fatigue. A vigorous conversation in Ossete on the part of my companions elicited the fact that our postillion had neglected to feed them; furthermore, the money which was to have been expended for corn had gone into the driver's pocket. The beasts began to go slowly and yet more slowly, and at last we were forced to

lead them by turns, which involved taking a mud-bath all round. We rolled into Alagír as the night fell.

Alagír is a place that is famed for its pears, and the whole village is embowered in a jungle of fruit trees.

Next morning we started for our initial destination, the village of Zaramág, high up in the mountains. To obtain what in Russian parlance is termed a phaéton proved impossible, and we were obliged to charter a conveyance, high *brichka-Americanice*, a prairie schooner, quite innocent of springs.

Our line of march was the Ossete military road, which runs from Ardón to Kutáís in western Georgia. The road has had no military importance for a considerable period and its condition leaves much to be desired.

The prairie schooner bounced from rock to rock, and we tried in vain, by cutting branches and grass, to form some sort of cushion to avoid the shocks.

The road was divinely beautiful all the way. We followed up the valley of the Ardón and soon passed into a gradually narrowing gorge, clothed to the very summit of the cliffs with a luxuriant deciduous verdure. At length the great limestone crags in places almost perpendicularly overhung the rushing brown waters of the river. Every little nook and cranny in the cliffs was filled with vegetation. Great masses of rock campanulas depended from the cliff sides; ferns and cryptogams crowded every reachable crevice. The road ran, for the most part, high above the torrent, but now and again descended almost to its borders.

Of travel there was little. Now and then we met a man on horseback, or foot-passengers, for the most part loaded with sacks of corn, which they were carrying into their homes in the mountains. The Caucasian chain for the

most part is densely populated, and the arable land is not sufficient to raise grain for the population. In normal times they exchange their products, such as cheese, butter, wool, and wood, for grain from the plains. In other cases, they take service and send home their wages, with which their relatives purchase the extra food needed. With the dislocation of transportation all over Russia, however, normal traffic has been interrupted. Hence those who need grain must needs fetch it for themselves.

This mighty gorge extended for almost one third of our day's journey—thirty-six miles; then we passed into a strip of territory almost waterless and barren. Sage brush and aromatic vegetation, such as is characteristic of semi-arid countries, took the place of the luxuriant foliage of an hour before. The huge cliffs gave place to steep slopes covered with scrub and sparse grass. After passing a silver mine, we came to an Ossete *ail* (village), where for the first time we had a close view of the towers and fortifications that are peculiar to these places. One was reminded of San Gimignano. Square, fairly lofty towers, pierced with loopholes, rose from many of the houses; and on the opposite side of the precipitous river-bank, with a seething caldron of brown foam beneath, refuges were plastered on the face of the cliff like gigantic swallows' nests of masonry. They could not be reached from above, because the cliffs jut out, and from below ascent was almost impossible. The only thing that could eject the inhabitants would be modern artillery.

From this point our way rose into the subalpine belt. The vegetation once more became luxuriant, but the character of the flora was changed to a considerable extent. Great Caucasian lilies lifted their fairylike green stalks, crowned with a magnificent series of

golden trumpets, to a height of sometimes eight feet. Campanulas of the Alpine type made the fields and roadsides blue. Huge pink cleomes clustered among the shrubs like a swarm of gigantic rosy wasps; while among the water-courses the ghostly devils' helmets of the white aconite danced and nodded in the fresh breeze.

Our party had been increased by a new member at Alagır. This was a relative of Ivan Antonich's wife, a Bolshevik by persuasion, an engineer by profession, who was on his way to Georgia to agitate among his fellow countrymen there. He had an agreeable baritone voice, and sang Ossete songs to us. I remember a sad and plaintive chant about a maid whose lover was poor but valiant. During his absence on a foray, her parents forced her to wed another. On her way to her new home she met her lover and leaped with him from a dizzy precipice into the brown waves of the Nar.

Now and again a horseman would catch up with us, enfolded in the stiff and voluminous *burka* (felt mantle), with astrakhan cap and the inevitable rifle and dagger. One of these cavaliers had been in America, and asked me a series of naïve and touching questions about the growth and well-being of Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he had resided for a considerable time.

II

The third stage of our trip led us through an open Alpine valley, without any large vegetation save scattered groves of conifers here and there on the slopes. Our destination, as I mentioned, was Zaramág, a point on the Ardón where five rivers meet, so that it makes a natural centre from which to start to cross the main chain of the Caucasus. After thirteen hours of most excessively tiring bumping over the

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uneven road, we came in sight of the ruined castle that overlooks the scattered village. Our brichka very nearly went into one of the smaller rivers, through a plank breaking on the bridge as we went over; but, rather by good luck than good driving, the accident was averted.

I had had letters of recommendation to an Ossete, a relative of my friend in Vladikavkaz, whom one might call the squire of the town. On arriving at Zaramág, however, I found that he lived across the river, and that to make the trip that evening was somewhat difficult. 'Where shall we stay then?' was my query. 'At the first house we come to,' was the answer. 'Really,' thought I, 'are the Ossetes as hospitable as that?' I had heard much of Ossete hospitality, but had deemed the tales to be somewhat exaggerated.

True enough, at the first house we reached, the owner rushed out and led our bullocks almost by force into the court, while we ourselves were invited to enter the house. The dwelling was a one-story affair. The roof, flat and covered with earth, was supported by roughly hewn beams and trunks of trees. In the interior, with the exception of what we would call the parlor, there was no floor except the hard trampled earth. The structure was without a chimney, and without windows, barring one in the living-room.

We were seated in state in this latter room, on Ossete chairs hewn with an adze out of a tree-stump, while our host and hostess stood before us. Such is the Ossete custom. No one except an elder of the village is allowed to sit in the presence of a guest, until the guest practically forces him to do so. If the Ossete is a young man, he will not do it even then.

Our host expressed his deep regret that he had no calf or goat or sheep that he could kill for us, and asked our

pardon while he made inquiries in the village to find one, but in the course of an hour he returned without any sort of ruminant.

By this time I began to wonder what we were going to get to eat. A fourteen-hour trip, and on scanty luncheon, had created an appetite.

The ladies of our party, immediately on entering the house, had collapsed on the bed and sunk into a deep stupor. We men waited and waited, and finally in came the hostess, carrying a small table, octagonal in form, whereon were a number of what looked like monstrous griddlecakes on a large copper plate. These were symmetrically cut into triangular sections, were steaming hot, and exhaled a most appetizing odor. 'What's that?' I asked. 'Hot *khachapuri*,' was the answer. 'What is in it?' was my next query. 'Cheese,' they responded.

Then our host, whose name was Siqóëv, appeared with a bottle in one hand and a ram's horn in the other.

This was my introduction to Ossete *araq* on its native heath. Ossetia drinking is a serious affair, most carefully regulated by etiquette; and to infringe the custom is a sign of the very greatest ill-breeding. The order of toasts is immutable. First the host drinks your health, then you drink the host's, then he drinks to the health of your relatives, and you drink to the health of his. Next a toast is drunk to the health of those relatives who are absent, both his and yours; then a bumper for the benefit of those Ossetes who are on the great road, that is, not in their native homes. Finally you drink to the health of your host's wife, and after that you are free to drink as you please. If these toasts were drunk in beer, one could put up with it; but that is not good form. A man drinks them in *araq*, which is nothing more or less than corn whiskey of noticeably inferior quality.

heavily freighted with fusel oil. After ten tumblers—or rather, ram's horns—of this particular beverage, one is inclined to sleep.

Cheese-cakes and araq were all we had; but the quantity of these we disposed of would not have disgraced a squad of rookies.

We camped down for the night on the earth-floor of the hut, blankets and quilts being spread for us. The permanent inhabitants of the house were reasonably numerous; but fatigue and corn whiskey made me impervious to any kind of minor discomfort.

Next morning I crossed the river to Tsmi, where I met my new host, Ilikò Khetagúrov. Ilikò was a typical Ossete, tall, slender, broad-shouldered and thin-hipped, with a grizzled goatee beard, rather low forehead, aquiline nose, and black eyes, and with the formal, somewhat pompous yet courtly manners peculiar to the Caucasus mountains. He was fairly well educated, and had for a considerable time been a clerk in a regimental chancellery. Hence he had a good command of Russian. As the best-known man and roadmaster of the district, it fell to his lot to entertain most of the guests passing through the country. This an Ossete will do, should he bankrupt himself a dozen times in the process.

Ilikò's house was arranged more according to the European plan than those of most of his neighbors. It was a two-story affair, while bed linen, wall paper and European chairs put the stamp of civilization upon it.

With Ilikò I spent almost a week, becoming very friendly with him and with his two younger sons. By these latter I was called in as consulting expert to suggest some sort of cosmetic for his daughter, calculated to improve her complexion; went trout-fishing; hunted thieving cats with a Mauser revolver wrote down Ossete words,

collected superstitions, and consumed an indefinite amount of hot goat's milk and corn whiskey, and generally led an active life.

The Ossetes are nominally Christians, but Christians only after a fashion. They take the Christian religion easily, in so far as it does not interfere with their customs, and the priests have been wise enough to go with the stream and not to strive against it. Christianity has not succeeded in eradicating either blood feuds or sacrifices, as we shall see later on. Here is the story of how Ilikò met the devil.

It was when I was a very young man, about one-and-twenty, and I was returning from the southern slopes of the Caucasus chain to my father's home in the valley of the Nar. I had intended to make an earlier start than I did, so as to get across the pass and down into my own village before sundown; but I was delayed, and it was already dark when I reached the top of the pass. Like all the passes on the northern side of the mountain, it has a very sharp drop for a considerable distance, then an easier slope continues the way down.

Although it was very dark, and the valley had a bad reputation, still I was not particularly afraid, for I had made the trip many times and knew every foot of the way. After a prayer to Saint Michael, protector of travelers, I started down the hill. At the foot of this steep slope that I mentioned there is a little mountain meadow, perhaps fifty yards in diameter and almost circular. I had just got down to the edge of this meadow, when I saw before me a shadow moving in the darkness. I looked at the shadow carefully, and I saw that it was a man dressed in a black burka; but this man was of no human stature. He was as high as a tall man seated on horseback, and a head more than that. His back, however, was toward me.

When I saw him, I stopped for a moment and wondered what I should do. To return up the pass was not safe; to go around the meadow was dangerous, for I knew that, if I looked on his face, it would mean bad luck; so I grasped my rifle tightly, and stepped

slowly forward, keeping both eyes glued on the figure. As I stepped forward, the figure moved on in advance of me across the little meadow, and with every step that it took, it grew slightly shorter in size, so that it at length became the size of a very tall man, of a woman, of a tall boy, of a young boy, and then of an infant that can only just walk. By this time we had crossed the meadow and I saw it no more.

I was not very much worried, for I knew in general that devils haunted that valley, but that they did not bother people for the most part. I continued down the hill and finally came to a village where one of my aunts lived. Here I waited in uncertainty as to what I should do. I did not wish to go up and knock at the door, for I knew that, should I see a light, I should lose consciousness, so I stood around and waited. Fortunately my aunt happened to come out of the house. I went up and spoke to her; she invited me to come in, but I said, 'No, I will sleep on the porch here; bring me out a mattress and quilt.'

In the morning I told my relatives about it, and they said I was most fortunate. If the devil's face be turned away, the sign may mean either good or bad, or it may mean nothing at all. Should, however, his face be toward you, it means you will die within the year. Sometimes, though very, very rarely, one sees a man clad in a white burka, and that is a great and unusual sign, and it means that he who sees it will be happy his whole life through.

III

My next move after leaving Tsmi was to cross the main chain on horseback and come down to Georgian territory, into the town of Tskhinváli. As my former traveling companion, Ivan Antonich, was to make this trip, I decided to wait until he could go, and this circumstance gave me the opportunity of being the guest of honor at an Ossete religious festival, as they call it, a *quvd*. This festival was in honor of the Archangel Michael; he, and Gabriel, Saint George, and the prophet Elijah,

are the four chief figures in the Ossete religion. In this *quvd* took part the inhabitants of five villages, all situated in the Nar valley, or in those of its affluents. The village by which I was invited passes under the euphonious name of Dzatskh, and is situated on the steep hillside of the river Dzug, which flows into the Nar a mile above Tsmi.

The road from Tsmi led up a hill at an angle of about sixty degrees, and the sun, in spite of an altitude of over six thousand feet, baked like an oven. I finally reached the top of the spur, to find a large number of Ossetes clustered about in the shade of a flourishing grove of white birch trees.

Here I was greeted with acclaim by the assembled multitude. A number of rough shelters had been constructed out of birch branches, and covered with burkas and hides of sheep and cattle. Scattered round on the luxuriant green-sward were a number of mammoth caldrons, of the type in which, according to comic pictures, the cannibals used to boil their victims. Under a number of these fires were burning, and in them quarters of sheep and cattle were cooking.

I was led under one of the shelters, and we sat around and conversed on general topics. The Ossetes are much interested in what goes on in the outside world, as economic interests and frequent migration lead them to keep closely in touch with it. Many of them had spent considerable time in various large Russian centres, and quite a number of the younger men had finished the Gymnasias at Vladikavkaz or other places. Only the elderly men and guests of honor were allowed to sit under the shelters. The younger men stood around and attended to their seniors' wants.

The view was entrancing. To the south of us extended the long spur that joins the main chain of the Caucasus;

to the left and the right lay the tremendous valleys of the Nar and the Ardón, dominated to the eastward by the soaring symmetrical snow pyramid of the Tépli, and to the westward by the gigantic mass of the Adái-khokh, like a primeval Ossete *nart* (Titan) framing in his gigantic arms a snowy beard of rivers and serac-cut glaciers.

Far, far below us we could see the tiny hill of Zaramág, crowned with its ruined castle.

After resting a bit, I was invited to go up and visit the shrine. It stood just at the crest of the mountain, a small, one-room, stone-walled, roofed and vaulted structure, with a rude altar inside made out of a single block of stone, and walled around outside by a breast-high stone wall of unhewn boulders. The outside of the structure and the fence were decked with the bleached bones and horns of the Caucasian deer, tur (*Ibex Caucasicus*), bear, and others; here and there a rotten fragment of skin clung to the stones.

The two oldest men of each village in turn went into the enclosure, first, however, removing their shoes. Here they offered up a prayer, which I had repeated to me and translated, but which proved to be extempore in each case. It expressed the thanks of the village to the Archangel for the good he had sent them during the past year, and expressed a desire that this grace might be continued in the future. Then they withdrew and joined the main body. Not here was there a sign of the Christian religion, whether in emblem or in ritual.

The Archangel Michael is a weighty figure in the Ossete Pantheon. He is the bringer of rain and the protector of travelers. Ilikò recounted to me that his intercession had never failed to bring rain in time of drought, and related one instance of this from his own experience.

'I was attending a quvd in the Tsmi valley at the end of a fearful drought. We were just about to return home, when I had a glimpse out of the corner of my eye of something bright and golden flashing through the air away from our peak to a neighboring one. I spun round, and saw a figure whirling sidewise through the air, like a great dragon-fly, glistening as if it were covered with golden scales. Just as it reached the other crest, there was a stunning clap of thunder, and a fearful rainstorm began.'

After prayers, a meeting was called of all present to discuss whether or not a squadron should be raised to prevent Bolshevik incursions into the country. In the meantime the meat was cooking; when it was sufficiently boiled, the caldrons were tipped over and the broth poured out into flat wooden basins very much like old-fashioned chopping-bowls. Into each of these a handful of coarse salt was thrown, and then they were handed to each in turn, to drink from. It was not an easy job, for they weighed nearly twenty pounds and the size of the circle made it incumbent on one to tip it very gingerly, else a warm stream was likely to go down one's neck. The size of the basin, however, made it possible for each man in turn to touch his lips to a different part of the rim. The meat was then extracted from the caldrons and cut up with *kinjals* (Caucasian daggers). Beer and araq were then produced, and the feast began.

There was a cold breeze blowing, and by requesting various younger members of those present to drink certain toasts in my stead, I succeeded in staving off undue indulgence until the time came for me to leave, in order to get back to Tsmi before darkness fell. Then I found to my dismay that, before I could depart, I would have to drink a parting toast with the inhabitants of each of

the five villages in turn, and also try some of their very special beer, which had been brewed for the occasion. Five tumblers of corn whiskey, plus two of beer, was a bad foundation for a walk down the almost vertical drop that led to the valley of the Nar. In some cases, however, a special providence looks out for the traveler, as well as for other categories of humanity, and I reached Tsmi without untoward incident.

The next morning I said my good-byes to Ilikò, and started for Dzatskh, whence I was to take my departure over the main chain. We were held up a day in view of the fact that a fourth horse could not be found.

I did not much regret the delay, for the situation of the village was entrancing. There were only eight houses, which were stuck like swallows' nests on the precipitous hillside. Waving fields of grain covered every available inch of earth. Above the ravine swayed a cool gray-green pine and larch forest, above which the white shoulder of the Tepli pierced the heavens. The houses rose in terrace form, and here I sat and smoked with the elders, while the boys ran back and forth with smouldering branches, to coax the reluctant pipes into a blaze once more.

When the time came to start, there was no saddle for my horse, and it was necessary for me to do the next twelve miles bareback. We turned up the valley of the Dzug, on which Dzatskh is situated, and made our way up a narrow gorge, filled with luxuriant and supremely beautiful Alpine vegetation: part of the way among the boulders of the river-bed, and then again high up on the slopes.

As we ascended, the valley gradually opened out and terminated in two great *cirques*, or, semicircular valley-heads. At this point, abutting directly on the main chain, there was a large aúl, also called Dzug, where we spent the night.

On starting from Dzatskh we had had no breakfast and only a slice or two of bread and some cheese on the way up, so that, by the time we got to Dzug, my appetite would not have disgraced a wolf. And I was not displeased to note a sheep killed for our benefit. As a mark of particular esteem, the beast's throat was cut in our presence, and the animal was flayed before us. The tit-bits, such as the heart, tongue, liver, and sweetbread, were roasted on a spit. The rest of the sheep was boiled whole. The inevitable araq and khachapuri made up the balance of the meal, which was shared by most of the village as well.

It is amazing how rapidly the human stomach can accommodate itself to a prandial arrangement of this type, and likewise how valiantly a man can eat under such circumstances. I estimate that I devoured about one quarter of the sheep at that sitting.

The next morning we were under way about nine o'clock, this time with a saddle beneath me. The trail led along the farther cirque, through magnificent Alpine meadows covered with a dainty mosaic of white valerian and pink pyrethrum, and zigzagged upward along a rocky slope covered with marvelous electric-blue gentians of a type which I had thought peculiar to the Engadine. Here and there low patches of Caucasian rhododendrons, with their beautiful cream-colored corymbs and dark green foliage, were visible. We crossed the tail of several snowdrifts, and swung round a small snow-lake, then zigzagged up a steep snow-slope to a narrow flat shale ledge at the top, whence we beheld the upper waters of the Rachá River and the rolling forest-covered foothills, which slope down into the plains of Georgia. Far to the southward the tree-clad slopes of the Anti-Caucasus blocked the horizon, shimmering in the haze of the noonday sun.

We were continually meeting travelers, all of whom were laden with sacks of corn, which they were bringing up from the lower levels.

The southern slope of the pass was formed by a tremendous slide of shale covered with masses of purplish brown fritillarias. It dropped almost perpendicularly for three thousand feet or more, and down it the path swung. We scrambled down into a luxuriant valley, abounding in rank Alpine vegetation, into which numerous cascades dashed. Here we stopped at a spring to eat, washing down our simple food with cold water sucked up through the stems of burdock leaves.

Our way led down the river for several miles, then climbed the eastern slope of the hills; and after swinging round several spurs, dropped down into one of the affluents of the Jáva River. The vegetation had already changed from subalpine to that of the lower levels — Caucasian azaleas, and mullein, wild cherry, chestnut, and spruce, which last we had not seen at all upon the northern slopes.

Toward sundown we reached a small Ossete village called Tli, wedged into a deep ravine, where we stayed for the night. Going on the next morning, we discovered that our hospitable hosts had extracted from our pack during the night about half the bread that I had

had baked for the trip. This infringement of Ossete custom made my companions extremely angry, and they declared that they would spread the story far and wide among their compatriots on their return.

The rest of our journey lay through thickly forested valleys, in and out over small spurs, through broad sun-scorched meadows to the river Jáva, which we reached at the village of the same name. Here again my foreign appearance caused considerable excitement, and we were forced to attend a village meeting, at which I was requested to show my passport: some of the inhabitants were of the opinion that I was Prince George Machabéli in disguise. The said esquire had been, that spring, dispossessed of his estate, which lay not far from Tskhinváli, just on the edge of Ossete territory. When, however, the land committee went to take possession of the estate, the prince and his retainers met them with a machine-gun, and the committee returned home in a somewhat perforated condition. My passport, however, with its red American seal, produced the desired effect, and we continued our trip without incident to Tskhinváli, where with cordial leave-taking, I parted with my two companions to complete my journey by a four-hour drive to the railroad at Gori.

HAVE WE KEPT THE FAITH?

BY ROSE PEABODY PARSONS

We are a pretty comfortable people. The farmers have their troubles, and some of us complain a good deal that labor is unreasonable. But profits and returns are high; there is food enough to eat what we can and to waste the rest, just as we have always done. We are building houses, comfortable ones, and the figures of our incomes are rising. Yes, we are pretty comfortable.

But as a people we are not happy. Am I wrong in thinking that our faces show it? Everyone is apt to be a little more excited than he was back in 1914, a little more nervous. Watch the crowds in the streets. There is more agitation and more unrest. We are impatient with the papers, which tell us all sorts of disagreeable things about the world. We are irritated with Europe, obstinately dilatory about putting her house in order.

Memories of the war crop up. We suppress them. Books and articles dealing with the war we simply won't buy. We have had quite enough of such unpleasantness. Yet we don't enjoy ourselves. Why is it, we wonder, that young men don't talk about their war experiences as their fathers always talked of what they did in the war between the States. The Legion even finds it hard to keep a full membership. And yet America did pretty well in the war. We were amateurs, but in a large way we did the business like professionals. Everybody who was 'over there' remembers that the American name stood high. We used to square our shoulders, not without satisfaction.

Things are different now. If we are more comfortable, we are not so proud. It was seven years ago that we started out to save the world. Well, the world is not saved, and we have stopped working to save it. Something is wrong, and we cannot enjoy ourselves as we have every right to do. I think of these things, and I remember my own experiences — experiences of one among thousands.

I was attached to a Mobile Unit, a hospital which received nontransportable wounded, and was stationed as far forward as possible, to diminish the delay before operation. It was under canvas so that it could be moved along at short notice. We were in five campaigns with the American Army, and ended in Germany in the Army of Occupation. It was a wonderful experience, but one so horrible that up to now it has been difficult to talk of it. Of course we had the very worst side of the war, seeing it almost entirely from a hospital point of view and but rarely coming in contact with the slightly wounded.

During the battles there would be row upon row of men on stretchers, lying about waiting to be admitted, some unconscious, others in agony, and still others helpless, but willing to talk and joke. One day a division which was encamped in a near-by wood sent over a band to cheer up the wounded. A good many had just come in and were lying about everywhere on stretchers. They were all much cheered to hear the music, and one boy, his face and arm

swathed in bandages, called to me, 'Say, Miss, can I have the next dance?' Another night, after a rush of wounded, I was walking about among them and noticed one who seemed in bad condition. I went to find a doctor to see if anything could be done, and when I came back the boy had died. Without struggle of any kind, he had just gone out; not even the boy lying beside him had known that he was dead. Alas, they did not all die like this!

Our first baptism of fire was on the night of July 14, 1918. We were attached to the Forty-second Division and about eight miles behind the lines. We had been warned that the Germans might possibly break through here, so we were all prepared to evacuate at a moment's notice. Shortly before midnight the barrage started in the distance, gradually getting nearer and nearer, and at twelve-ten the first shell whistled over our heads. It was thought to be gas at first, but, after a few minutes in gas masks, orders were sent around that there had been a mistake and masks were removed with much relief. We were ordered to the dug-outs, and all the men who were then in the hospital were carried down there on stretchers. After a short time the wounded began to come in, so we went up to the wards, and the operating-rooms started working at top speed.

The shock ward filled up rapidly with men who were in too serious a condition to be operated on. Their clothes had to be cut off, and they were given transfusions and infusions and in other ways resuscitated. Some of the men who were almost pulseless would react at once to heat alone. As there were no electric heaters, candles were rigged up in tin boxes and put under the beds. These, with the aid of hot-water bottles, would sometimes bring a man back when he appeared almost dead. They were terribly wounded, some of

them delirious, groaning and shouting, and others would be put to bed only to die. The whole scene was a nightmare.

Meanwhile the shells were dropping nearer and nearer. While walking through a corridor I happened to look out just as a shell crashed in a near-by field. A great cloud of dirt was blown into the air, but no further damage was done. The next two fell in the hospital grounds, and by this time it was impossible to continue operating. Everyone was ordered to the dug-out and the wounded were carried down; but before they were all moved one of the wards was hit and two of the men were killed in their beds. The dug-out was so packed that it was almost impossible to find one's way about. There was a candle here and there, and some of us threaded our way among the men, giving morphine and helping them out in any possible way. One man showed me a large gash in his arm where he had just been hit up in the ward; his other wound was so much more severe that this was a mere scratch. Before morning two more men had died.

At seven o'clock we were ordered to evacuate the hospital, and it was a relief to breath the fresh air again. The wounded were sent back in ambulances, and the nurses and doctors followed in trucks. We went back to an evacuation hospital where we passed the next twenty-four hours, and then on a bit further where we set up our own hospital. As we were quite far behind the lines in this place, we did not have the desperately wounded, and it was a relief to see that there were some men only slightly injured, and not all in the desperate condition we had seen up to then. We had two young boys come in, who had circumvented the enlistment law; both were badly wounded. One of them remarked with a groan, 'If I had known how terrible it was, I sure never would have lied about my age.'

I guess there's no fun in this kind of war.' Another, who had been wounded in one eye and was in danger of losing the other, said, 'Well, I have seen enough of France, and I know what the folks back home look like, so what does it matter?'

We were in that spot for about a week and our orders came to move on. A train was to be at the little station near our hospital at midday, so, having no ambulance, we had to get the men there by loading their stretchers on trucks. They lay on their stretchers at the station platform all day without a sign of a train. In the evening more orders, to the effect that ambulances would be there sometime that night. There was nothing to do but cart them back, give them their supper, and put them to bed again. The next orders promised ambulances at midnight, so we cooked a large supply of cocoa, which was administered to the men preparatory to their departure. They left us in the early hours of the morning; their cheerfulness through all this trying day never left them for a minute; all one heard was appreciation of what we were trying to do for them, no grumbling as to why they were shipped about hither and yon, getting nowhere.

Our next move was to a little place not far from Château Thierry, called Lizy, where we were stationed in a large and hideous château. The hospital was set up on the grounds and the officers and nurses lived in the château. We received patients almost at once and, as before, most of them were seriously wounded. But the same courage was shown by these men as our previous experience had taught us to expect. Not only did they suffer from their wounds, but the flies came in swarms, and made life almost unbearable, particularly for the helpless men, who could not brush them away. We had no chaplain at that time and

the adjutant, or sometimes another officer, had to hold the funeral services; it even fell to my lot to conduct it once, as the officers were so busy they could not get away.

One night we had six truck-loads of 'walking cases.' In addition to being wounded, many of them had not had a thing to eat for two or three days. All we could get for them was hot coffee and bread spread with oleo, but from the groans of joy one might have thought they had never tasted anything so delicious in their lives.

Our next camp was beside the wreck of a small town on the road to Fismes. A week before it had been the battlefield; now it was covered with 'duds,' tin hats, rifles, and all the débris of war. One day a young American boy was brought in, suffering from shock. He could hardly talk a word of English, but by the aid of one of our enlisted men he explained that he had been in No Man's Land for eleven days. There were four other men with him, they lived in a dug-out hoping that someone would come and carry them back to the lines. All were very badly wounded—this boy least; he was wounded in the knee and could pull himself about on his elbows and push with the good leg; in this way he went out and picked radishes and green apples from a neighboring field where happily he was able to find water as well. He stayed until all but one man had died, then he decided to make an effort to get somewhere. He left water and food with his friend, who was perfectly helpless, and started to crawl in the direction of what he hoped was the American trenches. By some lucky chance he got the right bearings and was welcomed back and sent on to our hospital. He gave instructions where to find the other boy, but we never heard any more about him.

As I walked about among the men

finding out how they were and chatting with them, I was often greeted with answers like this: 'I'm getting on fine, batting about 800. Fritz only got a little piece of me. I lost a toe and got hit in the leg.' As a matter of fact this boy was hit almost everywhere, in the back, leg, foot, neck, and a few other places. The day after, in answer to my inquiries he said: 'I'm right in the major league now and no one can touch me.' It was talk such as that which kept us all going, no matter how unbearable it seemed at times.

We were next ordered to the Saint-Mihiel salient where we sat perched on a hillside for three weeks waiting for the offensive. It was slack times that were almost the hardest of all. When we were busy no one had time to think, and it was far better not to be able to wonder what it was all about. We had no patients in this offensive, as most of the wounded were sent to the other side of the salient.

Our next and last move during the war was to another château, this time in the Argonne. In this offensive we really began to learn what war was. We had a great many divisions in action and here our losses were heaviest. Although we had dimly appreciated the horrors of war, we had not up to now realized how indescribably terrible it could be. After each attack we would have load after load of desperately wounded, some of them dead before they arrived, others dying shortly afterward. At times, one's state of feeling was that it did not matter how the war ended so long as it ended that minute. One could not bear to have any more of these young, healthy men die with their lives ahead of them and their families at home to live for. The men, themselves, often did not realize they were dying; they thought they were just going to sleep, and would lose consciousness and quietly go out.

They suffered far less from the mental point of view than those at home. The families are in a constant state of wondering if their 'boys' are safe; if the boy is killed, how great their misery, not only for the loss of their dear one but from the haunting questions of, Where was he killed? Did he suffer? Was anyone with him when he died? Did he send any last messages? All these things naturally rush to a mother's mind. One boy said to me, 'That's the worst part of being wounded—'cause it's so hard for the folks at home.' The first thought that a man had was that his family should not worry. If it was suggested to him that he might write a word to his family, he would answer invariably, 'I don't want them to know, they would worry themselves sick.' When they realized their families would know in any case, they reluctantly allowed one to write and say they were only slightly wounded and would be well soon.

One boy said: 'Tell mother I had one eye shot away, but I can see with the other fine, and one ear was hit, but the other works all right, and my head aches pretty bad and my stomach is pretty sick, but otherwise I'm fine and don't worry, I'll be all right.' He was most appreciative of having the letter written and when it was over he said—to me: 'If there is something you want in the States, just tell mother 'cause I know she'd love to do something for you.' Other men desperately wounded would say: 'I've just got to get well. It would kill mother if anything happens to me.' We finally acquired a chaplain and one day he was reading the Bible to a boy who was hopelessly wounded; both legs had been amputated, and there was little hope of his recovery; the chaplain came to where 'the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.' The boy looked up at him and said: 'That's just what

I've done, have n't I, so my wife and kids will have a better place to live?'

Here is a letter from a mother whose son died in our hospital.

'Your kind and welcome letter received and was glad to have you write and tell me of my son's death. I had got the information from Washington, but thought there might be a mistake somewhere. But I am happy to think that I had a son to give, as I know he died for a good cause, and am glad to hear that he died bravely.'

Not only were the men's mothers imbued with the idea that their boys died for a great cause, but the whole family were proud to have someone to give for their country.

This next was from one of the men's sisters: 'Your letter of September 28 was received to-day by mother. She was glad to hear any word of Fred. She asked me to thank you for her. I take pleasure now in so doing, for Fred was a wonderful brother and man. His death was a hard blow to us all, but we know he died a glorious death for a most righteous cause.'

Many people scoff at the idea that we went to the war for anything but selfish purposes; but certainly many of the men felt that they were fighting for something higher, and their families backed them up. Here is one mother who, though she gave her only son, and was overcome with grief, yet felt that her son had died that the world might be better.

'Please accept my thanks for the kindness shown to my son. Would it be asking too much of you to try and find a picture of my only boy in uniform, and please write and tell me more about him in his last hours. Did he suffer much, and how was he wounded, and in what battle, and when the battle was? Miss Peabody, I am almost frantic with grief, for he was all the child I have. Of course, it was a

noble cause that he gave his life for, but oh, if he could have lived to enjoy what he fought for; but he never did think of himself, it was always others. He told me he wanted to go over there to fight for freedom so it would be a fit place for our mothers and wives to live in. They celebrated the great news of Germany's surrender yesterday. While I am so sad, I could not help but be glad this world-wide war was over for the sake of other wives and mothers. . . . My sincerest thanks for what you have done for my only boy. I gave all.'

One young officer who was hopelessly wounded seemed to have no idea that he was dying. We knew that it would make his last hours terribly unhappy, so we did not tell him. As I was talking to him he said: 'I wrote a letter to my mother just before I went into the fight. I just told her what a good mother she had been to me, and now it won't have to be posted, because I'm going to get all right.'

Here is another typical letter from a mother: 'We received your most welcome letter from France, and we thank you one and all from our hearts for the information you have given concerning the death of. . . . I am glad and thank God he had such a quiet peaceful death. It is a very hard thing for a mother to realize and believe when she cannot be with him in his last moments, but still we hope to meet in another world and I am proud to give up my only boy to his country, and that alone is a great consolation.'

The officer who wrote this letter was brought in during the battle of the Argonne. He was suffering a great deal, but never a murmur or complaint to show his agony, and this might be said of almost all the men who came in. He was taken in to the resuscitation ward, as he was too sick to be operated on at once, and there he was treated, with hope that his condition might improve.

He asked what his chances were of pulling through and he was told that they were a little against him. Everything that was done for him he appreciated, and he put up a great fight. He asked me if I would send this letter to his wife in case he died, and as he dictated this to me he said: 'We have been married only a year and a half, but we have been so wonderfully happy. I am so thankful even for that short time of happiness.' He was only twenty-one, and so full of health that we felt he could not and must not die; but when I went into the ward the next morning, his bed was empty, he had died in the early hours of the morning. Here is his letter:—

'My darling brave sweetheart, —

'Please don't worry about me, darling, because I am in good hands; I was hit this morning, and am now away down from the front in a nice warm bed. I am going to be operated on in a few minutes, and I feel fine. I have been hit by two pieces of shell, and the only thing is, it hurts a little bit once and a while. I was behind an American tank when some German shrapnel came overhead and got me in the chest. Darling, I make my hope all for the future happiness of us. Good-bye, God bless you.'

This is the answer I received from his wife: 'I cannot express in words my gratefulness to you for the letter you wrote me when my husband died. So many boys have left us and all we know is that they have died, but your kind

letter is so comforting. I have so much to be thankful for, in just knowing he was in a warm bed, and just fell asleep.

'Your letter was the first notice I had received of his death. The last letter I got from him was written September twenty-sixth. He was then leaving for the front and he was wounded October fourth. All the time he has been there, in nearly every letter he has warned me of the chances but always reminded me that if anything should happen it would be for the best. But I have felt so sure he would be spared for Baby and me, and our little home. Now we know that he is n't very far away from us, and is just waiting for us to come to him. But oh! it's so lonesome when I think that he is n't coming home. . . . But for the note he dictated I'd have hopes of probably his death being a mistake; but his note was like his letters, always thinking of my happiness.'

Hundreds of thousands of us saw these horrors and worse. However we refuse to talk about them, however tightly we lock their remembrance in our breasts, they are not hidden from us. We are still shaken with that same vibration of the shock and hideousness of it all. We think of those who bravely died. We think, too, of our dead selves who once vowed that these others should not have died in vain. Can we, dare we, travel our smooth road farther and farther away from those great peoples of the earth whose companions we once were?

A WEEK-END WITH CHINESE BANDITS¹

BY LUCY TRUMAN ALDRICH

PEKING, CHINA
May 20, 1923

MY DEAR SISTER, —

I suppose if I am ever going to write you about our adventure I'd better begin at once, as I am getting to the place where I want to put the whole thing out of my mind, for a while at least. Of course, for the rest of my life, when I am 'stalled' conversationally, it will be a wonderful thing to fall back on: 'Oh, I must tell you about the time I was captured by Chinese bandits.' That remark, from a fat, domestic-looking old lady in a Worth gown, ought to wake up the dullest dinner party. I think I shall begin at the beginning and try to tell you everything as it happened.

We left Shanghai early Saturday morning, taking a Chinese guide with us as far as Nanking, where we changed for the Peking train. We had so much hand luggage with us, we were afraid of losing it on the ferry. With a good deal of bustle and rushing around, we finally settled down in two compartments on the Peking-Pukow express — Mathilde and I in one and Miss MacFadden in the other. The car was much the most luxurious I have ever seen in the East, quite the last thing in modern sleeping-cars, more like the Twentieth Century Limited than Chinese.

We had a very good dinner in an equally up-to-date dining car, and I

amused myself watching — and criticizing, alas! — a party of young English and American men playing poker just in front of us. They were in their shirt sleeves and the table was piled with money. When they finished, the man who won jammed a big wad of bills into his pocket and strolled out of the car, jingling silver in both hands. Much good it did him!

I had given a small S. O. dinner party the night before and we were awfully tired, so decided to go to bed early. I went to sleep almost immediately and was aroused by the train stopping with a jerk. I got up, half asleep, put on a thin silk wrapper and bed-slippers, and without speaking to Mathilde, who was over my head, went into the corridor. Everything was quiet except for a (to me) queer crackling noise outside; but no one was in sight. I was just going to open the door and go back, when Miss MacFadden grabbed me, dragged me into her stateroom, slammed the door, and said in a queer breathless whisper, 'They are attacking the train and are just outside.' I peeked out through the curtain and saw a crowd of people. It was still dark and I could only see dimly, but they seemed to be swarming into the train. Miss MacFadden put her cape around me and her coat on herself, and for a minute we sat on the berth, side by side, waiting for something to happen.

I remembered Mama's rings, — the diamond and the emerald, — took them off and put them in the toe of my bed-slipper. Then Miss MacFadden

¹ Miss Aldrich's letter, addressed to her sister, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is printed just as written, with the omission of one extraneous paragraph. — THE EDITOR.

whispered, 'They are in Mathilde's room and she is crying.' We then shrieked to Mathilde to give them everything she had and not to try to save anything; but the poor child could n't hear, and in a second they were at our door, smashing and breaking the window into the corridor. Miss MacFadden said, 'Shall I open the door?' and I said, 'Yes.' In a minute the room was filled with a wild crowd, slashing, threatening, and snatching. One man had cut his hand quite badly. He looked at it stupidly for a minute and then went on pawing things over with the blood streaming. They cut and ripped the bags open with long knives, growling like tigers. When they emptied Miss MacFadden's handbag, I saw one take the red case with my letters of credit and Japanese money, and I tore it out of his hand. Another took her precious string of jade and I managed to get it away from him, only to have it snatched in a minute by another. He bent my fingers back, and in wrenching it out of my hand, broke the string, and the beads went all over the floor. I was furious and sternly told him to pick them up. Before he realized what he was doing, he did pick up a few of them, then straightened and held a revolver at my head, while I groped for as many as I could find, myself. Miss MacFadden said she thought he was going to blow my brains out, he looked so threatening.

When they had turned everything upside down and inside out, they stood looking at the ruin to see if there was anything more to take. Miss MacFadden thrust into their hands a box of candy they had overlooked and told them it was to eat, and we half pushed them out of the compartment. We thought it was all over and Mathilde joined us, but another party of bandits came rushing in, and in spite of our protests, forced us out of the car, pistols

at our backs. One had me by the wrist and pulled me down a steep embankment at a terrific rate of speed. I do not see how I kept my feet. Although there was a moon, the light was too dim to see much, but I could feel long grass around my ankles, and knew that we were going out into the country. We kept together for a time. Poor Miss MacFadden had on mules, and slipped and stumbled so that I actually had to hold her up and keep my eyes on the ground to try and guide her into the smoothest places, but in spite of that she could n't walk.

I had planned — as soon as I had a chance — to take my rings out of my slipper, which was terribly thin, and string them on the elastic that held my wrapper around my waist. But I decided I loved Miss MacFadden more than my rings, and after she had tried walking in her bare feet and found it impossible, I tore off the elastic and tied her slippers on. Even then she could n't keep up, and the bandits kept bringing up ponies for us to ride. We always refused as we did n't want to be separated, and we feared one pony could not hold both of us. Finally I told Miss MacFadden we might as well do it sooner as later, so she was put on a donkey and they managed with great difficulty to get me on the back of a small frisky pony who plunged and kicked. When we first left the train I saw no foreigners and was afraid we were the only people taken. We passed groups of bandits sitting on the ground, sorting and dividing their loot, and at last, to my great relief, we came to some of the American men. They seemed to be taking the whole matter as a joke, and a big man was putting on a woman's green hat. Mathilde had been getting on wonderfully: she walked so well that it seemed to me she fairly pranced. I discovered afterward that she had on everything but the kitchen

stove: her shoes and stockings, her own dress, and mine — that a bandit had flung at her head in the train — over hers, then on top of that my pale-blue velvet wrapper trimmed with gray fur. She looked like the Queen of Sheba, and was so conspicuous in the dawning light, and so attracted the attention of the bandits, that I made her take it off.

I could n't notice much after I got on the pony — it was too hard work sticking on. I fortunately had stirrups of a sort tied with string to a makeshift saddle of blankets, and when my feet slipped out, as they sometimes did, I made the bandit who had me in charge put them back, notwithstanding I nearly slid over the pony's head when he went down hill and almost slipped over his tail when he went up hill, until I got the hang of it. On we went, mile after mile, the crowd of bandits around me shifting and changing. They made me think of a pack of wild dogs trotting back and forth, sniffing, growling, and snatching. I cursed the day that the love of color moved me to buy bright jade-green slippers. One old geezer eyed them longingly, but I scowled at him so fiercely that he satisfied himself with tweaking off the pink silk tassel on one side of my wrapper and then trotting around to the other side and pulling off the other. I bossed my bandit terribly. I made him lead my pony most of the time and scolded him when we went too fast. I finally got him so licked into shape that when we went down the steep places, he tried to find the smoothest way, and when we went over stone walls, he pulled the stones down so the pony would n't stumble.

It was suddenly light. I passed Mathilde on a donkey with the little Pinger boy in front of her, and shouted at her that I was glad she had him. For a long time a Chinese girl rode stolidly in front of me. I never saw her face, as she never turned. Then I was behind

the Mexican bride. I only noticed she had on woollen stockings below her knees. We were all astride, with no saddles and hardly any clothes. I came to Miss MacFadden standing by her donkey, her glasses gone and a dazed expression on her face. She had been thrown off and they were trying to put her back. I wanted to get off and help her, but they slapped my steed into a trot and I soon left her behind. From that time on I was alone with the bandits.

Our way lay through a valley of cultivated fields of rice and maize, a most peaceful place. I could see miles in front of me a stream of bandits winding over the fields and far away, — thousands of them, — they were not scattered but marched together, apparently four or five abreast. It looked Biblical. I thought of Moses leading the Israelites to the land of Canaan. We were never frightened for a minute, and I never once saw any foreigner who appeared to be. I kept saying over and over to myself, 'We are really captured by bandits and in great danger,' but I could n't make it seem true. I have a vague impression of passing many people — a Chinese boy of about sixteen supported by two bandits, apparently frightened to death; a white man sitting on the ground, vaguely looking at his bare feet, one of which seemed to be paralyzed; a Chinese gentleman holding his silk coat up around his waist like a petticoat (I was surprised to see the beautiful silk in his trousers did n't go way up, for the seat was cotton); bandits of all kinds: one type short, pale yellow, intelligent; another very tall, almost coal-black straggling hair around wild faces and thick cues flapping around their knees, — the last more like animals than human beings, — and I can't say I fancied them, but told them to 'go away' every time they came near me.

We hurried on and on, and just at sunrise came to a little sleeping mud-village. A big gaunt Chinese, the only person visible, watched the procession of half-dressed foreigners as though it were an everyday affair for him. The bandits ran into an onion patch, pulling up the onions and thrusting them into the breasts of their jackets. I shall never smell onions again without thinking of bandits. They all reeked of them. A strange atmosphere for an Oriental outrage! Not at all according to fiction! Some one in the village must have been awake, for I noticed, as we left it behind, that the bandits had kettles of hot water and dishes of hot bean-soup. They ate as they hurried on, leaving the dishes carefully by the road to be picked up by the villagers afterward, I suppose.

The bandit who led my pony, when I could persuade him to, — he preferred to drop behind and smoke, — must have been a collector, for he had found a huge white vase (imitation *blanc de Chine*) and carried it tenderly for miles. He probably will sell it later to some guileless American as a bit of Sung porcelain that he 'picked up' in Shantung.

We soon turned to go into the hills, really low mountains that rose on either side of the valley. My poor pony, who had lost his first fine careless rapture after carrying nearly one hundred and seventy pounds for miles, slipped and stumbled over the boulders. His poor little legs trembled and so did mine when they helped me off and I tried to stand after the long rough ride. The bandits wanted me to get on my pony again, but the poor little fellow was really done and I preferred to climb on my own. We started off, a bandit tugging at my wrist, which was soon black and blue, to help me up the steep wall of shifting rock and stone that rose in front of us. Some of the

time it was like trying to climb in a coal bin, there were so many loose stones. My heart beat suffocatingly. I told my captor that it was weak and that I'd probably die if I went on at that rate of speed, — a very bad thing for him if I did, — and held his dirty paw over it to show him. He was really very nice and explained to the others, by clapping his hands together very fast, how my heart was acting. He told me by signs that it was because we were so high and afterward let me rest as often as he could.

The first time I sat down, the sun was quite high and I felt it on my bare head. One of the men near me was looking over the things he had stolen and I asked him to let me take a beautiful orange-chiffon scarf he was unfolding to put over my head. To my surprise he gave it to me without a word. I saw a villainous looking Chinese with Miss MacFadden's blue georgette hat on his head, the feather waving in the breeze like the plume on the helmet of Navarre. I had spent hours over that hat, sitting on a hard chair in the little French milliner's, trying to decide if it was becoming, whether it was too heavy for her, and if the feather was the latest thing, and it was too killing to see it on the head of that dirty wretch. He also sported two strings of blue beads that were Mathilde's, and three wrist-watches.

Bandits were passing us all the time loaded with loot, and they often stopped me to ask the use of things. One of them had a tube of cold-cream and wanted to know if it was to eat; but I rubbed my cheeks to show him it was a skin food only, and he threw it away. They were terribly interested in the medicine they had stolen and I was consulted about Mothersill's Seasick Remedy, phenacetine, and all kinds of drugs more or less dangerous if taken by the bottleful. I was dying to tell

them it was candy, and reduce their number by a few; but a New England conscience is impossible to live down, even in a moment of danger, and I shook my head. Lots of them wore the foreigners' felt hats, held on by winding their cues over the hats and under their chins. They loved the clocks and carried them with a swagger, swinging them from their hands like dinner-pails. I had bought lots of cross-stitch in Shanghai, and one of the bandits wore a folded tray-cloth adorned with peacocks on his head, to keep the sun off. They threw away lots of things I should think they would have found useful — underclothes and so forth — but clung to blankets and sheets. I saw a boy drinking out of my silver powder-box and carefully putting the cover on afterward.

I was never allowed to rest long at a time, but was dragged on up the hill. When we walked along a steep path above a sheer drop to the valley below, I longed to push my bandit off, for just a touch would have sent him hurtling down to sure death. His grasp on my wrist and the fact that I would probably have gone too were the only things that saved him. When we were nearly to the top, I refused to go any farther, and I sat down surrounded by ten or fifteen, they as glad as I to stop. We were right by a trace of a path and the bandits passed back and forth. Some of them had most interesting chains to fasten their tobacco pouches, very beautiful old carved nuts, and so on. One man had a lovely piece of old white jade with a carved flying-fox as a netsuke. If they had left me any money, I should have tried to buy it. I persuaded several to let me look at their things closely and they were as pleased as Punch when I admired them.

The view was magnificent, more like the Dolomites than anything I had seen. I could n't enjoy it long. It had

grown warm and one of the bandits sitting just a few feet in front of me took off most of his clothes and began killing cooties. It was an awful sight and I wondered how far a cootie could jump. We were miles up in the air and some of the village boys toiled up to us bringing small teakettles of water. I was awfully thirsty, but there was n't nearly enough to go around and they would n't give me any. They did share their food, such as it was, and gave me thin flat cakes of what looked and tasted like wrapping-paper. They offered me onions and when I refused them, one man gave me a pinch of what looked like tobacco to flavor the tasteless cakes. Papa always said I would eat anything I had n't seen before, so, true to form, I tried this and found it good though the hand that offered it was pretty dirty.

Everybody took a nap after tiffin, so I stretched myself out, my head on a rock — after rubbing my slippers with dirt to make them a little less green — and peacefully went to sleep. Suddenly someone shook me and pointed to the valley, and down we went again. It was really worse than climbing up. My man dragged me along and we slipped and slid down over the rocks. My chiffon scarf kept slipping over my face like a veil, and every time it did, the bandit put it back for me. I was very conscious of the rings in my slipper; they hurt me every step I took, but I would n't think of the pain, I was so determined they should n't get them. I did n't care so much about keeping the rings for myself as I was absolutely determined that the bandits should not have them. I thought it was such a good joke that I was walking on the most valuable thing I had and they did n't know it.

We rested for a minute under a small tree just above the village and finally went down to it. It was very quiet and

peaceful. Two old men were talking together under a tree in front of the gates and a woman was grinding corn in a primitive hollowed stone. She never even turned to look at me. The sun was very hot. The people brought me a little stool and I sat in the shadow of the gate with my back against the mud wall. Opposite me sat one of the headmen of the village smoking, while a few women and children gathered to look at the 'foreign devil.' I made them understand that I wanted something to drink and that I wanted it hot, so they sent someone to heat water. While we waited I felt a little soft touch on my arm and, turning, saw a little girl scuttling off to hide behind her mother. I tried to get her to talk to me. She would n't come but her small brother easily made friends. The man in the gate was very much pleased, as the children were his. I held up my five fingers and told him I had five nephews, showing the different heights. I saw he understood I had five sons and thought it was a great joke. I must have looked pretty wild, as the grandmother of the village brought out the village comb and wanted me to comb my hair. I wish you could have seen it. It was made of wood and looked more like a zoo than a comb. I'm sure if she had put it down, it would have run back to its place on the shelf. I politely declined, the only thing I refused to take from the Chinese women; they were so kind and gentle that I hated to hurt their feelings. When the pot of hot water arrived, I gulped it down though the rice bowl that held it had evidently been used for bean soup. They washed it out before handing it to me, but the rim was still beany and sticky.

I saw a small boy of ten with a little silver fan of mine and borrowed it to keep the sun out of my eyes. He was very proud of it and quite courtly about letting me take it. He was a bright lit-

tle chap and understood English very well. After he appeared on the scene, he acted as my interpreter for the few minutes longer I staid in the village. Lots of the bandits understood and spoke English, when they wanted to.

Suddenly they pulled me to my feet and motioned that I must go on again. I was frightfully tired and they brought out a chair and tied poles to it to carry me; but the poles were too short and it was too difficult climbing up and over the stones, so they soon abandoned it, and dragged me on. The reason for our haste was the fact that the soldiers were coming up back of us, near enough for the shots to sound loud even to my deaf ears, and looking back once, — I did n't turn again, — they seemed only a few yards away.

We went up a different hill this time, not quite so steep but steep enough, running and stumbling on. Every time the soldiers fell back a little I'd drop to the ground, turn my back, and go to sleep. I thought if I were going to be shot, nothing I could do would keep it from happening, and it would be much nicer to die in my sleep. When the soldiers got too near for comfort, they would wake me up and drag me on. Occasionally one of the wild type of bandit, like a black leopard without the 'bien soigné' look a leopard has, would run up behind me and push me on violently for a few yards, with his gun at my back. But they would soon tire and leave me to the old man who had led my pony. He was really kind though he growled like a tiger and threatened me with his pistol when I did n't go fast enough to suit him. I knew it was all bluff and it did n't impress me in the least. I scolded him once or twice and told him to stop, but that did n't seem to impress him.

We finally reached the top of the hill, quite flat, covered with sparse grass and a few scattered rocks and

stones. We all sank down, completely tired out. There were several stone huts and some of the bandits crawled into them — refuges for sheep, I think. Though they were so small that only their bodies were sheltered, they were an escape from the sun and I wished they had offered me one. I pillowed my head on a stone, drew my cape over my head and went to sleep again. I was perfectly convinced that we were in for a week or two at the shortest and wanted to save my strength. It was so high the wind blew cold, and I asked a bandit to give me the white counterpane he was sitting on — part of his loot. He gave it up very reluctantly and never left my side until he got it back. It was an old-fashioned honey-comb spread, like the ones I used to see at my grandmother's when I was a child. I wonder where it came from.

I could n't sleep long; my Chinese friends kept shaking me unceremoniously to ask me questions. Though we were miles from the village, one man I had never seen before woke me up, held up his hand with five fingers spread and pointed at me with questioning pride. I started to explain that I had five nephews, not sons; but remembering the Chinese reverence for the mother of many sons, decided to adopt the boys thrust upon me and lose my reputation as well as everything else I had brought with me to Shantung. Doctor Houghton told me afterward that probably the tale of the size of my family had gone all over the country.

I had no sooner dozed off again than another bandit poked me, handed me a man's clean collar and a pencil, and made me understand by signs that he wanted me to write the word for collar. I did, then pointing at his gun I wrote GUN. In a minute I was surrounded by an admiring crowd, like children all wanting to see. One had a beautiful

new red-rubber hot-water bottle. After I had written HOT-WATER BOTTLE on the collar, they tried to have me explain what it was used for. The owner pretended to drink out of it, but I shook my head. Then he held it to his mouth and blew to ask if it were a cushion. Again I shook my head and said 'hot water,' which they seemed to understand. I then held it first to my stomach and then to my ear, with groans and grimaces of imaginary pain, and they finally got it through their heads, to our mutual delight, what the thing was for. The owner loved it and was terribly afraid someone would take it away from him.

As they squatted around me in a circle, all of us laughing, an awfully nice-looking young man joined us. He was neatly dressed, about twenty-five or thirty, I should think, — though it is difficult to tell the age of a Chinese, — and evidently a person of authority. The other men were more or less stolid, some of them badly frightened when the soldiers came too near, but he seemed to have a real flair for adventure and was having the time of his life. He pointed proudly to the soldiers' hats and jackets he and one or two of the others wore, and held an imaginary gun to his shoulder. I could n't quite make out whether he was trying to tell me they had been soldiers or that they had captured the uniforms from soldiers they had just killed. I told him I was cold. He understood English perfectly, and took off his own coat and threw it around me and buttoned it under my chin himself. That left him so unprotected in the sharp wind that I did n't want to take it, and told him he would freeze, and urged him to take it back. He finally did and sent one of his men for an English coat, evidently taken from one of the men on the train. I could n't put it on over my cape and when I stood in the wind in only my

nightgown and little pink-satin wrapper, I felt so unprotected in front of my Chinese audience that I got the Bandit Chief—I'm sure he was that—to hold my cape like a screen while I put the coat on underneath. We sat down in the circle again. He took his little case out of his pocket and showed me his toothbrush and a piece of silver: fifty cents—all the money he had. He then sent for a rice bowl of bean soup, hot and good, though rather tasteless. All the bandits were constantly urging me to eat, but I was so thirsty I could n't swallow and they had n't enough water themselves to spare any for me. They offered me cigarettes too, and when I tried to make them understand that I did n't smoke, they thought it was the cigarettes I did n't like, so the Chief sent for a cigar, which I really hated not to take, he was so anxious to give me something.

Suddenly the bandit next to me jabbed his revolver against my heart. I laughed and told him he could n't frighten me that way. In a few minutes, with a frightful scowl he did it again. I laughed again. It really did amuse me, as I did n't think for a minute he would shoot me down in cold blood. The Chief patted me on the back the second time and held up his thumb above his closed fist. I will confess I was terribly pleased and flattered to have a bandit call me Number One. The chief bandit drew his revolver out of his belt and handed it to me, watching me with amused eyes. I dangled it up and down and said, 'very heavy' and gave it back. He gave it to me again; this time I shuddered and pushed it away. He showed me a jade ring that he wore, the stone turned into the palm of his hand. Although he was treating me almost like an honored guest, he was n't above pointing at me and then at the ring with an insinuating smile, to ask me if I had any. I shook

my head sadly, waving my hand in the direction of the holdup, murmured 'All gone' dramatically, and drew my feet tighter under my cape.

When he told me my slippers were too thin to walk in and tried to make me put on a new pair of Chinese shoes he sent for, I began to think he was getting too 'warm,' as they say in *Hide the Thimble*, and I looked about to see where I could put my rings. I said that Chinese feet were smaller than mine and he did n't insist, but I was afraid that the subject might come up again, and then too, my slippers were wearing through. Just beside me was a low rock split down the middle, the crack about two inches wide and four or five deep. It was an ideal hiding-place, as across the crack was a thin diamond-shaped stone that I thought would serve to mark the spot. Very quietly I drew my cape over my feet and over the stone, took off my slipper and buried the rings. I had to be very careful, as I was surrounded by Chinese, and I was relieved when it was safely done. I then stuck my feet out in front of me and innocently said, 'They are getting cold.' I did n't quite dare to suggest the Chinese shoes, but I accepted a pair of men's socks they gave me and promptly put them on. It was just about five o'clock, because one of the bandits who was wearing a wrist watch—probably looted—showed me the time. My nice bandit chief started to leave me. I felt so safe with him that I wanted him to take me with him but he smilingly shook his head. Half way down the hill he turned, and gayly waved his hand to me in parting, and I never saw him again. Before he went I told him he was much too good and bright for such work, and when I added, 'Do you understand?' he gravely bowed his head in assent. I told him he should come to America and start over again, but the thought of

how impossible that was made me dumb.

After I had finished writing words for the amusement of the bandits I wrote a note on the collar to Mr. Atkinson of the Standard Oil Company, telling him where I was, as far as I knew. I held it out to the men saying, 'Mei foo, mei foo,' the Chinese for Standard Oil in Shanghai, but they either did n't understand or pretended not to, and threw it on the ground. It was still there when they pulled me to my feet to start on again, and I had a vague hope that someone might find it and send it on.

This time the middle-aged man who dragged me off the train disappeared, and his place was taken by a younger, stronger Chinese. The soldiers must have been very near as we started down the hill at top speed. It was very steep and as I climbed down from rock to rock I felt like the human fly. The men acted frightened and the mob spirit is very contagious and I found myself hurrying, hurrying just as they did; in spite of this I could n't go as fast as they wanted me to, and my bandit insisted, in spite of my protests, on taking me on his back, not realizing how heavy I was, but he soon flattened and had to crawl out from under me. Then he dragged me on as fast as he could by my wrist. Just in front of me were two bandits, half supporting, half carrying a Chinese gentleman. He sank to the ground and the wilder of his captors began to beat him with the stick he carried. He tried to struggle to his feet and I saw his face gleam white, impassive, for a moment, and then he fell again. The men went wild and fired at his prostrate body until he no longer moved. The one who had beaten him joined my bandit in pulling me along. I soon wished him away, as he was still crazy with excitement and very rough.

When we got to the valley, they put me on a poor little donkey whose back

was already piled high with a thick pack of looted coats and blankets, with no saddle, no stirrups, and no bridle. Of course I slipped and slid. They tried to hold me on, but the rough brute grabbed my arm so hard he pulled me off instead of holding me on. I was so angry that I scolded him and he began to beat me; but my coat and cape were so thick I did n't feel it — it only made me more angry.

In back of us were the soldiers and in front of us a terrific storm was coming up — copper-colored clouds slashed with lightning. They were frightened and soon pulled me off the donkey and started running, dragging me between them and pointing to the clouds. I think I must have run a mile, panting and stumbling, before I became so exhausted even the bandits saw I could go no farther. I was streaming with perspiration and took off my cape, giving it to the kind bandit, and so thirsty that my lips were covered with a dry cottonlike substance. At last my bandit said, in perfectly good English, 'My wife lives in that village; you go there,' and gave me a little push toward a small town I had n't noticed before in the dusk. I turned obediently and trotted down between the paddy fields, thinking my two companions were of course following. In a second I found I was alone, the others having rushed on. The rain was already beginning to come down in big drops and by the time I got to the gates of the town the storm had commenced. I found myself standing or trying to stand in front of closed wooden gates set in a blank mud-wall. The gates were on a chain, and peering in the crack I could see a donkey and nothing beyond but blackness. The rain was coming down in sheets, turning the dust into a sea of liquid mud in which I slipped and slid in my thin slippers. I pounded and pounded with my hands on the closed gates, crying,

'Let me in, let me in,' but no one answered. I was soon wet to the waist and so tired that I sat down in the mud as near the gate as I could get, drawing my knees up and trying to find an inch of shelter. When it began to hail I looked about to find some place I could crawl into, as I saw there was no use trying to get into the village, though I felt sure they had heard me. There were no buildings, nothing but the blank wall; but just in front of the gate was a tiny tent-like hut thatched with straw and with straw in the bottom. I could just manage to get in on my hands and knees; it was too small to sit up in, but I curled up on my side and drew my feet in as far as I could. It was very hard to change my position, but I did it as often as possible, as I was sure I was in a dog-house and did n't want to get too stiff to kick an inhospitable dog when he came home in the morning.

The rain blew in on me; in spite of my shivers I managed to sleep a great part of the night, and when I was awake I could n't help chuckling to think that here was I, who am never allowed by my family to sleep without some one in the room next to me with the door open, — because of my deafness, — alone in a hostile China, sleeping on the ground and 'getting away with it.' Once I got so cold I backed out to have one more try at the gate. While I was pounding and shouting, I saw about a hundred yards away a group of men running and struggling. When they began shooting I realized that every time it lightened I was silhouetted against the gate, and I was afraid they would take a shot at me or else recapture me, so I ran back to my dog-house, to stay until morning, this time. I was really quite uncomfortable; my head jammed against the thatch so that it made my neck stiff and when I managed to turn, my hair caught and pulled. I was still frightfully thirsty

and tried to force my hand through the straw and get some of the hail, big as marbles, just out of my reach. I woke up at dawn with a jerk as though I had been called, and still haunted by the idea of the dog, scrambled out as best I could. No one was in sight as I walked feebly up to the still closed gates. I looked through the crack before I started to pound, and found myself gazing into the eyes of at least fifty Chinese men. I have no idea how long they had been standing there immovable, silent, waiting for the strange something that had been battering at their gates in the night to materialize. The sight of me did n't seem to reassure them, and I was the first to break the menacing silence. I begged them to let me in, trying to put a sob into my voice though I was really very much on guard, watching their expression and trying to guess their attitude. They were afraid of me, I think, and would n't open the gates for several minutes, and then not before they had searched me to see if I carried any concealed weapons. When I finally did get in, one old lady took possession of me and led me across a little courtyard to a mud seat in the opening leading to the mud houses beyond. The men lost their interest and disappeared, going out to their work in the fields, but I was instantly surrounded, altogether too near for comfort, by a crowd of women and children. The young boys, ragged and dirty, fought each other for places in the front line. Almost all were deeply pitted with smallpox, and I imagined that the few who were n't were coming down with it. My old lady was wonderfully bright or else knew a little English. She seemed to understand everything I said and told the others what to do. She smoothed my hair gently back from my face, tried to pick the straw out of it, and sat down beside me holding my hand. All the

women were terribly curious. They could n't understand why I was so white, — they were all very black, — and pawed my face, looked closely at the palms of my hands, pulled my wrapper down to pat my neck and lifted it up to look at my ankles. They were evidently anxious to see if I was white all over. I could stand that, but when they began to poke their hands in my mouth to touch the gold band on one tooth, I thought that was too much and laughingly pushed them away. They asked me in pantomime where I had slept. I pointed to the ground and they looked at each other with sympathy. A younger woman brought me food, bean broth in a rice-bowl and a Chinese biscuit of white flour to break into it, but I was so thirsty I could n't eat, and eagerly waited for the water they had made me understand they were heating for me. It was finally brought to me by an old hag (probably about my own age!) covered with rags, and so dirty. She knelt and sucked the spout of the teapot with her withered lips before she poured the water into a bowl for me. I could n't refuse to drink it — I was dying of thirst — but I had visions of coming down with all sorts of Oriental diseases if I ever got out.

All of the women I saw had tiny bound feet. Though there was no visible water to wash with and almost none to drink, most of them were comparatively neat. They had a look of being sewed into their clothes, and I wondered how long they had had them on — probably all winter. One young woman, much better dressed than the others, came for a minute to look at me from the edge of the crowd. After gazing at me curiously as though I were a captured mermaid or something equally strange, she turned away without a word. When I told Doctor Houghton about her, he said she must

have been shy, but I have an idea she was a social leader and, as the children say, 'stuck-up.'

While I waited for the hot water, an ancient man appeared, clothed in a long silk garment. I have an impression too of a hat and a venerable straggling beard, like John's porcelains. With a bow he handed me a scroll-like paper on which was a line of beautifully written Chinese characters. He gave me a block of ink and a brush and waited. I did n't know exactly what was expected of me but wrote or rather painted my name and address and with an equally low bow, handed it back. He too disappeared and I never saw him again. (It may have been the head man of the village, and this a report to the local magistrate in case of trouble.)

I had a little lace on my wrapper and all the Chinese, even the bandits, loved it and fingered it longingly. I tore off a piece with a ribbon rose, gave it to the young woman who fed me, and she carefully carried it away. They really seemed crazy about lace, and Mathilde told me afterward that she saw a young bandit wearing a real-lace brassière of mine.

I never saw such hair as I saw on one man who was combing out his pigtail. In spite of his head being shaven back to his ears, his hair — thick as a horse's tail — came below his knees.

I soon got tired of sitting up straight on a hard mud seat and being pulled and pawed, even if they were friendly. The sun was beginning to get hot too, and I had lost my scarf the night before in my wild trot to the village. My young friend stood in front of me to keep the sun off, but I could n't keep my head up any longer, and persuaded her to take me into her house to rest, which she did at last, very reluctantly. It was just a dark mud-room. The only thing I could see was the kang covered with blue covers and a lone hen in a

box. It was such a blessed relief to lie down, using my coat as a pillow and to protect my hair. I did n't even mind when the Chinese woman tucked me up with her own covers, though I remembered the tales I had been told of the vermin in the villages of the interior. I was n't troubled at all, then or ever, though I suppose I should have ultimately been a victim if I had stayed in captivity long. All the village came in squads to look at me and I found it easier if I kept my eyes closed. If they thought me asleep, the women did n't try to talk to me, and I think I really did sleep a good deal. Once I woke up to find the room crowded with men, all gazing silently and respectfully. I made the woman among them understand I could n't breathe and she shoed them out.

The Chinese in the interior are terribly curious about foreigners. Mr. Holden told me that when he went on business trips, they crowded about him so that he had almost to throw them out before he had room to eat. My heart bled for those kind women. I can't imagine people existing with so little. They have clothes to cover them, mud walls, a little food (this is a famine district), almost no water. One of the nurses at the Peking Union Medical College told me of an old lady of seventy who was given her first bath at the hospital. She was frightened to death when she saw the water and did n't know what they were going to do to her, but later grew to love it. I wish I could go back to carry them—not religion, or even food, but a little beauty, bright colors, pictures, something to look at. It seems absurd, but they did love my pink *crêpe-de-chine* nightgown so, even if it was torn and stained with mud, and stroked the embroidery with admiration.

I must have dozed a good deal, because it was afternoon when a Chinese

in uniform of a sort came into the hut with the young woman and made me get up and go with him. I was very comfortable and the villagers were so kind that I hated to, and hung back, but they all seemed anxious to have me leave. I realize now that they knew he was taking me out, but I thought I recognized him as the bandit who had sent me to the village the night before and was sure he had come back to get me and take me farther into the mountains. Suddenly an overwhelming feeling of curiosity, a desire to 'go, look, see,' and perhaps a little spirit of adventure made me want to go on and find out what was around the next corner, figuratively speaking, and I went without a word. The woman tied a little square of blue linen over my head and bade me good-bye. My bandit soldier knelt in the dust while I mounted from his knee to the back of another small donkey, and we started on. I never looked back but, keeping my eyes on the sun-drenched landscape in front of me, wondered where we were going. It was all very commonplace, no sign of the storm or the bandits of the night before, just fields and an occasional man cultivating them.

I was riding bareback this time with only a blanket. I tried to cling to the poor little beast with my knees in the approved fashion, but I was so tired my legs shook and I could n't get a good grip. The bandit seemed to be in a great hurry, and as we did n't go fast enough to suit him he beckoned to a youth in a rice field to come and lead the donkey while he held me on and beat the beast at the same time. We went very fast then and must have been a weird sight, galloping between the paddy fields. After many miles we came to another village. Over the closed gates stood a group of men, ten or perhaps fifteen, all with stern, threatening faces, aiming guns at our

heads. We rode straight up under them without a pause and I sat quietly waiting while my escort argued with them. He must have convinced them that we were harmless, as they came down at last and opened the gates. They did n't like me well enough to ask me in, but a fine-looking, well-dressed Chinese came out and gave me and my guide tea in cups. He poured cup after cup from the teapot he carried and I could n't get enough.

I had slipped off my donkey to rest a minute, but soon had to mount again and ride on. The sun was very hot, and when we stopped at another town and I rode into an almost fortified courtyard apart from the rest of the village, I hoped from the bottom of my heart that we had at last arrived wherever we were going; but I found that it was only to leave the donkey, who was all in, and no wonder, poor dear. How to carry me on was a problem. At first, after much searching for rope, they brought out a chair, quite an interesting old carved one, to rig up as a palanquin. As before, the poles were too short and this time the men who carried me too old to go far, and just outside the walls they put me down in despair. Then they hunted up a Shanghai wheelbarrow. My blue handkerchief would n't stay tied under my chin, and while they were making a cushion of hay for me to sit on I asked an old woman for a pin. Of course she did n't have one, but from somewhere in her ragged garments she brought out a needle with a bit of thread — evidently a great treasure — and sewed my handkerchief on in back and under my chin, making a sort of cap.

We started off, the bandit on one side of the wheelbarrow and I on the other, so near that I felt as though I had my arms around his neck. The old man who wheeled us staggered and lurched and the bandit commandeered three boys

working in a near-by field, and with the three harnessed abreast to pull us in front, and the old man to steady us behind, we bumped over the stones so fast that I felt as though my teeth and eyes would drop out of my head. I tried to make them go slower but they only laughed and went faster. My bandit took out his purse and showed me a piece of money. I think he may have been asking for a reward, but I ignored it and he put it back without pressing the matter. This was the only time anyone even hinted at ransom.

I had been able for some time to see in the distance the smoking chimneys of what seemed to be a large town, but I never for an instant suspected I was being rescued. I suppose fatigue made me stupid. At any rate, I was overcome with surprise when my coach and four drew up at a little railroad station and I was surrounded in an instant by a crowd of excited soldiers and railway men. Mr. Nailla, a good-looking young American of the Asia Development Company, rushed out and helped me to my feet and they all escorted me into the station. I asked Mr. Nailla the minute I saw him, 'How much did you have to pay to get me out?' and was delighted when he said, 'Not one cent.' He told me he had been walking around all day with \$50,000 in his pocket, expecting to use it as ransom, but it had n't been needed as yet. To my very great relief he told me that Miss MacFadden and Mathilde had gotten out that morning and were safe in the hospital at Tsinan-fu. I had n't worried about them much. I did n't see any reason why the Chinese should n't treat them just as well as they did me, but it was pleasant to hear just the same.

Mr. Nailla was an ideal rescuer — handsome, cheerful, executive, and having the time of his life. He looked absolutely worn out, as he had had no

sleep for two days and a night, but I can't say that he acted tired. He thought of everything at once for my comfort, gave me a pocket handkerchief, sent for tea and eggs, and then said, 'Now, Miss Aldrich, I am going to get you a pair of Chinese trousers.' This was a terrible shock and I thought for the first time of how I must look. My face was streaked with dirt, the skin peeling off my nose from sunburn, and my hair, tangled with straw, was hanging down my back. I had on a man's coat buttoned to my chin and reaching to my knees. Below that my wrapper and nightgown hung in shreds, caked with mud. Mr. Nailla said, 'Miss MacFadden's feet were in a frightful condition. How are yours?' I told him, 'All right,' but he insisted upon taking off my slippers, and found my feet blistered and torn by my rings. I had been so excited I had n't felt it.

The wife and daughter of the station-master took me to their room, bathed my face and feet, and fitted me out with new trousers and stockings. They were too kind for words and would n't take a cent in return. We were off the main line and we started the journey back to such civilization as there is in China, at present, in a baggage car, I lying in a wicker steamer-chair supplied by the station woman. Though I wanted to sit up, lying down seemed to be expected of me. Mr. Nailla perched in front of the open sliding door, swinging his feet. I felt as though we were still under fire and was terribly afraid he would be hit by a stray bullet.

I was introduced to the Chinese officers of the rescuing party, but when they began to question me as to the whereabouts of the bandits Mr. Nailla put his finger on his lips and I 'went to sleep' again. When we reached the Express we were met by the Catholic Mission Father. He was a big man with a beard and beamed with sympathy

and kindness. He and Mr. M——, another Asia Development man, wanted to carry me from one train to the other. I was perfectly able to walk and would n't hear of it. It was the same train that had been held up and I had a whole car to myself.

The train boy made up a bed in one of the compartments, but first brought me a most elaborate dinner from soup to dessert. While I was stuffing, my bandit appeared at the door, gazed at the food almost in tears, and nibbled at his fingers to show me he wanted to be fed too. I was too astonished to more than stare at him and, Mr. M—— coming back just then, the man vanished. I said, 'My bandit was just here begging for food.' Mr. M—— looked at me as though he thought I needed a little ice on my head and said, 'Oh, Miss Aldrich, he could n't have been. All Chinese look alike. It must have been one of the soldiers.' I did n't insist, as I was afraid he might think I was delirious, but when he went to hunt some woman on the train who would be willing to lend me hairpins the bandit appeared at once, like the Cheshire cat's smile. This time I filled his hands with bread before he vanished. Back came Mr. M——, very much amused. 'By Jove, it is your bandit; what shall we do with him?' I said, 'Feed him up,' and trailed out into the car to see that it was done. They gave him money enough to buy food and took him away. For the rest of the time I amused myself drawing a map of the place where I had hidden my rings to send back to Mr. Nailla. He had promised to find them for me if I could tell him where they were.

We reached Tsinan-fu about eleven in the evening and I found Mrs. Nailla, the American Consul, and Mr. Babcock, the Standard Oil man, waiting for me on the platform. Mr. Bab-

cock already had the bandit in charge, and almost the first thing I heard was 'Miss Aldrich, what do you want done with your bandit?'—a question I was to hear repeated many times before I left China. Mr. Babcock offered to take him home, but I was afraid he might have a relapse and it was arranged to keep him at the station. The poor thing looked so forlorn, I patted him on the back and told him that they would take good care of him. He probably understood nothing but the pat, but that seemed to cheer him.

A great many of our experiences were amusing, but I found myself quite shocked when one of my friends in Japan said she wished she had been captured too. It made me realize that I had dwelt only on the amusing side. It is far from funny to lose all one's little treasures as well as the things that are valuable and difficult to replace. It must have been dreadful beyond words for Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Pinger to have their children torn from them in the darkness of a strange country by a wild horde of armed Chinese. If it is terrifying to tourists who can leave at the least hint of danger or who can give up their trip to China entirely because of the disturbed conditions, forgetting in France or England that such a country exists, what must it be to the many American and other foreigners who live there? Their children, their homes, their money—all safe if nothing happens, but swept away in any instant if there is any trouble.

If a man goes even a little way into the interior on a business trip, his wife

does n't know whether she will see him again in a day or two or not. He may be carried off by bandits to spend months unheard from, and there is always the possibility that he may never come back at all. They carry their constant fear very bravely, even gayly, but I am sure it is there. Someone told me the other day that the Chinese Government had announced that they would pay no indemnity for 'shattered nerves.' No wonder—they would be supporting half of the foreign population if they did.

Once when Mrs. H—— and I came back from shopping, we were met by the gate-boy with, 'We can't find Benny.' I saw the color drop out of her cheeks and the terror come into her eyes. My knees shook as we searched the compound. How awful, if that boy had been kidnapped! Of course he had n't been; he had only sat down just outside under a bush to catch insects; but we were both very much frightened for a few minutes before we found him. Mrs. H—— looked ill for days.

The words, 'Lest we forget,' on the walls of the Legation Compound—in memory of the Boxer trouble in 1900—are growing faint, and I am afraid they are fading out of the hearts of many people. I am not clever enough to make any suggestions; but I wish in some way the United Powers could impress China with the fact that if she is ever to be the greatest country she is capable of being, she must mend her ways.

Your loving sister,
LUCY ALDRICH.

THE TURK COMES TO TOWN

THE EXPERIENCES OF MARK O. PRENTISS DURING THE FALL OF SMYRNA

RECORDED BY JOHN BAKELESS

THIS is the story of the capture of Smyrna by the Turks, of the burning of the city, and of the new Odyssey of a quarter-million refugees — in a United States destroyer, a British tramp steamer, and such odds and ends of transport as could be commandeered — across the Ægean sea to safety in Saloniki and the islands. It is the story of one man, Mark Prentiss, American engineer and business man, who was in Smyrna when the city fell, who watched it burn from the deck of the destroyer Litchfield, and who organized the work of evacuating the refugees — scorched, wounded, exhausted, half insane with terror — from Smyrna and the country for two hundred miles to the east.

Because Mr. Prentiss is an engineer, concerned with doing things and not with writing about them, his story is told by another hand, which, during those days that in Asia Minor were so adventurous, was peacefully engaged at an editorial desk in Boston. Because it is a personal story, taken down from the lips of the man who lived it, there is no hesitation in using the first personal pronoun, which — naturally — refers not to the actual writer but to Mr. Prentiss himself.

I

In May 1919, the Greek army entered the city of Smyrna at the behest of the Supreme Council, and signaled

its entrance by a massacre, over the circumstances of which there has been much dispute, but as to the occurrence of which there is no doubt whatever. For three years the Greek arms, in spite of the changes of régime in Athens and several military reverses, were in the main successful. In the summer of 1922 the Greeks held the all-important railway centres of Eskishehr and Afium-Karahissar, and felt so secure that they detached 50,000 troops for a demonstration in Thrace against Constantinople. But all this time a new Turkish army was being slowly whipped into shape in the country around the Nationalist capital at Angora. On August 26 the Turkish offensive opened. With supreme self-confidence the Turks in Angora had announced, long before opening their offensive, that they would be in Smyrna — three hundred miles away and at that time still firmly in the hands of the Greeks — by mid-September; and after their initial successes they made known the very day and hour of their arrival. They said they would enter Smyrna on September 9 at noon, and it was exactly 12:05 when I saw their advance cavalry riding down to the quay on the day appointed, just five minutes late — or rather, not late at all, for to reach the quay they had ridden through the city.

I reached Smyrna about September first, coming down from Constantino-

ple as an unofficial civilian, but at the request of Admiral Bristol, American High-Commissioner in the Near East. The Greek forces were already retreating, half of them northward toward the Dardanelles, the rest westward to Smyrna. For a few weeks in the fall the city holds more riches than any other in the Near East. Into it, the chief seaport of Asia Minor, pour all the olives, figs, tobacco, poppy seed, and Oriental rugs that the peasants of the interior have produced during the whole year. It was not merely a city that the Kemalists were to take, not merely a victory they were to win, but the whole war, together with the concentrated wealth of the lesser Asia.

The Greek army was routed — a disorganized broken mass of men, fleeing in confusion and almost uncommanded, for many of the officers had deserted their men in order to save themselves. During a retreat of nearly three hundred miles the Greeks — soldiers and civilians together — had ravaged the country, burned the villages, slaughtered the Turkish peasants, and looted as they went. When, after the fall of Smyrna, I journeyed two hundred and fifty miles inland, to Ushaq and beyond, there was not a moment when I could not look through my glasses and see scattered bodies lying here and there. Men, women, and children, often horribly mutilated, lay everywhere, and this was the handiwork of the retreating Greeks, whether soldiers, irregulars, or the civilians who had followed the armies inland during the three years of Greek rule.

With the memories of these deeds in their minds and the dread of Turkish vengeance hot in their imaginations, the Greeks came pouring back, a broken, beaten army; and it was at the very beginning of this movement — just after the battered first line from Eskishehr to Afium-Karahissar had

broken, as I learned later — that I reached Smyrna.

Defeat was in the air. Already the sound of the rear guard's artillery, beating off the Turkish advance cavalry that hung on the rear of the retreating Greeks, was beginning to be almost audible in the city itself. Troops, bearing obvious signs of defeat, were becoming more frequent. The Greeks had retired to the Ushaq-Kestel line, the last defensive position — though in Smyrna, at the time, we had no means of knowing this. The Greek inhabitants, who had moved on into the country during the years when their armies held it securely, had been straggling into Smyrna for days, each man or woman carrying a rug and bearing in it such other goods as could be defended from looters. Ushaq fell on September fourth, and every man, woman, or child dwelling between it and Smyrna fled to the port for refuge. Fifty thousand refugees poured back into the city, adding to the frenzy of its population and choking it completely.

Into this chaos came the Greek army, without arms, without officers, without discipline, and with only one purpose — to put the sea between themselves and their pursuers as soon as might be. Every vessel in the harbor was seized. For three days the troops were embarking, new soldiers coming in from the front, transports sailing, and refugees clamoring to be taken too. It was a rout. A few civilians got away, and after that there were no ships to spare. The army took them all. Except for a few who fled southward the soldiers and the Greek officials sailed off — and Smyrna was left without defenders and without a government. There was not a policeman, not even a doctor, not a semblance or shadow of authority.

The buildings of the various quarters, stretching in a wide arc around the bay, were quite uninjured. There had been

no shellfire. The Greek and Armenian refugees had the Turkish army and the country, which many of them had helped to devastate, behind them, and the sea in front. An Italian, a French, and an American destroyer lay in the harbor, together with a few neutral merchantmen.

The Turks were in no haste to enter, though their troops were concentrating outside the town. The authorities of the defeated side had gone, the conquerors had not yet come, and the city government consisted of a few firemen, supported by the neutral warships, and a few neutral civilians like myself, mostly Americans sent there by Admiral Bristol — or living there to buy tobacco.

So long as the Greeks remained in the city, the people had retained their ordinary headgear. Straw hats, battered derbies, queer-looking caps swarmed in the streets, but scarcely had the last blue and white Greek flags dipped over the horizon when there was an astounding change. Almost every head bore a fez, and every wearer of every fez wanted to be thought a Turk. Whence so many fezzes were to be procured on such short notice is a mystery that I never succeeded in fathoming. Perhaps in the Near East every one keeps a fez laid by for emergencies, just as a prudent American takes out life insurance.

II

Outside the city the Turkish troops were moving up. So far there was not a Turkish soldier in the city, but atrocities had been occurring for days. The Near East is a hotbed of racial and personal feuds. The Greek police had been first disorganized and then withdrawn. It was a time when old quarrels between individuals were easily settled in the bloody fashion customary in the East for uncounted generations, nor

had the passage through the city of unofficered troops by the thousands added to the general tranquillity. Many a Smyrniote Turk paid dearly for the victory of the advancing Turkish army, while chalked crosses on the doors — some of which I myself saw being drawn — protected Greek shops and dwellings. When the Turks came in those chalk marks were still there.

The streets were deserted. The refugees, finding shelter here and there as best they might, kept out of sight and under cover. The city, which for days had been in uproar, was silent save for occasional scattered shots as the worthy citizens of Smyrna settled their private misunderstandings of some time past; and the tension was terrific. I was standing on the quay looking up a street which for a long distance, as streets go in the Near East, was straight. I could see for blocks. Not a soul was in sight. Two gobs from the destroyer Lawrence, who stood behind me, might have been the whole population of Smyrna. Then, suddenly, far up that silent empty street, lined with its rows of staring white houses, something stirred — something long and dark that glistered here and there and soon was stretching down the street. Then we caught the clatter of hoofs on paving. The Turk was riding into Smyrna.

It was a small body of cavalry, a hundred troopers at most, the advance party of the advance guard, reconnoitring along the route by which the army was later to march in. They were the first Turkish troops to enter Smyrna, followed in a few minutes by the rest of the advance guard — perhaps a thousand soldiers — and a little while after by more troops, and then by more and more for days and days.

We stood there, the two sailors and I, and watched them come. They rode along without especial precaution, as if they knew the city was clear, the

major in command riding at the head with his adjutant. My kodak was in my hands. The temptation was too strong. It was the chance of a lifetime to photograph history in the making. As they drew abreast of us, I came to the salute and then shook my two hands vigorously together. It is not a graceful gesture, but as a means of registering congratulation and absence of hostility when you don't happen to speak the other fellow's language it is unsurpassed, and I had occasion to repeat it many a time during the days that followed. I motioned toward the kodak and held up one hand for the troops to halt.

He was a good-natured fellow — that Turkish cavalry major — and perhaps not averse to being photographed at the head of the first troops to enter the captured city. He shouted an order and the column halted. I made the exposure at my leisure, bowed, smiled, saluted, and stepped back. Another order. The troops rode on, and then, suddenly, from an upper window, a hand grenade came flying. It struck my accommodating major squarely on the head, knocked him off his horse, but failed to explode. A second grenade — this time an explosion. Two men down, their horses in pieces, and I found myself lightly sprinkled with hot horseflesh and with blood. Uninjured myself, I ran to help the officer, who lay where he had fallen in the street. Some of his subordinates also ran to help him. A search party were off their horses and into the house from which the bomb had come in less time than it takes to think about it. There was a little shooting inside, then silence, and presently the soldiers emerged with a little group of frightened Greek prisoners.

To be flat on the ground is the next best thing to a bombproof, and the dud bomb that hit him really saved the major's life. His officers took him down

to the *koniak* where his wounds were dressed. He was not seriously hurt and presently made a little speech in the anteroom, which was rapidly filling with officers and orderlies. It was in Turkish and I had to rely on a friendly interpreter, but I still like to think of what he said and the way he said it. Everything, he told his men, must be done according to the laws of war. There must be no violence to civilians, and he himself would set them an example. The men who had bombed him, now his prisoners, would be held for trial. There must be no indiscriminate killing.

Our period of waiting was over. The Turkish army was in possession. The first troops to come in were cavalry — it was days before we saw any infantry — and the first horsemen to appear were as trim and spruce as if they had come from a parade ground and not from three hundred miles of fighting. The men were even freshly shaven and spare horses were led along beside the column, while machine guns seemed to be everywhere. It was no makeshift army. As new troops moved in during the days that followed, officers of higher and higher rank kept arriving. Each time that I went to the *koniak* I found the city had a new commander.

The problem of food was becoming serious. Fortunately the stores of the Greek army had been left behind. As spoils of war these were now Turkish property, but when we appealed to the Turks on behalf of their enemy refugees they opened one entire warehouse and bade us take what we needed. From the remnants of the American colony we established a relief organization, called in some amateur bakers whose experience was small but whose good-will was enormous, and fed the hungry.

The relief committee consisted of some twelve or fifteen members, in-

cluding Mr. H. C. Jacquith and Dr. Winfred Post, of the Near East Relief, with two nurses, and Major Davis of the Red Cross, — all of whom returned to Constantinople the third day after the fire, — myself, and some permanent residents of Smyrna. In order to provide food for the starving people the Turks decreed the exemption from arrest of the Greek bakers, — whom we put to work, together with our amateurs, wherever we could find places, — and even posted notices on the bakeries to protect them from molestation.

We had 10,000 refugees on the athletic field, where there were high walls all around, which gave the terrified people an odd sense of security, and 12,000 at the Aidin brewery, our biggest camp. The Turks, like faithful followers of the Prophet, promptly closed the brewery, and when, feeling doubtful of the quality of the water supply, I suggested reopening it, Nouredin Pasha, who had shown us every courtesy, smiled politely and regretfully shrugged, 'Oh, anything but that.' The brewery stayed shut.

The Turks also allowed us to fence off the large infantry barracks in the southern part of the town for use as a concentration camp, but it lay near the Turkish quarter of Smyrna and the frightened refugees could not be persuaded to approach it.

III

The day before the fire a group of us were sitting in the American Consulate, when a hastily penciled note was brought in, asking us to come at once to the Armenian Hospital. Dr. Post, with two nurses, a sailor, and myself, jumped into a motor and started out. As we rode through the narrow streets we passed perhaps ten bodies and once we had to stop the car to avoid running over one that sprawled, face down,

squarely in the centre of the street. When Dr. Post moved the man, we found that he was not yet dead, in spite of dreadful gashes in his throat and abdomen; but he was evidently dying. The doctor lifted him out of the street, did what he could, said a few kind words, and we drove on. Then — as we found again and again in the trying days that were before us — the main thought had to be the greatest good of the greatest number. We had to let our desire to help at the hospital outweigh our pity for this one poor fellow.

At this time there were not many bodies lying in the street. Indeed, their total number has always been exaggerated, though bodies were only too common in the days that followed; Turkish military officials were never at any pains to remove them, possibly because they felt the dead served a useful purpose as warnings.

When we came to the Armenian Hospital, we found, as usual, that the refugees had made for the nearest walled-in enclosure. The hospital stood in the centre of a courtyard with stone paving and several piazzas with iron railings — a very queer-looking place, the whole surrounded by a high wall. We knocked at the gate, someone inside examined us carefully through a little wicket, and we were admitted. Inside we found perhaps two thousand refugees, every one frantic with terror. No one who has not seen them can conceive the awful state of mind of those people, nor imagine how dreadful it was to look about and see on every side faces of a sickly greenish white that spoke more clearly than anything else could of the stark fear that possessed them. The whole two thousand looked as if they were under the light from a mercury tube — not sunlight.

In the hospital proper there were about eighty desperate cases, attended only by a few nurses and a couple of

men who appeared to be internes, though they were not medical men. Not a physician was left in the city. Every one had run. Dr. Post went through the hospital and did what he could. Then, as there seemed no more use for us, we were about to go when a squad of Turkish soldiers, commanded by an officer, appeared at the gate.

The officer was as trim a soldier as one could wish to see, but his men were a pretty rough-looking lot — quite the worst I had met. Dr. Post spoke in Turkish to the commander, who showed an order directing him to take immediate possession of the hospital. The Turks intended to send in some of their own sick and wounded, especially their officers. I asked permission to go in and get the people ready to come out. The officer replied that I might do as I wished, but added that he knew most of the Armenians were armed and intended to search every one in the compound.

'Suppose I go in and tell them to send out their arms,' said I. The officer smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and bade me try. Inside the compound I went from group to group with my interpreter, begging them to send out their arms if they wanted to save their lives. There was a great screaming and weeping and tearing of clothes, but no arms were to be seen. I went out and reported to the Turkish officer, who was still smiling patiently at the whole proceeding. I went back in again and begged them to send out their arms, while they assured me with one voice that they had no arms. After a while, however, children began to come out of the gate, carrying old muskets, dilapidated rifles, and knives, together with about a bushel of cartridges. The Turk laughed and said, through the interpreter, 'Well, that's a beginning.'

All this had taken longer in the doing than it does in the telling. The Turks

had been there most of the afternoon and were still waiting to carry out their orders, yet when I asked for one more chance, their commander acquiesced immediately. Billy Sunday himself never went through more dramatics than I did when I went back into the compound. I told the refugees I knew they had knives and bombs, and knew also that every one caught with arms in his possession would be shot. If they hoped to see to-morrow's sun, they must give up all weapons. We got more arms this time. The girls and children carried out enough to load a wagon.

The officer had been there three hours and more soldiers had been sent down to him. He told us we might put the refugees wherever we wanted to — on the quay or in the empty houses — but the hospital must be cleared. I went into the compound again and found the poor devils there beginning to climb up the walls, dragging their families after them in a vain effort to get away from the Turks. This would never do, whereas, if they came out quietly and submitted to search, they would in all probability be safe enough. I picked out a big fellow who had been in the United States and told him to get them off the walls — by force if necessary.

I went outside again and at last they began to come out, a few at a time. Pitifully frightened, they would look around, see Americans standing near, and rush over to us. It was time to go. We had done all we could. If we stayed we should simply be crushed under the panic-stricken mass of the whole two thousand. I did not actually see the wounded Turkish officers being put into the hospital, but I know that orders had been given to put them there, in the district where the fire afterward broke out — to my mind good circumstantial evidence that the Smyrna fire was not started by Turkish authority.

While we were waiting outside the

hospital compound that afternoon, I saw a curious contrast between Turkish brutality and Turkish chivalry. A little way from the gate sat a soldier on horseback. Down the street came an old woman—a terrible sight, her clothes all torn away, her gray hair matted with blood and hanging on one side of her face—scarcely able to move. As she staggered past the man on horseback, he turned his mount a little, thrust out his stirrup, and kicked the poor old creature savagely in the ribs. Down she went in a heap, then picked herself up, and began to struggle painfully along again. Now the horseman unslung his rifle and began to take leisurely aim. It must have happened in a minute. It seemed hours.

My hand was on the shoulder of the officer, who was standing so that he could not see them. For the sake of the helpless men, women, and children inside the compound, I dared not speak, for I dared not risk antagonizing him; but I let my fingers tighten on his shoulder. He turned swiftly, saw what was happening, yelled at the man, sprang toward him, struck him fiercely; then, taking the woman as though she had been his mother, helped her gently to the gate and put her inside—and that was the last we saw of her.

It was not the only time that a Turkish officer prevented murder. A little party of American sailors, commanded by Chief-Torpedoman L. E. Crocker, had been sent out to the International College—an American institution in spite of its name—at Paradise, just outside Smyrna, with strict orders from Captain Hepburn, Admiral Bristol's chief-of-staff and the ranking American naval officer at Smyrna, to stand guard inside the college compound and keep everyone inside and out of sight until the time came to bring them into Smyrna.

A day or two after the Turks reached

the city, a band of *chettés* (irregulars) began to pillage within sight of the college, and the President, Dr. Alexander MacLachlan, insisted on leaving the compound to restrain them. Dr. MacLachlan is a British subject who had lived in Turkey for years, and, I was told, the only member of the faculty who was not an American. Rather than let him go alone, Crocker went with him, leaving some of his sailors outside the walls but at a distance from the Turks. The moment the looters heard Dr. MacLachlan declare he was a British subject, they attacked him and stripped him of his clothing. When Crocker came up they disarmed him and ordered both men to run for the compound. Crocker refused to turn his back, picked up Dr. MacLachlan, and keeping his face toward the Turks began to retreat, shouting to his own eager men not to shoot. To open fire would have been an act of war involving the United States.

At that moment, when, as Crocker afterward said, he believed his last hour had come, a Turkish regular officer appeared at the top of the hill, spurring his horse to a full gallop. Riding up to the irregulars he ordered them away, and helped Crocker and Dr. MacLachlan to regain the compound. He had learned what was happening while passing at the head of his own troops a mile or two away, and had ridden to their aid. Before leaving he stationed a Turkish guard over the college and told Dr. MacLachlan that if he had not disclosed his British citizenship he would never have been attacked. It was one instance of bitterness toward Great Britain of which we had many.

A good deal of the killing in Smyrna, however, and even some of the looting, had been done before there was a single Turkish soldier in the city. Let me give a single case that came under my own eye. Just after the Greek troops left, I

passed a Greek civilian, standing in a doorway with a rifle in his hand and his eyes fixed on a second-story window on the other side of the street. I almost brushed against him but he never saw me. He was as intent on that window as a pointer dog, and his face was not a pretty sight by any means. An hour later I came back. My Greek was still there with his rifle, and his eyes were still fixed on that window. Later in the day I passed once more. This time my Greek was gone, and there was a dead man hanging out of the window he had been watching so intently. Circumstantial evidence, of course, but I shall not hold the Turks responsible for that particular corpse — and there were a good many such in Smyrna.

IV

The fire that destroyed Smyrna broke out at noon on the thirteenth. Little fires had been breaking out for a week and during the last three days there had been an average of about five fires a day, far more than had ever been known before. The great fire was the work of incendiaries and broke out simultaneously at many different places in the Armenian quarter and especially near the Armenian Club and the Cas-saba railroad station. The Turks assert — and I believe them — that all these fires were laid by an organization of Greek and Armenian boys and young men, determined to burn the city rather than leave it in Turkish hands.

Paul Grescovich, for fifteen years Fire Chief of Smyrna, with whom I went over the ground step by step after the fire, had no doubts about its incendiary origin. He had been born an Austrian subject, had held office first under the original Turkish régime, then under the Greeks, and now found himself again under a Turkish government. He was, therefore, as free from prej-

udice as anyone could be and certainly was in a position to know what had happened. With the precision of an engineer he showed me the various spots where the fires had been started.

His few remaining firemen had been shot and bombed, while lurking incendiaries slipped out, again and again, from alleyways and doors to cut the hose. Many of these men were shot down, but they did their work well enough to sacrifice the city. Armenians would throw open the doors of their houses, shoot at the firemen or the soldiers whom the Turks at last sent to help fight the fire, and shriek that they preferred fire to Turkish rule, then shut their doors and wait for death. The morning before the fire the Armenian priests were seen leading several thousands of their people from the churches and compounds where they had been staying for several days. Apparently they knew what was coming.

Breaking out at noon, the fire at first seemed unimportant. Even by the middle of the afternoon it was hard to believe that the city was threatened, but a southeast wind sprang up, something almost unknown in Smyrna, and drove the fire resistlessly across the city, to a standstill at the water's edge.

I was in the office of Kiazim Pasha at the koniak that afternoon before the fire became serious, when British naval officers from H.M.S. *Iron Duke* appeared with a formal communication. Kiazim went to reply to this in person at four o'clock, making an appointment to take me to an execution at five o'clock. That afternoon I had been trying to convince him that nothing would do the Turkish cause so much good — especially in American eyes — as an occupation of the city without atrocities; but Kiazim frankly despaired of American public opinion, for, he said, 'Your minds are made up about us, no matter what the facts may be.'

He explained that every Turkish soldier caught committing a crime was being punished. Indeed, that very afternoon some men were to be executed, three of whom were Turks. He would take me out to see the execution personally. I was to be allowed to take my own interpreter and find out from the victims themselves who they were and why they were being executed. But when five o'clock came we all — except, I suppose, the condemned men — were otherwise occupied.

The fire drove everyone down to the sea. With the burning city in their rear and the sea in front of them, the fugitives spread their rugs and waited. It was only by dipping the rugs in the sea and crawling under them that any survived. Many threw themselves into the harbor. Some of these were drowned. Others scrambled out again on shore. A few reached the little vessels that still were left; but along the quay next morning the sea was thick with a floating tangle of debris and bodies scattered here and there.

The American destroyer *Litchfield*, which had relieved the *Lawrence*, was in the harbor with orders to protect all fully naturalized citizens and all American property. There had been about two hundred American citizens in Smyrna, mostly naturalized Greeks, some of whom had not been in the United States for years, but all of whom were, nevertheless, entitled to the protection of the flag. With their families, these made up a company of about eight hundred. Beginning on Saturday, when the Turks came in, and during the days that followed before the fire, on Wednesday, they had all been gathered into the theatre and guarded by sailors.

It was heartbreaking work for the American Consulate to decide who was and who was not entitled to protection. Officially the Turks did not recognize

American naturalization as releasing Greeks born in Asia Minor from their allegiance to Turkey. In Turkish eyes they were still merely members of a subject nationality. Moreover, they were all business men and all rich; of military age, too, almost every one — the choicest picking, so far as men were concerned, in the Smyrna capture; yet the Turks permitted us to load up and take away all who could prove American citizenship. Under such circumstances, the letter of the American law had to be strictly enforced.

Many had first papers, but that did not make them citizens. Still others — and this was almost tragic — had discharge papers showing honorable service in the United States Army during the war, and yet were not citizens.

One old lady was surreptitiously smuggled aboard by the sailors when they found that she had a picture of her son in undoubted naval uniform. That faded photograph was better than any passport. In the sailors' minds the mother of a gob was a person who had to be saved, and saved she was.

Wednesday morning, before the fire had broken out, most of these left Smyrna on a Shipping-Board boat that had been in the harbor. General Horton went with them, leaving American interests in Smyrna in charge of Vice-Consul Barnes and the naval officers.

When the fire grew worse, during the afternoon, the *Litchfield* was still lying at the quay, stern on; most Americans who were left went aboard her. As the crowd increased, the destroyer moved out into the harbor and anchored half a mile from shore, far enough to be safe, but close enough for us to see all that occurred on shore during that tragic night. As we looked back from the ship we could see that the sufferers on the quay had moved as far away from the fire and as near to the sea as they could. This crowding toward the edge of the

quay left empty spots behind them, and in these we could see, through our glasses, dark figures moving, stooping, rising, moving on again. What were they doing? Robbing? Killing? Planting inflammables? There was much speculation on the destroyer, but we never learned. We could also see the signal light of a party of five from the Italian destroyer, who stayed in the cathedral tower, signaling reports on the progress of the fire until it almost reached them. The tower eventually fell in and they got away just in time.

When the flames reached the Greek quarter explosions began and continued for several hours — mute evidence that a fair-sized stock of arms and ammunition had been left behind, which can have come only from the stores of the Greek army. The harbor, reflecting the fire, became a fiery red. Long ribbons of burnished copper, shifting gently in the waves, seemed to run out to the ship from the city, dulled when clouds of smoke rose, brilliant again when the smoke cleared and fire rolled up once more into the sky. This was punctuated by blasting to clear areas of the city and so stop the fire. Sometimes, in the Greek quarter a hidden bomb or store of small-arms ammunition would be reached. The bombs threw columns of fire and dotted bits of black debris far into the air. Ash and burning cinders fell all around us, a half mile from shore. At times the popping of the burning cartridges was as incessant as machine-gun fire. Through our glasses we could look back across the copper-colored sea, with choppy waves rising and falling under the stiff wind that was driving the fire down to the water front, and could see the people huddled on the quay, crouching under their dripping blankets. From time to time a fugitive

swam out and was taken on board, until at last the Litchfield was full to overflowing, and orders were given to take on no more.

A moving picture had been showing in Smyrna when the city fell, *La Tango de la Mort*, some lurid tale or other (for moving-picture tastes are much the same the world over), but no more lurid than the real drama beneath it. A huge gilt sign had been erected to advertise the film and now the brilliant light of the fire set the gold lettering aglow. Lifted high above that all too genuine Dance of Death, the tawdry tinsel letters, seen through the superheated air, seemed to quiver.

More heartening was the fate of the American flag that had waved, ever since the Turks came in, above the theatre that had been used as American Headquarters. All night long we watched this star-spangled banner tossing in the red glare of the burning city. The staff from which it was displayed was horizontal, and from the Litchfield we looked back at the flag almost edge on. In the occasional periods of calm, when it hung straight down, motionless, we could not see it at all. Then, as the breeze caught it, we could see its folds again, only to find them obscured by the smoke and fire and flying cinders all around it. Each time the smoke clouds shut down we held our breath, never expecting to see it again, and each time they cleared we could see, like Francis Scott Key on the British ship off Fort McHenry, that 'our flag was still there.'

And there it stayed the whole night through, stayed until the fire burned out in the morning and a landing party of half awed and wholly reverent gobs brought it off to the ship — a little charred, a little scorched, but still the flag.

Mr. Prentiss's adventures will be continued next month under the title, 'Mustapha Kemal in the Saddle.'

THE LEAGUE AND THE ITALIAN-GREEK CRISIS

BY SIR FREDERIC MAURICE

I

FORTUNE brought me to Geneva within a few hours of the arrival of the Greek appeal to the League of Nations against the Italian ultimatum. I was met by the news of the occupation of Corfu.

It is well to recall the events of the last days of August. The murder on Greek territory of the Italian members of the International Commission for the delimitation of the frontier between Albania and Greece was clearly a matter for which a definite responsibility attached to the Greek Government, and it was equally clear that Italy was entitled both to the most ample official apologies and to substantial reparations. But M. Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece was as violent in form and in language as had been the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia which followed the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand. It assumed the complicity of the Greek Government in the murder of the Italian Mission without investigation and proposed that that Government should acknowledge its guilt in a manner as humiliating as could be devised.

The reply of the Greek Government, while expressing regret for the murders and agreeing to a public expression of that regret in a solemn and impressive manner, rejected the more extravagant of M. Mussolini's proposals. Simultaneously the Greek Government appealed to the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, which happened to be in session as a preliminary to the

Fourth Assembly of the League. Before this appeal reached its destination M. Mussolini had acted. A naval and military expedition, of sufficient strength to make local opposition useless, had occupied Corfu, and the guns of the Italian fleet had fired a few rounds into the old castle of the island, which is of no military value whatever, causing the death of a number of refugees from the Near East who were lodged there under the auspices of the Commission of Relief of the League of Nations and of the American Near East Relief and of the British Save the Children Fund. The apparatus of war was set in motion in Italy, the Italian press was warned to publish no information as to naval and military movements, the Italian troops embarked for Corfu singing patriotic songs amid the cheers of an excited populace, and the preliminary steps were taken for calling out two classes of the Reserves. War fever was rapidly spread through Italy by the virulent and one-sided propaganda of the Italian newspapers, and I gather that in London, on the first of September, war was considered to be almost inevitable.

It was not so in Geneva. The excitement at Geneva was certainly intense. Everyone connected with the League recognized immediately that this was a test case, and that the future of the League depended upon the manner in which it dealt with an act of one of its members which was in direct

violation of the Covenant. But the cooler heads understood at once that the mere fact that the Council of the League was in session, and that the Assembly was to meet on the third of September, made war between Italy and Greece highly improbable. It takes two to make a war, and it was seen to be unlikely that Greece, a weak and exhausted Power, would attempt to resist Italy in arms unless she were driven to despair. Before abandoning hope she would naturally place herself in the hands of the international body formed to prevent disputes between nations ending in war.

II

The first meeting of the Council of the League to consider the dispute between Italy and Greece took place in secret session on the afternoon of the first of September, with M. Politis, the head of the Greek delegation to the Fourth Assembly, present as representing the appellant. Thus within twenty-four hours of the full development of the crisis the representatives of the disputants were seated at the same table. This was the first achievement of the League in the matter and I doubt if it has been recognized at its full value. The influence of the League machinery in the attainment of a peaceful solution has been very generally overlooked, owing to the disappointment of those who were eager to see the League assert its authority swiftly and dramatically.

At the close of the Council's meeting on September first it was announced that M. Salandra, the Italian member, was without instructions from his Government, that the Council had adjourned to enable a member of the Italian delegation to go to Rome to interview M. Mussolini, and that the Council had requested both the Italian

and Greek Governments to refrain in the interval from any act which might further complicate the situation. It soon got about that M. Salandra had questioned the competence of the Council to deal with a matter which concerned the prestige and honor of Italy, and that, when it was pointed out to him that the occupation of Corfu was an act which might involve the application to Italy of the sanctions of Article XVI of the Covenant, he had replied that no one had ever imagined that the sanctions of the League should be applied to a Great Power such as Italy.

The amazement with which these views were received in the Council and among the delegates outside it evidently showed M. Salandra that Italy would find little or no support in Geneva, and he no doubt so informed M. Mussolini, for the tone of the Italian Prime Minister immediately began to change. He announced that Italy had no intention of going to war with Greece, that the occupation of Corfu was a purely peaceful enterprise, and entirely of a temporary nature, and that its sole object was to obtain from Greece pledges for the prompt payment of the reparations demanded by Italy. This was curious language to apply to the forcible occupation of the territory of another Power, resulting in the death of a number of persons; but the direct result of the intervention of the League was that the danger of war had receded into the background, that M. Mussolini's indignation was directed rather against the League than against Greece, and that the maintenance of the authority of the League became the issue of immediate importance.

With the arrival of all the delegations for the opening of the Fourth Assembly the views of the smaller nations became articulate. Their representatives held meetings among themselves,

and in particular the Scandinavian group let it be known that if Greece's right of appeal to the League were impugned they would have to consider their position in the League, which as an international organization would be valueless to them if it were to refuse to respect the rights of the smaller as against the greater Powers, while information arrived that the British Government had instructed Lord Robert Cecil to support actively the intervention of the League. In these circumstances and in this atmosphere the Council again met, nominally for the dispatch of its ordinary business.

At this meeting M. Salandra presented an official Italian report on the occurrences at Corfu, a report which placed the responsibility for the bombardment and the consequent loss of life upon the Greek Commandant. When M. Politis began a reply on behalf of Greece M. Salandra at once objected that any discussion was out of order, as he was not yet in possession of instructions from his Government. To this Lord Robert Cecil replied that as the Italian representative had placed some new facts before the Council the Greek representative was clearly entitled to do the same, if he had any such facts to bring forward. M. Politis then handed in to the Council a statement in which the Greek Government expressed its willingness to comply with any decision which the Council might reach, and made suggestions as to the form which the inquiry into the murders should take, and the manner in which the apologies of the Italian Government should be publicly expressed. Further, the Greek Government offered to deposit in a Swiss bank 50,000,000 lire, the amount of reparations demanded by Italy, pending a decision of the League as to the exact amount which Greece should pay.

On the evening of the fourth of Sep-

tember the Italian delegate returned from Rome with the formal instructions of the Italian Government, which were read to the Council at its meeting on the following day. The Italian Government definitely and emphatically denied the competence of the League to intervene in an affair which concerned Italy's honor and prestige. It asserted that Italy had clearly and precisely declared that she had no intention of going to war with Greece, and that the occupation of Corfu was undertaken solely with the object of obtaining from Greece adequate pledges for the payment of the reparations due to Italy for the dastardly murder of an Italian Mission, and that, as there was no threat of war, there was no case for the intervention of the League. Further, the note accused Greece of deliberately trying to evade the responsibility for the murders by bringing the matter before the League of Nations, and by endeavoring to arouse the sympathy of the representatives of the nations present at Geneva over the question of the occupation of Corfu, so that the murders for which the Greek Government was responsible, and which were the cause of Italy's action, might be kept in the background.

To this M. Politis, who throughout these meetings spoke with great restraint and ability, replied that, so far from endeavoring to keep the question of the murders in the background, the Greek Government had already expressed publicly and to the Council its deep regret for what had occurred and had in advance agreed to accept any decision on the question of the murders which the Council might reach. He pointed out that the Greek Government accepted full responsibility for the fact that the murders had taken place in Greek territory, and was ready to make just reparation to Italy. He absolutely repudiated the suggestion that the

Greek Government was in any way implicated in the murders and pointed out that there was as yet no proof that the murders had been committed by Greek subjects. Finally he reasserted Greece's right to appeal to the League as one of its members against such an act of aggression as the forcible occupation of Corfu.

Lord Robert Cecil then asked that Articles X, XII, and XV of the Covenant should be read in French and English. These articles deal with guaranties against aggression, the danger of war, and the settlement of disputes between members of the League. The articles having been solemnly read, he reminded the Council that they formed part of the treaties of Versailles, Neuilly, and the Trianon, and that a repudiation of these treaties by one of the signatories would destroy the very base of the post-war settlement of Europe, and he concluded with a verbatim quotation from M. Poincaré's latest note regarding the sanctity of treaties. The Council then broke up in an atmosphere of extreme tension.

The meeting of the Assembly had been wisely adjourned, in order that a situation sufficiently grave and complex might not be aggravated by interpellations from the floor of what is essentially the Parliament of the smaller nations.

III

Meantime, the Conference of Ambassadors in Paris had begun work. That body, composed of the Ambassadors to France of Great Britain, Italy, and Spain, with M. Jules Cambon as French representative and with a French Secretariat, is a relic of the Supreme Council. The Commission for the delimitation of the Albanian-Greek frontier, of which the murdered Italian Mission formed part, was appointed by it and worked under its authority. Its

right to intervene in the matter of the murders was therefore incontestable. It had dispatched a note to the Greek Government demanding explanations and had received a reply in which that Government declared its willingness to accept the decision of the Conference just as it had placed itself in the hands of the Council of the League.

The Conference met in Paris on the fifth of September to consider the Greek reply and, recognizing the responsibility of the Greek Government for the murders committed in its territory, proceeded to consider the form which the inquiry into the murders should take. It at once telegraphed a report of its proceedings to the Secretary-General of the League. Touch between the two bodies was thus officially established.

The next day, the sixth of September, the decisive meeting of the Council of the League was held. The proceedings began with the reading of the communication from the Ambassadors' Conference. It was agreed at once that a reply should be sent. Señor Quinones de Leon, the Spanish member of the Council, then brought forward a proposed reply which he had prepared in consultation with some of his colleagues. This reply fell into two parts. The first part acknowledged receipt of the Ambassadors' communication and expressed agreement as to the responsibility of Greece. The second part contained a statement of the penalties which should be imposed upon Greece. I will return to these penalties later.

M. Salandra, while agreeing that the first or purely formal part of the suggested reply should be sent, absolutely refused to agree that the second part should go, on the grounds that this would implicitly establish the competence of the Council to deal with the Italian-Greek dispute, a competence which he again repudiated.

In the discussion which followed clear

expression was given to the opinion which had been growing throughout the week. M. Hanotaux, speaking for France, Lord Robert Cecil for Great Britain, M. Hymans for Belgium, M. Branting for Sweden, and M. Guani for Uruguay, one after the other expressed the opinion of their Governments that the competence of the League was incontestable. The representative of Spain had already made his view clear in presenting his draft reply, and it was known that the representative of China would support the League. Viscount Ishii of Japan, in his capacity as President, had not expressed his views, but there was little doubt that he agreed with the majority of his colleagues. The only possible supporter of the Italian contention was Brazil, the representative of which country had not indicated the view of his Government.

It is worth while quoting M. Hymans verbatim, for he put clearly and concisely the point of view of the delegations of the smaller nations outside the Council: 'I admire Italy,' he said, 'and believe in her high destiny. I have a profound respect and esteem for the eminent statesman who represents her here. Yet my conscience compels me to say that I cannot accept the theory of the incompetence of this Council which M. Salandra has put forward. In my opinion Articles XII and XV of the Covenant are clear and precise, and their application to the present case is certain. I see in those articles precious guaranties for the small nations, guaranties which appear to me to form the very basis of the Covenant. The interests of the small nations and the observation of the principles upon which the League of Nations is based demand a vigilant application of the rules which form the foundation of a new order of International affairs, of which we have formed the highest hopes.'

I have dwelt at some length upon this phase of the crisis in order to show how utterly misleading is the view put forward in a section of the British press that Lord Robert Cecil was upon the Council fighting a lone battle against Italy. In fact, the representative of Great Britain formed one of an overwhelming majority, and it is almost certain that Italy stood alone. Equally misleading is the contention similarly expressed that Lord Robert in this affair has acted as a dreamy idealist and in pursuit of his ideals has isolated his country. No politician could have handled a difficult situation more astutely, as the sequel will show, and rarely, if ever, in her history has Great Britain had so many friends as she has had in this business. Incidentally I can deny authoritatively the statement that Lord Robert at any time threatened Italy with the British fleet or that the British Government ever offered or suggested to the League to place the fleet at its disposal for the purpose of bringing pressure upon Italy.

The views of the majority of the Council on the question of competence having been clearly expressed, Lord Robert proposed that, in order to ensure coöperation with the Conference of Ambassadors, the verbatim report of the proceedings of the Council should be sent to Paris. After some demur from M. Salandra this was agreed to, M. Salandra abstaining from voting. I doubt if the Italian representative quite realized what the effect of this would be, or perhaps he did not think it possible that the verbatim report could be prepared in time to reach Paris for the meeting of the Ambassadors to be held on the following morning. The Secretariat, however, played up splendidly, and though the Council did not adjourn till 7 P.M., the corrected report was on its way to Paris two hours later and in the hands of the Ambassa-

dors at 11 A.M., on the seventh of September. Thus the Ambassadors had before them the full text to which M. Salandra had objected, and at their meeting on that day decided to impose upon Greece terms which varied but slightly from those which had been before the Council of the League.

IV

It is now time to compare the terms imposed upon Greece by the Conference of Ambassadors, and accepted by both the Greek and Italian Governments, with the terms of M. Mussolini's ultimatum, with the Greek reply thereto, and with the proposed terms considered at the Council of the League and forwarded by that Council to the Conference of Ambassadors. I will take these terms clause by clause.

Clause 1. The Italian ultimatum required apologies from the highest Greek military authority to be presented through the Italian representative at Athens to the Italian Government. The Greek Government agreed to express its *regrets* in the prescribed form. The Council of the League suggested that apologies should be presented not to the Italian Government but to the representatives of the three Powers concerned in the delimitation of the Albanian-Greek frontier. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred.

Clause 2. The Italian ultimatum required that a funeral service should be celebrated at Athens in honor of the victims, in the presence of all the members of the Greek Government. This was accepted by the Greek Government, suggested by the Council of the League, and confirmed by the Conference of Ambassadors.

Clause 3. The Italian ultimatum required that the Greek fleet in the Piræus should salute the Italian flag in

the presence of a division of the Italian fleet, and that the Greek warships should hoist the Italian colors at the main with a salute of twenty-one guns. The Greek Government proposed that a detachment of Greek troops should salute the Italian flag in front of the Italian Embassy. The Council of the League proposed that the Greek fleet should render a salute under conditions to be determined. The Conference of Ambassadors decided that the Greek fleet should salute the Italian, British, and French flags in the presence of the ships of the three Powers, which should proceed to the Piræus, and that the salute should be returned.

Clause 4. The Italian ultimatum required that military honors should be paid when the corpses of the victims were embarked at Prevesa. The Greek Government agreed. The Council made the same proposals and it was approved by the Conference of Ambassadors.

Clause 5. The Italian ultimatum required that the Greek Government should undertake an immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the murders, the inquiry to be supervised by an Italian officer. Greece agreed. The Council of the League proposed that the inquiry should be supervised by representatives of the three Powers concerned in the delimitation. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred, adding a Japanese President.

Clause 6. The Council of the League proposed that the trial and punishment of the criminals should be supervised by representatives of the League of Nations. The Conference of Ambassadors decided instead that this should be supervised by the above Commission of the three Powers, with a Japanese President.

Clause 7. The Italian ultimatum required the payment of 50,000,000 lire by the Greek Government within five

days. The Greek Government protested that the above amount was excessive and declined to make payment until the circumstances of the murders had been investigated. The Council of the League proposed the lodgment of the sum of 50,000,000 lire in a Swiss bank as a guaranty of the immediate payment of the reparations as soon as these had been estimated. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred.

Clause 8. The Council of the League proposed that the amount of the indemnity to be paid by Greece should be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Conference of Ambassadors concurred.

From this it will be seen that there is no material difference between the proposals considered at the Council of the League and the terms imposed by the Conference of Ambassadors, and as the latter body had the Council's proposals before it, it is reasonable to assume that it was greatly influenced by them. It will also be seen that the terms imposed upon Greece vary materially from M. Mussolini's ultimatum. In the first place they refused to admit the right of the Italian Government to receive reparations before the investigations into the circumstances of the crime are completed; in the second place the Greek Government was not required to pay honor to the Italian flag but to the flags of the three Powers concerned in the delimitation, and those honors were to be paid in a manner which, while it made the responsibility of Greece clear, would not be unduly humiliating to the Greek Government.

V

These after all are details; the essence is that war has been prevented, and that the competence of the League of Nations has been acknowl-

edged de facto, whatever M. Mussolini may say to the contrary. It has been acknowledged by the constant interchange of communications between the Conference of Ambassadors and the Council of the League, it has been acknowledged by the fact that the final terms of the settlement are almost identically those proposed by the Council, and it has been acknowledged by the fact that the amount of reparations to be paid by Greece is to be determined by the Permanent Court of International Justice, which is an important part of the machinery of the League. The function of the League is to preserve peace by the use of all possible means of conciliation; its sanctions are intended to be used only when all other means of preserving peace have failed. Article XIII of the Covenant recites that: 'The members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration, and which cannot be settled satisfactorily by diplomacy, they will submit the whole matter to arbitration. . . . For the consideration of any such dispute the court of arbitration to which such case is referred shall be the court agreed upon by the parties to the dispute.'

It might possibly have been better for the prestige of the League if the Conference of Ambassadors had not been in existence and if the whole matter had been in the hands of the League, but the Conference of Ambassadors was in existence and the murdered officers were members of a Commission appointed by it, while both the parties to the dispute agreed to refer it to the Conference of Ambassadors. In these circumstances the function of the League was clearly to forward a settlement by the Conference of Ambassadors in every way possible. For the

League to have followed M. Mussolini's example and for the sake of increasing its prestige with the small Powers to have applied its sanctions to Italy, which had a just ground of complaint against Greece, before it was known whether the Conference of Ambassadors could produce a settlement acceptable to the disputants, would have been morally indefensible and politically disastrous. Thus the League has so far in this matter acted in accordance with its principles. On the other hand, the Council could not refuse to hear the appeal made to it by the Greek Government, and I do not think that there can be any doubt in the mind of anyone who reads dispassionately the sequence of events which I have briefly narrated above, that, if the League had not been in existence and ready to receive the Greek appeal, Greece would have had no resource but to resist the Italian demands to the extent of her ability, just as Serbia resisted the Austrian demands in 1914.

Having attended all the meetings of the Council of the League held to consider this dispute, except the first secret session, I in common with the majority of those at Geneva have been much impressed by the simplicity and clearness of the Council's methods and also by the value of publicity in such crises as this. The public character of the proceedings of the Council prevented the dissemination of false news and of mischievous propaganda. One can only compare with thankfulness the publicity and directness of the methods of the League for the preservation of peace with the secrecy and confusion which prevailed in 1914. The final settlement, by which Italy is to begin the evacuation of Corfu on the twenty-seventh of September, sub-

ject to the application of further penalties to Greece if the International Commission is not satisfied that the Greek Government is pushing its inquiries into the murders with all sincerity and energy, has been accepted even with a degree of enthusiasm by both Greece and Italy. Only those are dissatisfied who had hoped for some flamboyant assertion of the authority of the League. They have, I think, forgotten that the Council of the League is not a juridical body. In an international crisis it has to act quickly, so as to prevent war and to obtain time for the application, if necessary, of juridical process. The League has, in its Permanent Court of International Justice, the means of obtaining considered legal judgments in international disputes, and it may well be that that Court will have to decide certain questions arising out of the Italian-Greek dispute, such as the competence of the League, the degree of responsibility attaching to Governments for crimes committed in territory under their jurisdiction, and the question as to whether the occupation of Corfu was an act of aggression and therefore a breach of the Covenant. But it would not tend to make good international law if the Council of the League were to attempt to depart from the rôle of conciliation and adopt that of the judge, nor would it make for peace if, in the heat of an international crisis, the Council were to attempt to resort to the slow process of judicial investigation.

Until the Permanent Court of Justice has spoken, the incident cannot be considered as closed, but up to the present the Council of the League has in this matter fulfilled the function for which it was created.

WHY THE WAR WAS PROLONGED

BY O. H. DANIEL¹

I

THERE are two ways of settling differences — by reason and by violence. When the former fails, the latter is resorted to. It is then that the passive state of war — the normal state in which mankind unconsciously moves — merely passes on to its active phase. Suasion gives place to coercion, right yields to might.

The coercive forces fall broadly into two categories: the physical and material forces of destruction, by which life and property are driven from the sanctuary that they enjoy under the protection of an established moral code; and the economic forces that act passively on the conditions of human existence and of inhuman warfare. To live, man must eat and drink and be clothed; to kill other men, he must have guns and munitions.

It is for the twofold purpose of giving prominence to the contrast so strikingly furnished by the World War between these two groups of forces, between the seen and the unseen, the understood and the not-understood, weapons with which it was waged, and of indicating the potency of the latter weapon, that Admiral Consett has presented his commentary on the economic aspect of

the recent war, under the title of *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*.

This volume is designed to demonstrate the far-reaching and evil effects of trade on the fortunes of war, by showing how the failure to harness the vast resources of a great Empire led to the undue protraction of the struggle in arms of 1914-1918, and brought economic defeat alike to victor and to vanquished.

In August 1914, Germany was prepared and equipped for only a short campaign. It is beyond all reasonable doubt that her chief and immediate object was the subjugation of France. England's entry and the battle of the Marne finally destroyed Germany's hopes of an early victory, and made victory itself uncertain, and possible only after a long and tedious struggle.

Germany saw that her existence depended upon her ability to import supplies from overseas. The war thus resolved itself into a struggle for the mastery of these supplies, whose war status was governed by conditions, some of which were not in dispute, while others formed the subject of diplomatic controversy with America. Germany had free access to Scandinavian and Dutch produce; but Scandinavia herself was dependent upon overseas supplies for her industrial and economic existence. These supplies came from the neutral world and from Great Britain and her allies. Over the latter Great Britain had absolute con-

¹ Captain Daniel, R.N. (*Retired*), collaborated with Admiral Consett in the preparation of his important and most interesting book, *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*. Our readers should understand at the outset that during the war Admiral Consett was stationed as Naval Attaché in Scandinavia — a post of capital importance at the time. — THE EDITOR.

trol, but only partial and challenged control over neutral commerce. British and British-controlled supplies, it must be noted, were of great, and, in some cases, of vital importance to Scandinavia.

What happened during the war was that Great Britain sent her own goods to Scandinavia, who passed them on directly to Germany, or used them either to release her native produce or to work her industries in the interests of Germany. British trade with Scandinavia continued for two and a half years, until, in 1917, Germany committed the blunder of declaring an unrestricted submarine warfare, thus virtually blockading herself by closing the North Sea to practically all traffic and bringing America into the war.

The generally accepted thesis with regard to the prolongation of the war differs from that of Admiral Consett. Admiral Consett attributes the prolonged fighting mainly, if not entirely, to the material effects of British trade on the blockade of Germany, and to its evil moral influence on American, Scandinavian, and Dutch opinion; whereas the official view, as stated during the war and as recently reiterated by Lord Grey, was that Great Britain's belligerent rights over neutral commerce were limited by the necessity of having to accept America's interpretation of international maritime law or to face the risk of a rupture with America.

It remains, therefore, before turning to the subject of British trade, to examine the contention of His Majesty's Government in respect of America's attitude during the time that America was a neutral; observing, however, that the subject of British trade is independent of the subject of maritime rights, to which, and to neutral trade, the official contention exclusively refers. In the one case we are concerned with a question of opinion, in the other

we are dealing with a matter of proved fact. Also, before proceeding to an examination of the effects of an embargo on British exports, the ground must be cleared by a brief survey of the economic relationship between Great Britain and her allies and Scandinavia, with a view to ascertaining where and to what extent lay the economic advantage; and what were the political consequences that might result from the exerting of economic pressure on the Scandinavian neutrals.

I follow the plan which Admiral Consett has adopted. Naval belligerent operations have as their main, if not as their exclusive, ulterior offensive object the stoppage of all supplies to an enemy. The rules of naval warfare determine the extent of this right of interference; they are the expression of maritime rights and are framed for the protection of neutral commerce. They fix — or profess to fix, for they are very ambiguous and elusive affairs — the rights of neutrals equally with those of belligerents. Concerning, as they do concern, the basis of the prosperity of nations, it is not to be wondered at that they have always been fruitful sources of friction; and less is it a matter of surprise that the American overseas trade with the northern European neutrals, which they seriously threatened, brought Great Britain into sharp diplomatic conflict with America.

But the rules under which Great Britain fought during the war were of her own making. A long period of peace in the nineteenth century had lulled Great Britain into a false sense of security, and grave and radical changes had been voluntarily admitted into the code of rules under which she had previously fought. These changes greatly restricted the right of interference with neutral trade, though they would have operated greatly to the advantage of Britain, with her enormous carrying

trade, in a European war in which she should have remained neutral—a contingency which, unhappily, these changes had contemplated. During the war a series of efforts was made to retrieve the abandoned rights and to bring into use the rules of the past. These efforts were resisted by America.

The principal rules are contained in the Declaration of Paris, 1856, and in the Declaration of London, 1909. With regard to the Declaration of London, although Great Britain herself was not bound by this Convention, it not having been ratified, it was nevertheless adopted with slight modifications on the outbreak of war. During the war very great changes were, in fact, made in these rules; chiefly by reason of Germany's notorious contempt for, and disregard of, the moral obligations of the signatories of all contracts to preserve inviolate the faith from which alone a contract derives its value.

The Declaration of Paris authorizes a neutral vessel to carry enemy goods, with the exception of contraband.

The Declaration of London, which, be it said, was of German origin, deals chiefly with contraband and blockade. With regard to contraband, it gives lists of contraband articles, and, moreover, contains a list of articles which cannot be made contraband. On this Free List are to be found the principal raw materials for munitions. The capture of contraband is made subject to rigid conditions of proof of enemy destination, with which it was not practicable to comply. These conditions seriously fettered the jurisdiction of prize courts, the tribunal which pronounces upon the validity of all belligerent claims. The rules virtually amount to a notification to the smuggler of how to avoid risk to his venture. When it is considered that the smuggler stood to amass huge wealth, that he resorted to every trick and device that

unscrupulous ingenuity could suggest,—in some cases, I think, he could afford to lose three cargoes out of four,—is it a matter for surprise that a nation, fighting for its life, confronted with conditions that had never been contemplated by these rules, and seeing its enemy flagrantly violating them, should endeavor to search them for underlying principles? Although it was open knowledge that enormous supplies were reaching Germany, yet not a packet of merchandise could be touched without the authority of the prize courts, whose decisions were based on technical presumption of proof.

In the case of blockade, the range of modern guns, and the presence of aircraft, mines, and submarines made it impracticable to approach enemy ports in the North Sea and effectively to close them.

Thus, neither by the rules governing the seizure of contraband, nor by the rules of blockade, could effective control over guilty cargoes be obtained. Ships carrying foodstuffs and the raw materials for munitions and military equipment poured into the neutral ports of the North Sea, the British fleet being powerless to stop them. The ships were held up and sent into port for examination, only, in most cases, to be released.

The claims asserted by Great Britain in her search for principles met, in many cases, with energetic protest from America. The arguments on both sides in this diplomatic discussion are carefully and impartially reviewed. For instance, although it is quite true that long-range guns, aircraft, mines, and submarines did prevent British compliance with the rules of blockade, it has to be acknowledged that these hindrances were the lawful measures of our enemy, to whom America was neutral as well as to Great Britain. It was hardly to be expected that America

would acquiesce, to her infinite injury, in the proposed rejection by Great Britain of rules to which she had agreed in peace-time, because in war-time she found that these rules did not suit her.

The controversy on the subject of maritime rights shows clearly how delicate a subject it is, and how utterly inadequate are the existing rules to meet the conditions of modern warfare.

During this discussion, however, the question of British trade was raised by America, who asked for the figures relating to the export of cocoa. These figures showed that British exports had increased from about 300,000 pounds during the first four months of 1913 to about 3,000,000 pounds during the first quarter of 1914. This is a very serious increase; but it is only fair to say that the general dislocation of trade and its diversion from accustomed routes may possibly in part have accounted for it. Further reference is made to British trade, which was justified on the ground that it was on a scale less than that of America's export trade. Admiral Consett holds very strong views as to the effect of British trade on Anglo-American relations. But he brings very powerful reasoning to bear upon what he has to say on this subject, which is that British competitive trading lay at the root of the friction with America.

It is noted that in the opening months of the war America was not disposed, in view of the unexpected outbreak of hostilities, to judge British policy harshly, or to protest against it vigorously. At this time, too, the prestige of Great Britain stood at its highest, and Scandinavia would have been least disposed to resist the imposition of all lawful economic pressure. That Scandinavians, in fact, expected such pressure, and were frankly amazed at not being made to feel it, is amply borne out by Admiral Consett's personal testimony.

These inestimable moral advantages were forfeited. Had Great Britain herself on the outbreak of war abstained from trade, there would, Admiral Consett submits, have been neither time nor cause for America's displeasure to foment; for Germany's neutral neighbors could not support themselves without the resources of the British Empire; much less could they have rendered assistance to Germany. America made such reasonable concessions as strict neutrality would allow, but she placed no obstacles in the way of a British embargo on Britain's own goods. That the great mass of American opinion was sympathetic toward Great Britain seems to be beyond doubt. It is instanced notably in the case of the offer of an important firm of meat-packers. This offer and others were refused.

II

A survey of the economic relationship between the Allies and Scandinavia points to the nitrates of Norway as the only commodity of vital importance to the Allies. On the supply of Norway's nitrates the French at one time depended for ninety per cent of their ammunition. Denmark's food, Sweden's steel, pit-props, timber, and other goods could be replaced by Great Britain from other sources at the cost of inconvenience only, whereas a British embargo would spell disaster to Scandinavia.

Holland, whose economic conditions resemble those of Denmark, is not treated separately.

With regard to political factors, it would seem that Germany's aim throughout the war was the twofold aim of preserving at any cost the status quo in Scandinavia, and, to this end, of leaving no stone unturned to conceal this purpose from her enemies. Hence, Denmark is found preying upon

England's gullibility, to replenish her stocks, by pointing to fear of German invasion; and Sweden successfully staves off economic disaster by a simulated independence and a truculent or even bellicose attitude.

Perhaps the most important part of this volume is to be found in the closely reasoned discussion of these important factors. Admiral Consett's arguments have been described as conclusive and unanswerable. Denmark's army was small, and for defensive purposes only; Denmark was supplying Germany with 300,000 tons of food a year. Sweden was employing the whole of her man-power in turning out her price-less ore for Germany to the extent of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons a year, and supplying her with munitions and military equipment. Denmark was Germany's larder, Sweden her workshop. The industries of these states were vitalized by British coal. Hostile to Great Britain, with the extreme probability that Norway would join the Entente powers, with the Scandinavian ports closed to commerce by the British fleet, with the Swedish army withdrawn from the mines and workshops, and, moreover, having to defend the Norwegian frontier and the west coast, with our enemies the only available source of supplies, with, in short, everything to lose and nothing to gain, was it likely that these states would abandon the unprecedented prosperity that they were enjoying and face almost certain and irreparable disaster?

Or was it likely that Germany, except on the supposition of a set of favorable circumstances too fantastic to receive consideration, could view the prospect of the turmoil into which Scandinavia would be thrown, except with the worst forebodings, and as pregnant with the gravest possibilities?

This examination of the political out-

look is embarrassed by no necessity of having to consider the strategic features of Denmark and Sweden, by whom the navigable approaches to the Baltic were closed by mines and gates, which barred access to the British fleet, but left open a channel accessible only to the German fleet.

III

Having established his main premises, Admiral Consett addresses himself to the subject of trade and economic pressure. The bulk of the trade figures are given in an appendix. They are taken from official Scandinavian statistics published after the war. The observations that follow may suitably be introduced by three tables:

Metric tons of food sent by Norway, Sweden, and

	Denmark	
	To United Kingdom	To Germany and Austria
1913.....	344,785	252,128
1914.....	359,820	262,376
1915.....	275,473	561,234
1916.....	191,916	620,756
1917.....	172,103	315,205

Metric tons of food sent from Denmark (the principal source of supply to Germany)

	To United Kingdom	To Germany and Austria
1913.....	256,754	123,547
1914.....	277,579	134,105
1915.....	197,398	274,401
1916.....	156,100	314,328
1917.....	102,423	196,907

Metric tons of food lost by England and gained by Germany from Denmark, as compared with

	1913	
	Lost by England	Gained by Germany
1915.....	59,356	150,854
1916.....	100,654	190,781
1917.....	154,321	73,360

Many food articles, such as beer, vegetable and fish oils, fruit, and immense quantities of vegetables are not included in the above tables.

Were these foodstuffs of urgent

importance to Germany? Could they have been restricted in amount?

The figures throughout the statistics for 1917, when the blockade became effective, furnish the most convincing reply to the latter question. In 1918 supplies to Germany dwindled away.

There was a factor which prevented Germany from drawing fully upon her native resources, and which governed access to the whole of Germany's potential wealth. This factor was labor. There was coal in abundance in Westphalia, there was iron ore, there were large timber forests, and there was a fertile soil for the growth of food, though not in sufficient quantities. But all available men in Germany had been withdrawn from the mines, from the soil, from the factories, and from the workshops, to join the colors.

To cite only one example of the dearth of German labor — when Germany was under the influence of the great Entente offensive in the West and the extraordinarily high rate of wastage that it involved, 50,000 workmen had to be released at the request of the coal controller. These men were never recovered.

To strike therefore at Germany's labor was to strike at her heart during the war. The ideal policy was to aim at the prevention of all goods from reaching her, but, alternatively, that she should receive component parts preferably to finished articles, in order that her own soil, her own labor, and her own transport should be pressed into a service which was being performed partly by enemy and partly by neutral labor, and thus made to sap her strength. But all the German labor — and this point must be insisted upon — could not produce food enough, or nearly enough, for her own needs, even with the Roumanian and Ukraine supplies when they became available. Germany's harvests had to

be mortgaged and food riots had to be put down by the military. There were times when it was the immense stocks accumulated at earlier stages of the war that alone enabled Germany to bridge the narrow margin that separated her from famine. For the first time in history Prussian discipline had to yield to the relentless pressure of economic forces. In 1918, when the American armies took their place in the line of battle and the German offensive stopped, German troops left the fighting line in search of food. This significant admission is made by Ludendorff.

It is in the light of these facts that the importance of all outside supplies and the measures taken for restricting them must be judged.

It was not only food that Germany required, but it was food charged with fat. Fatty substances contain glycerine, the highly important ingredient in the manufacture of explosives. To this end Denmark imported immense quantities of oil-seeds, and fed her cattle on the most fat-producing food procurable.

Denmark's agricultural system had been built up before the war to meet the special requirements of Great Britain; it was mainly on British and British-controlled imports of fodder and fertilizers that, during the war, Denmark's soil was nourished and her stock was fed. Before the war Great Britain took about 60 per cent and Germany about 25 per cent of Denmark's total produce; but during the three years 1915, 1916, and 1917, Great Britain received an average amount of 100,000 tons a year less than in 1913, whereas Germany received an average of 138,000 tons a year more. While Denmark was feeding Germany at Great Britain's expense, British goods poured into Denmark, British coal was used in the transport of Denmark's raw materials from overseas, for its conversion into the finished article, in the mills that

crushed the oil, on the State railways, in gas works, and in electric light and power stations; it was used by manufacturers of such food as meat conserves; and, finally, the trucks that were used for the transport of Denmark's produce were German trucks.

During the war a system of rationing by agreement had been adopted. By this system neutral importers engaged that, in return for the expeditious delivery of their goods and freedom from the vexatious delays of examination and possible prize-court proceedings to which they were liable, they would guarantee not to use such goods for the benefit of our enemies. Neutral governments also prohibited the export of certain classes of imported goods; but, as the governments reserved the right to grant exemptions from the prohibited list, these prohibitions had very little value. The ambiguity in the drafting of these agreements and the failure to exercise a proper supervision in respect of their provisions greatly militated against the achievement of their designed aim. Traders were not slow to take advantage of the loopholes which they contained; and although prolonged parleys took place between the British authorities and the Danish agricultural representatives, with the view of amending the agreements, goods poured into Germany in a steady and unchecked stream for two and a half years. Broadly, Scandinavian importation under guaranty, though the goods were not sent direct to Germany, released native produce for export or fed the native industries that worked for Germany.

Prodigious quantities of oil-seeds were sent to Denmark from our colonies and from Manchuria. These seeds had great fodder- and great oil-, that is to say great explosive-value. The import of soya beans and copra into Den-

mark increased from a pre-war average of 68,000 tons to an average of 150,000 tons in 1915 and 1916. The export of cattle that were fattened by these seeds and that went on the hoof to Germany increased from 150,000 in 1913 to 305,000 in 1916.

The enormous access of wealth and trade that the war had brought to Denmark had enabled her to expand her food industries and to open up new ones. During the first seven months of 1916 the meat alone that she was able to export to Germany was sufficient to furnish about 1,000,000 meat rations per day throughout the seven months, on the scale of the current German army ration. So flourishing was Denmark during the war that special accommodation had to be provided for the grain that poured into the country.

The irony of this extraordinary situation lay in this, that the Danes, who at times could obtain neither fish nor meat in their own shops, which had to close down because the goods went to the lucrative markets of Germany, attributed the shortage to the harsh British blockade.

Similarly, in Sweden, the Swedish spindles were idle when the wharves and quays of Swedish ports were choked with cotton for Germany; and coffee, the favorite beverage of the Swede, was unobtainable in Swedish restaurants at a time when Sweden was exporting quantities to Germany.

The whole of the Scandinavian fishing industries depended mainly upon British or British-controlled supplies. The greater part of the immense products of these industries, from which fish-guano, fish-meal, and fish-oil were obtained, went to Germany, where, during the first two years of the war, fish was the principal article of diet in trains and restaurants. From Denmark and Sweden alone during 1915, 1916, and 1917, Great Britain received 7000

tons to Germany's 324,000 tons. An opportunity to purchase Norway's fish — her fishing industry is one of the largest in the world — early in the war was rejected. In August, 1916, at three times the price of the original offer, the greater part of Norway's catch was acquired by purchase. In the meantime Germany had been manuring her soil, manufacturing explosives, and feeding her population on the best part of the 355,000 tons of fish refused by her enemies. Petroleum was supplied to the Danish fishermen in unrestricted quantities, in violation of the signed conditions under which its import was allowed. The very fishermen themselves acknowledged that they were breaking faith and that they expected to be punished.

IV

Admiral Consett's reports upon the Danish traffic with Germany are borne out in a very striking manner in all particulars by a report from Mr. Conger, the American representative in Denmark of the Associated Press after America's entry. A copy of Mr. Conger's report was sent to the Minister of Blockade.

Of the examples selected to illustrate the effects of British trade, coal is given first place.

All merchandise in war-time has a special war-value as distinct from its market value in peace-time. Coal was not so much a commodity as a source of irresistible power. Scandinavia has no coal; and, moreover, she depended very largely upon British coal, for the burning of which the grate surfaces of her boilers in many cases, including state railway engines, have been specially adapted. British coal was a vital cog in the Scandinavian machine, not only from its high calorific value, but because it was readily accessible and had

no efficient substitute. In his luminous chapter on this subject, Admiral Consett examines all alternative sources of supply. Long distance, freights, and want of shipping-space placed America, as one such source, out of the question; and both the Silesian and Belgian stocks which were sent by Germany proved to be almost useless except when mixed with British coal. In coal alone there lay the power, if not to smash the industries of those working for our enemies, at least to cripple them to an extent sufficient to enforce respect for our wishes and legitimate claims.

As an example, tinned foods are highly important in the commissariat of an army, and tin has no efficient substitute. In Norway British coal was withheld from firms that worked for Germany, thus dealing a severe blow at certain canning and condensed-milk industries. Germany was compelled to expend man-power in the manufacture of enameled iron cans and in their transport to Norway. She had also to supply glass bottles for milk, — coal pressure having been exerted on the glass-bottle manufacturers, — and to accept supplies of perishable fresh milk instead of condensed milk. In Denmark, where coal pressure was less stringently applied, the supplies of tin that came from Great Britain enabled the Danes to meet Germany's heavy demands for tinned foods, and to make and keep in repair the cans that carried the milk to Germany. A small amount of tin enabled immense amounts of foodstuffs to be preserved.

When Sweden was supplying Germany with copper in quantities three times as great as those that she sent to her before the war, the British export to Sweden was doubled. Among other of the infinite uses to which copper is put is that of rotating projectiles.

Nickel is a very hard metal, used in the construction of torpedoes and in

the manufacture of steel armaments. Norway was Germany's only source of supply, and the best part of Norway's output went to Germany. The particulars of these transactions and of those that refer to lubricants are given chiefly for English readers.

Cotton was not made contraband until August, 1915, although it is the basis of the most powerful explosives. Sweden's supply rose from 25,000 tons in 1913 to 123,000 tons in 1915. Denmark in 1916 received in piece goods alone a quantity equivalent to 16 yards per head of population. It is understood that the American cotton crop early in the war was offered to the British Government on easy terms of purchase. When Germany was cut off from cotton, she had to fall back upon an inferior substitute in the shape of pulp from wood fibre. Sweden's exports in pulps to Germany at once trebled. The Swedish mills were worked by British coal, fifteen tons of which were consumed in the manufacture of eighteen tons of pulp.

When Great Britain was sending hides, leather, boots, shoes, and tanning-materials to Denmark and Sweden on a scale of thousands of tons, in addition to hair, glue, and fats (such as oleo and lard), — all of which are component parts of the beasts that Denmark sent to Germany, — these countries were supplying Germany with cattle on the hoof, boots and shoes on a parallel scale. During the war, Denmark sent to Germany nearly 1,000,000 head of live cattle; and Sweden supplied Germany with about 4,500,000 pairs of boots and shoes.

In the early part of 1916 the wharves of Copenhagen were choked with tea, — a very bulky substance, occupying much freight-space, — a large part of which came from British colonies and was being despatched to Germany. These transactions came under the

sardonic gaze of Admiral Consett's neutral colleagues, and were made by him the subject of strong protest. The evil moral effect of British trade on neutrals is instanced, in the case of America, by transactions in binder-twine and Singer sewing machines. Similar instances are given with regard to our allies, notably France and Japan.

Flax, which feeds the linen industry, so vital to our air offensive, was being exported at a time when the Irish crop was the worst during ten years, and when the occupation of Belgium had seriously affected supplies. Our export of jute, which Germany badly needed, was so excessive as to place the home trade in a very precarious position.

The trade in British cement with Holland is made by Admiral Consett the subject of a special chapter. Cement was largely used by Germany for military purposes in Flanders. Whether British cement actually reached the Germans is in dispute. That Germany received indirect benefit from it by the substitution of British man-power for German man-power seems to be unquestionable. A demand in Holland for British cement had arisen at a time (the end of 1916) when the dearth of German man-power had reached so acute a stage that Germany could not maintain her export trade and could not supply Holland with cement in return for foods. The following table speaks for itself.

Export of Cement from United Kingdom to Holland

1913	1914	1915	1916	1917
4,916	20,838	4,118	1,304	48,930

Financial pressure is touched upon superficially, pointed comment being directed against the British traffic in paper currency in 1918, at a time when Germany was openly proclaiming her need for it, and when on this account America had stopped the traffic.

Before summing up his conclusions,

Admiral Consett deals with the debates that took place in the Houses of Parliament on the British blockade policy, and makes reference to serious discrepancies between an official report on the subject of the excessive supplies that were reaching Germany and his own official reports on the subject.

British trade was justified on the grounds of regard for small neutral states and of the improvement of the exchange. These grounds cannot survive the criticism which is directed against them. With the neutrals Admiral Consett finds himself in sympathy. Their sufferings arose from the rapacity of a small body of profiteers.

On the question of Anglo-American relations, in a recent letter, Admiral Consett writes to me as follows:—

During the war, and ever since, I have felt strongly convinced that the future progress of the world depends upon the continual friendship between America and England. There must be no suspicion on either side that one is trying to take a mean advantage of the other. One of my chief reasons for wishing to bring out the book was because it seemed to me that the only possible way of removing a mutual distrust was to state frankly and fairly the real cause of the friction which arose during the war between America and England. If, therefore, the book is not read by Americans, one of my chief objects has not been attained.

The Triumph of Unarmed Forces was written for the purpose, first, of placing on record facts which concern themselves with the unknown and dominating factors of a titanic struggle for which history can furnish no parallel, and in which the very liberty of civilized nations was itself at stake. It was written, secondly, in the hope that by making appeal to all thoughtful men, steps may be taken to profit from the lessons of the past by providing, as far as possible, safeguards against a repe-

tition of the peril with which the liberty of nations may again be confronted.

That American readers may the better be enabled to form an opinion of the value of this volume, I may perhaps usefully conclude my paper with a brief reference to its reception in England. The facts recorded are admittedly unchallengeable, and opinion appears to be but little divided on the expressed views contained in the book. Both in the London and in the provincial press stern comment on the grave nature of the disclosures—which have been received with incredulity—has been tempered with a restraint due to those upon whom responsibility may rest, though scathing denunciation in unmeasured terms has found expression in one or two very outspoken articles. The book, which is the only work extant on the economic aspect of the World War, is recognized as deriving a special value from its authorship, which gives it a quasi-official character. Admiral Consett served for six years as Naval Attaché in Scandinavia, having previously been employed in the Naval Intelligence Department of the Admiralty. In 1920 he was appointed Naval Adviser to the Supreme Council in Paris. His knowledge of the economic and diplomatic side of the war is, it has been said, probably unequaled by that of any other Englishman. His opinions and his writings cannot be ignored. Indeed, the only tendency to adverse criticism that his work has met with has been based upon grounds which are in disregard of his main thesis. His book has been made the subject of debate in the House of Lords, where again in the autumn the question of the blockade is to be raised. It has evoked considerable comment in France, where a French edition is now in course of preparation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LOWEST STRATUM OF SUMMER

THERE are patent reasons for walking, on this day, so late in the autumn. It is worth seeing how the goldenrod, though ashen-colored, still keeps its exact loveliness of line, ready to catch on its brittle fronds the still, silver flowers of the snow. Three days ago, the first snow settled there, and made beautiful shadowy things out of the dead stalks. To-day, that tentative sweep of winter is forgotten, and the sunshine is strong and creative. Let the North Wind nap, and warmth and beauty try hardily to return.

A great smooth wind draws down the hill-slopes, through the gray beauty of the flat beech-branches, with their clinging drift of frost-bleached leaves, which rustle together, paper-like and pallid. The sycamores have cast their shaggy bark, and stand up white, to meet the white winter. Their intricate, angled tracery is so hoary, yet so beautiful, so different from the simplicity of the white birches of the north. Yet close to the stream, to rival the birches and disprove that sentence immediately, stand three young sycamores, girlish and lissome. Freed of the brown bark, they stand ready, like beggar-girls who have thrown off their rags, to step down, silvery-ankled, into the silver water.

Birds' nests now are discarded cradles. Love-making is a dream, passed or to come, and the birds grow social-minded in the season of hardship. Those that sing now sing with keen, whistling notes, which tune with the winter wind. Quails call around dawn.

The tufted titmouse summons, 'Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter!' This Peter must truly be a deaf little bird, with tufts of feathers over his ears!

Suddenly, across the landscape, like a lapful of brown leaves, drifts a flock of Carolina wrens. Their music rings, answers, and rings again. Hither and thither they flit, peopling every tree.

And here — oh, new beauty! — fly turtledoves. I scan them, in surprise. A cloud of tranquillity; think of the gray wealth of the sight against the soft sky — fifteen turtledoves, flying together, limning the very silhouette of peace along the horizon; here they breast the insolent airs, banded for the journey.

Drop down on this flat stone, watching the doves merge in gray cloud. Sit Japanese-fashion, near the almost Japanese beauty of the last stratum of summer, lying within ten inches of the surface of the earth. Down here are plants which have survived frost, and those which guilelessly think every warm day begins another summer, and so open their eyes too soon.

Trees blossom in the balm of spring, garden flowers are gay in May and June, and the waysides of August are awash with rich petal color. But greater plants yield up leaf and calyx to frost. Fingers of the oak leaves are curled and cold, tree branches move with the deadwood stiffness of marionettes when the North Wind pulls the strings. Berries are frozen and pulpy, and even the witch-hazel, with its pricks of light, glimmers no more.

But down here nearest the soil, shining with melted frost, are the small plants which cherish the tradition of

bloom, until it can be handed on to the green shoots of spring.

Here is supreme courage in tiny scope. With edges crimped by cold, the wee plants renew themselves with what measure of sunlight they can catch. These are the last, last outposts of summer.

The darling of maple trees, three inches high, still holds up crisply its two tiny leaves, as exquisite and crimson as any that were on the tall trees. All bright leaves on topmost twigs were shaken days ago. This infant thing, caught close to the breast of the earth, is still rosy.

Obscure tones of mauve, of cinnamon, of faded scarlet, of fawn, of russet and rust and flame, have been put here by the sharp pencil of the frost, on these snippets of plants — colors which never appeared in their proper periods of blooming. Orange, bright as the fruit, lies on a leaflet of mouse-ear size. Chickweed, with its minute flowrets, preserves that fresh green which has been long gone from the larger landscape. A finger-long spray of golden-rod abloom is a rare salvage. The devil's-paintbrush, with its brickly pigment, is here, there, and everywhere, like its master, though the handle is short now. A bluet, the only forget-me-not of these fields, and a cinquefoil have come up in the face of the snow. A bit of catnip and an inch-high tree of pennyroyal — how extra-pungent their flavor rises now! I discover a couple of shabby red clovers, a glossy wild-rose haw, a rosette of woolly mullein, a bronzed dewberry bramble.

It is surprising to find so much that is fine in so straitened a space. Brave plants are these, blooming in a charming perversity, long beyond their appropriate time. Bless them all, here on our knees! Bless this field-daisy, golden-eyed, though its petals are tipped with that rose-color which touches

white flowers only when life goes hard and long with them. That tinge will visit the trillium, the fall anemone, the Christmas roses that dwell chin-high in the snows. It is exactly like the pretty pink on the over-white cheek of an old, old lady. It is like the flush of a winter sunset over snow, the gallant show of life across the very face of death.

All round the warm flat stone I lean, to discover the circlet of charm that rings it. A bit of self-heal and a small saxifrage are bedfellows in a crack of the rock. You want to hover over them, to cuddle them in your hands. There is the feeling that you may help them now, for whom, before, sun and rain and breeze were sufficient. They were ready for this fragment of a season; their obscurity has come to distinction. One day their faith shall be justified. 'The broken heart it kens nae second spring again'; but nature kens, on and on, forever.

Alive with interest, we go down into the moist hollow where violets once bloomed — and bloom again! Two, no, three. Their color is deep, a dye of their very heart's best, and their chins are lifted a little, saucily. This is meekness, driven finally to rebellion.

Royal purple calls for gold to lighten it, and behold, up against the earth, the gold shield of the dandelion. Oh, this bravery of retreat! In summer he reaches and reaches above the grasses. Now he has gone back, step by driven step, the sword of the frost at his throat. But ever breast-forward has he gone, to the wall, and still holds his golden shield shining against the enemy. And on every sunny day he will be bright, until spring shall bid him lengthen his cords.

'Then thou, too,' Warrior of the Gleaming Armor, 'shalt return in honor, since in the battle thou hast kept thy shield.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Edward E. Whiting has for many years been a politically minded journalist — especially New England politics — and from the beginning of Calvin Coolidge's career, a friend and close observer of the President. New Englanders know him well as the author of the keen and whimsical political comment which appears in the *Boston Herald* as 'Whiting's Column.' Most accounts of the Ku Klux Klan are by special investigators who go forth to find a story — and a good one. We publish this month the account of a man who simply went home and found that all his friends and 'the best people in town' belonged to the Klan. Lowell Mellett is a newspaper man, once managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*. He writes: —

I'm as much opposed to the Klan now as I was when it first showed its hood, but, as the enclosed article will indicate, I've come to believe that much of the present opposition only serves to strengthen the organization. I've been back home in Indiana and I've found great numbers of the folks I used to know are Klansmen. You know they absolutely dominated the last state election. They claim, perhaps with some good ground, credit for the election of Senator Ralston; they may later claim credit for electing him President.

The story of the Klan in Indiana is not the story that is told of the Klan elsewhere, though it may be the true story of the Klan elsewhere. I don't know, I've stuck to Indiana, about which I do know.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould is an old contributor, whom *Atlantic* readers know both for her short stories and her keen comment upon American life and manners.

* * *

Some of the struggle, the romance, and the salt of the sea, Arthur Mason is pouring into his sketches for the *Atlantic*. For forty years he followed the sea, first as a sailor before the mast, later as an officer on merchant sailing-ships. John Jay Chapman,

American poet and essayist, is the author of *A Glance Toward Shakespeare*, *William Lloyd Garrison*, and many volumes of verse and prose. (DEAR READER, — No, *vill* is n't a misprint for *vill*, as you can learn from Webster or Murray. The place the poet had in mind is Great Tew. If the reader knows it, he certainly knows what a *vill* is.) Arthur Pound, author of *The Iron Man in Industry*, by turns a printer, editor, and farmer, is now a leader-writer for a New York paper. Cornelia J. Cannon, wife of Professor W. B. Cannon, the biologist, is the author of many much-discussed *Atlantic* papers. A lawyer of Jersey City, Richard Boardman, sends us this month his first contribution to the *Atlantic*, born of his legal experience with divorce. A young lawyer and poet, Archibald MacLeish, is about to bring out a new book of poetry to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Joseph Warren Beach is Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, and author of *The Method of Henry James*. W. F. C. Thacher, a writer new to the *Atlantic*, has put into his story a very perfect reflection of a small boy's mind.

* * *

H. Phelps Putnam, one of the younger group of American poets, is the author of 'A Lost World' (three sonnets) in the June *Atlantic*. William Beebe's 'A Midnight Beach-Combing' has his old qualities of biological drama — one might say — and scientific accuracy. Margaret Emerson Bailey is a new *Atlantic* contributor. Robert Pierpont Blake is a member of the department of history at Harvard College. Rose Peabody Parsons, a daughter of the headmaster of Groton School, and now the wife of Dr. Barclay Parsons of New York, served through the war as a nurse in France. Lucy Truman Aldrich, whose vivid account of her experiences with Chinese banditti, confirms anew our confidence in the gallant courage and enduring humor of American

women, is the eldest daughter of the late Nelson W. Aldrich, United States Senator from Rhode Island. At the time of her kidnapping, Miss Aldrich was going round the world for the second time, and was on her way to Peking, where she planned to spend several months. Her love of art, especially Oriental art, carries her far afield, and being very deaf she finds her greatest diversion and recreation in traveling. Miss MacFadden, who is mentioned several times in the letter, lives with Miss Aldrich as friend and companion. 'Mathilde' is Mathilde Schoneberg, a French woman and Miss Aldrich's maid for twenty-five years.

* * *

Mark O. Prentiss is an American industrial engineer who went to Constantinople under the auspices of the Near East Relief. His mission was to organize industrial employment, if possible, for the thousands of pauperized refugees. Later, at Admiral Bristol's request, he visited Smyrna, and was present when the city was captured and burned by the Turks. He was put in charge of the evacuation of refugees by the United States naval authorities, — an appointment confirmed by the Smyrna local committee, — and talked with the principal leaders, including Mustapha Kemal. At one time, three hundred Turkish soldiers assisted him; at another he was arrested by the Turks for using a camera, and ordered to be shot. Fortunately, through wit and courage he won over his executioners and hobnobbed with them for the remainder of the day. Mr. Prentiss is not himself a writer, and the story was written by John Bakeless, managing editor of the *Living Age*, who heard the whole from the lips of Mr. Prentiss and has recorded it for the readers of the *Atlantic*. Sir Frederic Maurice, who was present at the sessions of the League of Nations during the Italian-Greek crisis, is a Major-General in the British Army. He was military adviser to the Cabinet during the war, and director of military operations of the Imperial General Staff in 1915-1916. Captain O. H. Daniel of the Royal Navy (*Retired*) collaborated with Admiral Consett in the preparation of his book, *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*, the thesis of

which goes to show that certain commercial interests in England were largely responsible for the prolongation of the war. Admiral Consett was stationed as Naval Attaché in Scandinavia during the war, a port from which he followed the question of British exports to Scandinavia: exports which, as a rule passed on into German territory.

* * *

Was Ramsay Traquair just? The national jury which sat on 'Women and Civilization' was interested — no doubt about that — but the returns were mixed. Among men the 'Ayes' had it, but perhaps that is natural. The odd thing is that many women voted Aye too, though some with reservations.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You will have a storm of protest over Mr. Traquair's article, but at least one woman agrees with him! Unquestionably our gifts are more practical than imaginative. But there is a reason for the popular fallacy to the contrary: the average woman is more imaginative than the average man, also she is more executive. She does however never attain first place in any profession, business, or career, and the reason is that her mind is never that of a leader, never the supernormal, just as it is never the lowest type of subnormal. In all coeducational schools and colleges it is a matter of common knowledge that the highest and lowest places belong to the boys. The top rungs of the ladder and the bottom belong to the other sex, but the middle ones are ours! Also it has been said that the creative impulse in woman finds expression in bearing children. May there not be a grain of truth in that?

(MRS.) J. B. GILMAN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You would be disappointed not to hear from us, would n't you, after that estimate of us by Mr. Ramsay Traquair in the September *Atlantic*.

I emerged from reading the article with the tingling sensation that I have after my cold shower bath. The water was cold, but it started the circulation.

We have no arguments with which to meet the charge that we lack the divine spark of genius; the facts of history speak for themselves. We regret it, and accept it.

It is not my purpose to uphold women as educators, which may be at least a debatable question.

I only wish, in my feminine and ungifted way, to ask a timid question.

If, as the author remarks of women in a well-taken point on p. 290 of the *Atlantic*, 'their not taking opportunity is in itself a part of the record of their ability,' would not the same reasoning hold for the men of this continent now so stifled by feminine training? Why don't *they* rise to heights of genius *in spite of their handicap*?

Yours, with chastened spirit,
HARRIET W. PIERSON.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I suppose you have many letters on the subject of Mr. Traquair's article, 'Women and Civilization.' It is certainly stimulating to thought. It stimulates me so I can't keep still.

It is probably true that women have not so large an artistic imagination as men, still this may be partly due to their age-long training in petty thoughts. House-managing is made up entirely of endless jumping from one little thing to another. There cannot possibly be any concentration on one central idea as the housemother must be ready every moment to turn to a new difficulty. The difficulties, probably, are little things that take only a short time for adjustment, but they are so infinitely numerous and so absolutely unrelated to each other, that the situation inevitably produces a discursive state of mind, directly the opposite of that required for production in art, science or philosophy. . . .

Mr. Traquair says women have brought the whole teaching profession into disrepute. In this assertion he has made one little mistake which changes the whole proposition: not women have done this, but men. I have several friends who teach in New York public schools, and they all say the same thing: their work requires little or no imagination, and exercise of creative thought is discountenanced — and by whom? By the political machine which controls the school system — and is composed largely of men. I agree however that boys should be taught by men much more than they are.

Mr. Traquair in his whole article has entirely neglected one factor which seems to me at least existent in the life of most married women: childbirth. What may this perhaps do to a woman's creative faculty? How important is it in her life as a whole? The two impulses, of sex and of creation, being so closely allied, one wonders how much this has to do with the question. With women, those that have the strongest sex impulse are usually married, and their urge to create is perhaps often satisfied with children, though of course this is not always the case. With men, however, the whole thing is different; married or single they can create just the same. Perhaps their larger imaginations are equal to both impulses.

ETHEL C. GARDNER

PITTSBURG, KANSAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The women in Kansas are all mad about it, too, of course. But I should like to ask the editor if he did n't chuckle a bit when he put 'The Robe de Boudoir' in the same issue?

MARGARET E. HAUGHAWOUT.

* * *

Because the Italian-Greek crisis might readily have proved a second Sarajevo, and so the spark for a world war, and because it was in the nature of a test case for the League, we are glad to publish this letter from Manley O. Hudson, professor of international law and member of the legal section of the Secretariat of the League. He comments upon a number of events that occurred after General Maurice had written and mailed the article which we publish in this number.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am very much interested to find that General Maurice's conclusions tally pretty closely with my own, although I did not have the pleasure of discussing the matter with him in Geneva.

If I would have given anything in his article a slightly different emphasis, I think it would have been the position of the Conference of Ambassadors with reference to the dispute, and the part which it played in the final settlement. For the dispute was in fact a three-cornered affair. The murder of the Italian officers was not merely an affront to Italy, but also a challenge to the authority of the Conference of Ambassadors, under which the Delimitation Commission was acting. So that I think it would have been accurate to say that Greece, Italy, and the Conference of Ambassadors were all parties to the dispute. Moreover, the Conference of Ambassadors did begin considering the whole question before Greece appealed to the Council of the League.

I am a bit surprised to find such a clear statement by General Maurice that Italy had violated the Covenant. There is surely a case to be made for the Italian contention that their seizure of Corfu was not a violation of Greece's territorial integrity, given the precedents of the last fifty years. As to Article XII, the Italians have contended that they did not go to war or create a state of war. But I think there is no case to be made for the action of the Italians in jeopardizing the world's peace as they did.

Developments in the situation since General Maurice's article was written have been in line with the conclusions which he drew. Perhaps his emphasis on the reference to the Permanent

Court of International Justice is the one thing which has not been borne out in the events. For the original decision of the Conference of Ambassadors to have the Court determine the amount of the indemnity to be paid by Greece was modified on September 14, in such a way that no question relating to the dispute itself has been placed before the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Italian withdrawal from Corfu, even if accomplished at the expense of Greece's paying a very large indemnity, has now been effected as General Maurice foresaw.

There remains the contest in the Assembly and the Council of the League over the measures to be taken as a result of the Italian challenge to the competence of the Council. It is difficult to believe that the Italian lawyers are really of the opinion that the Council was not competent under Article XII and Article XV of the Covenant to deal with the Greek appeal. It would be difficult also to see how the Italian contention of incompetence could be substantiated in the face of Article XI, which empowers the Council to deal with any threat of war. I am extremely pleased with General Maurice's emphasis on the rôle of the Council as an agency of conciliation, rather than as an agency of judicial investigation. I think the Italian-Greek crisis ought to show what the League really is. It is not a super-state, it is not a League to Enforce Peace. It is a method of international life. It is a machinery for conference and consultation and for conciliation. In this view, I can only conclude with General Maurice that the League has had a real success, that the machinery has worked, and that the method has proved itself sound.

The important outstanding results are, first, though the world has passed through another Sarajevo, war has been prevented. Second, Corfu has been restored to Greece. And third, an adequate reparation has been made to Italy for the murder of the Italian officers. Surely these results should convince any doubter that the situation with the League of Nations is vastly better than the situation would have been without it.

MANLEY O. HUDSON.

* * *

In answer to a letter of ours asking about the Klan situation in Oklahoma, we have received the following from a citizen of Oklahoma:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

You ask me about the present situation in

Tulsa. Frankly I don't know what to say. It is easy to pass the matter with the statement that we are not affected by martial law; or by the Klan either. The daily life of the city goes on as usual. But back of everything is the tense feeling that comes from the manifestation of religious bigotry, and of the secret rule of a hidden clique. The civil offices are unquestionably in the hands of the Klan; and that fact makes it impossible for the Governor to oust these officials. The testimony before the military court as to the outrages against citizens is almost incredible. Yesterday I was at the Capitol at Oklahoma City. Guards were at the doors of the House and Senate Chambers, and the Governor's office literally swarmed with gunmen. Thirty-five members of the House were in caucus in the Skirvin Hotel, laying plans for the self-convening of the Legislature for the purpose of impeaching Governor Walton.

Personally I do not see any satisfactory outcome of this matter until the Federal Government takes charge both of the investigation and of the military situation. The Klan is in charge of fanatics who have some idea that they are Heaven-sent crusaders to usher in a new day. The organizers have been very shrewd in gathering a large sum of money both for propaganda and for maintenance of offices and of officers. I have tried to have if not a detached at least a semi-detached view of the situation; but I feel that one does not exaggerate in saying that the Klan is the most dangerous force at large in the country to-day. For instance I have seen Tulsa in fifteen years grow from a village of twelve thousand people to a city of over a hundred thousand; and in all that time people of all religious beliefs and of all races mingled without any apparent clash. Since the Klan was organized we have had a race riot, and a continual jarring among the citizens until to-day almost the sole topic of conversation is the Klan and the Governor.

This condition I consider typical of the South and perhaps of Indiana and Ohio. I sincerely wish that someone could bring the matter to President Coolidge in such a way that he would make it known that the Federal Bureau of Investigation would be at the service of the various states in their fights against the Klan; and that in the last resort the Army would be available to maintain the State Governments. Serious opposition would then disappear in twenty-four hours.

A CITIZEN OF OKLAHOMA.

